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SEPT 2014
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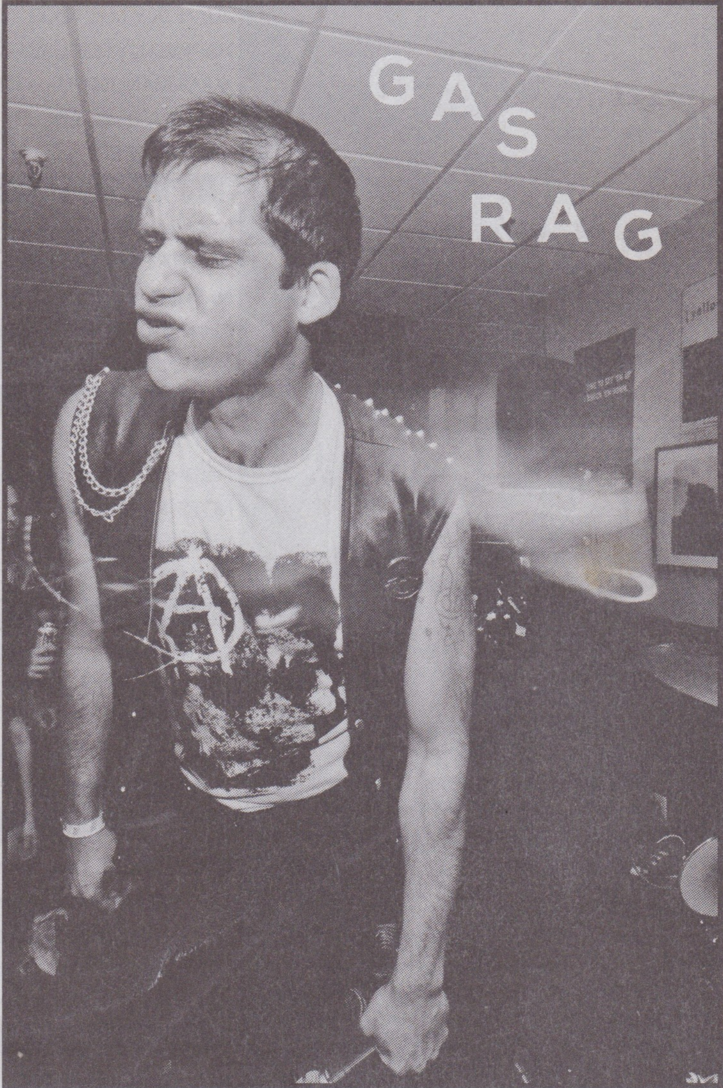

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(postpaid prices):

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For a list of available back issues see pg.4

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AD DEADLINE (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MATT BADENHOP (NEW TOP 10!)

JUANITA Y LOS FEOS- Nueva Numancia-LP	ALERTA ROJA-Algo Esta Cambiando…-LP
NAPRED U PROŠLOST-Komunizam-EP	S.H.I.T-Generation Shit-EP
MAAILMANLOPPU-both EPs	BAD ENERGY-Dead Magic-EP
REPLICA-Beast-EP	DISARRAY-1982-1986-LP
VIVID SEKT-EP	BLAZING EYE-live

WILL BLOMQUIST

KLAXON-EP	SUFFER THE STORM-side of split
ALERTA ROJA-Algo Esta Cambiando…-LP	NIGHTFELL-CD
NAPRED U PROŠLOST-Komunizam-EP	V/A-Bloodstains Across Buffalo-LP
AHNA/CONTORTURE-split EP	EU'S ARSE-EP+split / KONTAMINAT-EP
DEGENERATE-CD / ELECTRIC FUNERAL-2xLP	KRUEL / BLAZING EYE / ARGENTAVIS-live

MITCH CARDWELL

DUTCH MASTERS-All In the Wires-LP	THE ACHTUNGS-45
I GET MYNZE-Big Wup-EP	THE SHIVVERS-LP
NOTS-Fix/Modern-45	MARY MONDAY AND THE BITCHES-45
V/A-Bloodstains Across Buffalo-LP	YI-Crying-LP
THE MAN-EP	THE GIZMOS-live

ROBERT COLLINS

BAD DADDIES-You AIn't Right-EP+live	METHRA-demo
LIMBS BIN/SETE STAR SEPT-split demo	SHITSTORM-live
KONTAMINAT-EP	S.H.I.T-Generation S.H.I.T.-EP+live
AHNA/CONTORTURE-split	MARDOU-demo
PUBERTY WOUNDS-live	REPLICA-Beast-EP / NAPALM A.D.-12"

JUSTIN DAVISSON

WHITE PAGES-Bam Bam-EP	THE GIZMOS-live
ZIG ZAGS-Brainded Warrior-EP	PHANTOM SURFERS-live
THETAN-Laughed At By the Gods-LP	PERSONAL & THE PIZZAS-live
HUMAN ADULT BAND-Trash Pickin'-EP	APERIODIC/MALA IN SE/JOE 4/KNIFE THE SYMPHONY- EP
ZERO GAIN-Slow Thinking-LP	BANANAS-live

LAYLA GIBBON

NOTS-Fix/Modern-45	STRANGE WILDS-EP / HUMAN ERROR-LP
CURTIS SEALS / CHRISTIAN D'ORBIT-split 45	JUANITA Y LOS FEOS-LP / MARY MONDAY-45
ALERTA ROJA-LP / NAPRED U PROŠLOST-EP	TAULARD-LP / PERSPEX FLESH-LP
SOUTHERN COMFORT-45 / PRIESTS-LP	NEO-PUNKZ-EP / AR-KAICS-45
THE SHIVVERS-LP	V/A-Bloodstains Across Buffalo-LP / XEROX-LP

DAN GOETZ

MARY MONDAY AND THE BITCHES-45	KONTAMINAT-Team Player-EP
LIMP WRIST-live	BUSTED OUTLOOK-demo + live
GAS RAG-live	V/A-Bloodstains Across Buffalo-LP
YOUNGER LOVERS-live	XTRA MEDIUM-side of split-EP
STRANGE WILDS-Wet-EP	REPLICA-Beast-EP

GREG HARVESTER

REPLICA-Beast-EP	MANATEEES-Seek Help-45
TODD CONGELLIERE-Wrong Side-LP	CHRISTIAN D'ORBIT/CURTIS SEALS-split EP
BAD DADDIES-You Ain't Right-EP	THE ACHTUNGS-45
NOTS-Fix/Modern-45	V/A-It Came From Alabama-LP
YI-Crying-LP	FUNERAL CONE/ANCIENT FILTH/THE GIZMOS-live

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

- CIRCLE JERKS-Wild in the Streets-LP
- GRANDMAS'S BOYFRIEND/THE STEADYS-split EP
- THE GIRLST-Let's Not Be Friends-LP
- BIG EYES/POST TEENS-split EP
- MARY MONDAY AND THE BITCHES-I Gave My Punk
- Jacket to Rickie/Popgun-45
- THE AR-KAICS-Why Should I?/Slave to Her Lies-45
- FIRST TIMES-Mono Mono-EP
- MANATEES-Seek Help-45
- THE ACHTUNGS-45 / THE SHIVVERS-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- NOTS-Fix/Modern-45
- BAD DADDIES-You Ain't Right-EP
- MANATEEES-Hate on Parade/Struggle-45
- DUTCH MASTERS-All In the Wires-LP
- SICK THOUGHTS-You Just Lie-EP
- THE AR-KAICS-Why Should I?/Slave to Her Lies-45
- THE ACHTUNGS-45 / KILLER BEES-45
- MARY MONDAY AND THE BITCHES-45
- ROY AND THE DEVIL'S MOTORCYCLE-CD
- THE PENETRATORS-45 / THE SHIVVERS-LP

RAY LUJAN

- EARTH GIRLS-Wrong Side of History-EP
- DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDER-CD
- MASKED INTRUDER-CD
- NEEDLES//PINS-Shamebirds-LP
- REPLICA-Beast-EP
- NEWTOWN NEUROTICS-45
- THE SHIVVERS-LP / MARY MONDAY-45
- ABOLITIONISTS/RUBRICS-split EP
- THE GIZMOS-live / WHITE LUNG-live
- BLACK FORK-live

LYDIA PHELPS

- JUANITA Y LOS FEOS- Nueva Numancia-LP
- TAULARD-Les Abords du Lycée
- NEO PUNKZ-EP / SUSPENSE-EP
- KLAXON-The Kids Today-EP
- ALERTA ROJA-Algo Esta Cambiando…-LP
- S.H.I.T-Generation S.H.I.T.-EP+live
- NAPRED U PROŠLOST-EP / REPLICA-Beast-EP
- KONTAMINAT-Team Player-EP
- V/A-Bloodstains Across Buffalo-LP
- GLUE-live / GAS RAG / BLAZING EYE-live

FRED SCHRUNK

- JUANITA Y LOS FEOS- Nueva Numancia-LP
- BAD DADDIES-You Ain't Right-EP
- KLAXON-The Kids Today-EP
- S.H.I.T-Generation S.H.I.T.-EP
- MARY MONDAY-45
- REPLICA-Beast-EP
- ALERTA ROJA-Algo Esta Cambiando…-LP
- PRIESTS-Bodies and Control and Money...-12"
- CHRISTIAN D'ORBIT/CURTIS SEALS-split EP
- NOTS-Fix/Modern-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- ALERTA ROJA-LP / S.H.I.T.-EP / KONTAMINAT-EP
- EU-Vostoliitto- Yksin Maailmaa Vastaan-EP
- JUANITA Y LOS FEOS- Nueva Numancia-LP
- WHITE PAGES-Bam Bam-EP
- MANATEEES-Seek Help-45
- BAD DADDIES-You Ain't Right-EP
- CRETINS-EP
- MAAILMANLOPPU- Haista Vittu Maailma-EP
- NEO PUNKZ-EP / SUSPENSE-EP
- NAPRED U PROŠLOST-Komunizam-EP

DIANA VASHTI

- TETOLA93-LP
- PRIESTS-Bodies and Control and Money...-12"
- MANATEEES-Hate on Parade/Struggle-45
- S.H.I.T-Generation S.H.I.T.-EP
- BAD DADDIES-live
- BAD DADDIES-You Ain't Right-EP
- REPLICA-Beast EP
- ALERTA ROJA-Algo Esta Cambiando…-LP
- YI-Crying-12"
- BIG EYES/POST TEENS-split EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Aggro*
- *Amizade #1*
- *Doris #31*
- *Extreme Noise: 20 Years*
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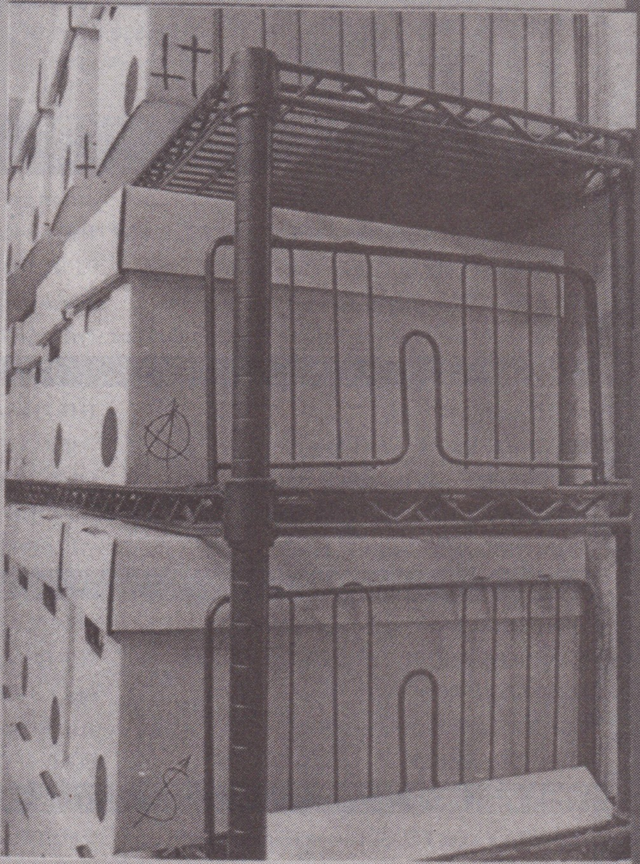

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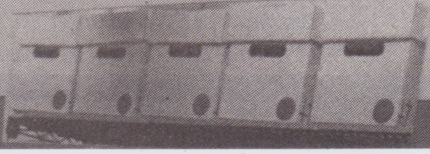

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#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/November '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston & Germany Scene Reports.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?. the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Cülo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State POison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globstess, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '12. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diego, Barnan.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '12. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '12. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '13. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit scene report.

#358/March '13. 2012 Year End Top Tens, Brontez Purnell, Potty Mouth, Nitad, Schizophazia, East Anglia scene report.

#359/April '13. Sickoids, Hassler. Divorce. Cancer Spreading. la Flingue. the Line. White Murder, the Paper Bags versus the Meat Sluts. Greenville, SC scene report.

#360/May '13. Stress, Proxy, the Kids, Kalte Lust, HIRS, Autonomy, Nuclëar Fröst, Dead Air Studio, Blood Orange Infoshop, Death Traitors, Elks Lodge Massacre Revisited.

#361/June '13. Organize and Arise, Fear of Extinction, The Rats Tour Diary, Kathleen Hanna, The Shorts, Hard Feelings, No Power, Melusaaste, We Got Power Zine Part I.

#362/July '13. Jeff Paul, Trust Zine, Shaved Women, Hondartzako Hondakinak, Kurraka, Born Wrong, Homicide, United Arab Emirates & Toronto, Canada scene reports, We Got Power Zine Part II.

#363/August '13. Las Otras, Toinen Vaihtoehto zine, Sudor, Terveet Kädet, Black & White, Stillsuit, Taquila Mockingbird, Arturo Vega, Ruined Families, Baitline!!! zine, R.O.T.T.E.R., No Mistake, Siren Songs, Yorba Linda, CA scene report.

#364/September '13. Last Chaos, Snob Value, NE! Records, RAD, Asile, Whatever Brains, The New Flesh, Trashies, Forgotten Generation, Nightfall/Population Zero, Texas Filth Scene Report.

#365/October '13. Condition Tour Diary, Zudas Krust, Doomed Society Radio, Kontraskt, Bib Black Cloud, Hero Dishonest, Violent Party, Helvetin Viemärit, Malcolm, Clearview Records, Brno, CZ Scene Report.

#366/November '13. Chaos Destroy, Permanent Ruin, Thisclose, Halsey Swain, Rosa Apatrida, No More Fiction, Räjäyttäjät, Nudes, Tarantuja, Destruye y Huye, Vertical House Records, Punk Photo Roadtrip.

#367/December '13. The Mob, Creem, Gag, generacion Suicida, Good Throb, Force Fed Drugs, Total Trash, Life Chain, Concrete Worms, War//Plague, Julia Ostertag, Bad American.

#368/January '14. Queer Issue with Anti-Corpos, Shopping, Glory Hole, Porcelain, Strong Boys, Ejaculoid, Closet Burner, Peeple Watchin', Samuel Shanahoy, Dures et Gays, Priests, Groke, Screaming Queens tour diary, Queer Zine Fest London, International Queer Scene Report.

#369/February '14. Dezerter, Arctic Flowers, Stoic Violence, Strange Factory, Gobierno Militar, Poliskitzo, Voight-Kampff, Rat/Xerox, Nü-kle-er Blast Suntan.

#370/March '14. Year End Top Tens, Nervosas, Komplikations, Mallwalkers, New Orleans punk documentary Almost Ready.

#371/April '14. Bill Bondsmen, Crapoulet Records, O! Kult, Rational Animals, Stab, Woolf, Varix, New York's Alright Fet, Miami Scene Report.

#372/May '14. EU's Arse, Siege, XAXAXA, Razorcake, Wymyns Prysyn, Alert! Alert!, Space Wolves, Rhythm of Cruelty, Straight Crimes, PMMA, Strange Attractor, Revenge of the Psychotronic Man, Scotland Scene Report.

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Hey Andrew—

I'm Jay from Australia from a band called the Fuck Outs. I just read the review you gave us in the July issue and wanted to say thanks but also point out, *fuck* that was a typo man...[In our one-sheet] we meant "bands you manage " not brands... It made us look like a pack of cunts...We definitely are not brand hunters, we are a bunch of punks without homes ha ha ha.

Fuck I've ben playing in bands since I was sicteen and now I'm 43, still putting on shows, had a record label for 20 years etc., looking for a brand to support is far, far, far removed from what we stand for.

Musically, yeah sure I expected a reviewer's point of view but yeah, that typo painted us to be a pack of fuckwits that we ain't.

Thanks mate.

—Jay

Dear MRR—

Just wanted to share some thoughts about the Gutter Gods "controversy" you created in the August issue. First, as the person who submitted the Cool Death interview, I'd like to let readers and the label know that I wasn't included in the discussion. What happened was I submitted the interview, then a few weeks later got an email from Lydia asking if I knew anything "sketchy" about the Gutter Gods singer, to which I replied I didn't, since I had never met him. She replied "cool", and then, nothing. A couple weeks later, I received the August issue, and read Lydia's column and Mariam's letter.

First, Lydia: in the email you sent to the Cool Death guys, you're not asking them any direct question. What were you expecting them to say? "Yeah, our friend's a Nazi"? Really? Are you aware that defending oneself tends to make one look guilty, even when the accusations are false? Then, Mariam. You're talking about "we, the punk community" and mentioning "being part of worldwide punk". Well, congratulations. You're probably aware some people don't feel that way. One could argue most important punk bands don't/didn't, as peer pressure tends to produce terrible/stagnant art. Some people are just lone gunmen, using two chords/two fingers to express their individuality, not because they need a sense of belonging, a crew or a "community". Now if you take two minutes to do a search about your beloved "Meatdog," like I just did, you'll find an interview about his old band Reckless Aggression, from the Italian zine *Perro Maldito*, in which he replies to your "question" about referencing White Noise. *"I really like the sound, the vibe and attitude of that '80s breed of Australian Oi!. And feel it is what Reckless Aggression is, minus any political direction or cause."*

You may agree or not, but you have to admit that's a pretty straightforward statement. Personally I can relate to it, since I really like "the sound, the vibe and attitude" of *Journey to the end of the night* by French writer Louis-Ferdinand Céline, for example, despite the regrettable anti-Semitism of its author. Later in 2014 I'll even put out a book—by someone else—called *Fort Gono*, a direct reference to Céline's work. Not *because* of his politics, but *despite* them.

Anyway, the fanzine *Punks Punks Punks* from San Francisco (next result in the aforementioned Google search) went one step further and asked "Meatdog" what seems to be the whole point of your letter: "Are you a Nazi or not?" Answer: *"There's a lot of misinformed kids out there, like yourself. We aren't a political bunch."*

So there you have your answers. Will it change your mind about the guy? No, it won't. Will people still listen to Gutter Gods? Most of them will, I guess. What I don't understand is this: in your letter, Mariam, you address the guy directly, you ask him some questions, make fun of the way he dresses, make assumptions about his sexual preferences, etc. If you wanted answers so badly, why didn't you send that letter to him? Why didn't you try to interview him directly? *MRR*'s got all the contacts in the world, you could have found his email address in a matter of hours. You say that he "doesn't seem to be a 'dialog' sorta dude," but the two aforementioned interviews with small fanzines kinda prove the opposite, don't they? I think the real problem here is that you want to align that guy with a precise political ideology, one he already clearly stated he doesn't subscribe to. And this, I'm afraid, is a) an unsolvable problem, b) a not-so-subtle way to manipulate your reader's minds.

Calling someone a "Nazi" or "White Power" in a magazine distributed to thousands of people is serious business, as both terms refer to very specific ideologies, and while "Meatdog" probably doesn't give a shit, well, I just wanted to let you know that I do. Over the years I've seen many people (usually true freaks and outsiders) being publicly accused of this and that by holier-than-thou types, and I think if there's one very real problem with your "punk community", it's this: black and white rumors and gossip spread by people who want to appear "radical" at the expense of others, with little regard for fact-checking, accuracy, and the millions of shades of grey that make people far too complex to be summed up in a single word.

Sincerely,

—Alexandre Simon

Dear MRR—

RE: Gutter Gods/ Alexandre Simon. Great letter, but it still doesn't answer the question, now does it?

To be clear, MRR *did not "create" controversy regarding Gutter God's member Meatdog. I did not "create" controversy either. I have a copy of the zine you quote and I have looked up information about this person, including the wonderfully easy "googling," reading his zines that I could get, interviews with him and asking around Australia about what other materials Meatdog has produced and his contributions to the scene there. So, this leads to my argument regarding your assessment of my meaning of "community." You incorrectly infer that I think we all have shared interests, ideals, politics, non-politics, etc... Perhaps it is your aversion to the terminology that led you to read it this way, but from my stand point it's the music that binds us to some degree, that is why we can tour, trade, exchange ideas and information if we wish. We put stuff out there and, I think you would agree here, it is subject to critique, especially by our peers...the people who also participate in punk. Lone gunman or not, when you put your work out there, it is never above critique or questioning. That is part of the freedom punk opens up, not just doing what you want, but anyone being able to question it. Question everything. I don't think that's tearing down punk, it's part of why it rules. There is*

no division between audience and the people producing shit. Whether one will defend their work that is intentionally "scatological," sarcastic, controversial, etc., well, that is up to them. When it is in a zine like MRR with many contributors, Alex, you know that the writing is mainly defended by the coordinators and that is part of the responsibility of running the zine that coords do not shy away from, but they like to have their facts straight if they need to defend their editorial decisions. (Additionally, if you have editing instructions, you should make them known at the time of submission).

Back to my original point—so I am supposed to take an interview that came out years and years ago and expect that to answer the current question? I resent your inferring that I am lazy and possibly have no ground for my question. I suppose that I could infer that you are apolitical and that your claims that "the shades of gray cannot be summed up in one word" is lazy and how could such a person, along with being apolitical, be informed enough to even make such a claim? That's sweet that you are answering for him, as I expect many do, but, again, the question remains unanswered. I understand your concern about my joking; I mean, since when do punks have humor? Like Meatdog's fake interview about the singer of an Australian band who is not white in which Meatdog asks, "How many of your family members died on the boat ride over?" I suppose that is not overtly political or racist in some people's eyes, but is that controversial enough to ask about? Are we allowed to contextualize this? I would argue that anyone with any sort of political beliefs is viewed as "non-humorous" or unable to be sarcastic, have a good time, never get laid, blah blah blah. Why is it that when you have beliefs, you must always be serious? I don't think humor is a wild card that absolves you from being critiqued, whether it's making fun of sweat pants or asking how many of your immigrant family died in a boat crossing. Apolitical or political, but one might agree that calling someone a "faggot" and assuming that someone may be straight is not the same thing (it's cool, I have tons of straight friends...).

I agree there has been a lot of "calling out" at the expense of others for self-centered reasons without the very necessary intention of any sort of discourse regarding issues and concerns that arise from behaviors in the punk scene. Here is where I would say that the punks I hang out with aren't above scrutiny, that these conversations are not new, nor are they designed to create hysteria or a witchhunt (google me if you want too, maybe that would produce satisfactory answers about my intentions, etc...), but if that is the sort of people you are used to in punk, I'm sorry for you and anyone that has that as an example of how things work or how they are supposed to work, or that this is an acceptable model of being. "Radical communities" have let me down in many of the same self-serving bullshit that you seem to think I am after. What I am asking in my letter isn't to make me feel good. If you think having one more Nazi on the earth or that punks seem to accept, even revel, in stupid shit Meatdog has said or drawn as, "simply a harmless outsider perspective," then you, Alex, are mistaken. Not only are you mistaken, you are ignorant. That doesn't make me feel good, nor does it elevate my "position" in punk or make punk a better place. It's just the opposite; it makes people feel like they are more outsiders than they are. It makes people pissed and upset. It makes people feel exactly the way the author of Groin Gravy (who gay-bashes, uses WP symbols and so on) wanted—alienated, incensed, moved. But...it also makes people want to fight. It is also a terrible disappointment when punk mimics the same old shit we are trying to get away from.

Why didn't I ask him directly? Do you clear your opinions or questions in your writing? I don't need to ask anyone's permission (I have to admit it would be funny if he did turn out to be a Nazi and I was expected to ask his permission to do something, ha ha!). Does MRR regularly inhibit its content in the letter's section? Or in the whole magazine for that matter? Not that I have seen. I have nothing to hide, does he, do you? Again, I have no problem with what people do in their house, but I think that possibly having an active member of a Neo-Nazi group (Australian Nationalist Movement or "Protectionist") as part of the punk scene is "serious business," or in the very least up to scrutiny. I respect your concern about calling someone a Nazi, but in all honesty, and according to your Meatdog Google search, do you think that my question is unfounded? If you can ignore it, lucky you. What about people affected by WP? Who speaks for us? You?

I am not saying that being apolitical is the same as being a Nazi sympathizer, nor am I saying that everyone who uses WP imagery is necessarily WP. My opinion is my opinion and I don't think everyone should agree with me, but the discussion should be able to be had. No one has to participate if they don't want to, but it can be brought up. I can handle defending my opinion. Can you? Can any punk? Also, I am not in the business of policing people's scenes or telling people what to do, but I do and will always claim that questioning is a part of punk. What better place than the worldwide stage? Any punk is open to submit a letter to MRR.

I don't want punks to fear contributing to MRR, but who are you if you start shit and not expect a reaction? I say this over and over and I am sick of saying it...if you use WP imagery, do you think people won't ask questions? Don't you think it may attract WP group members? If you are trying to be controversial, why are you surprised when you get controversy? It's fucking ridiculous at this point.

I don't "hate" Meatdog, but I can't separate the man and his "art." I doubt he can either. I want more info. I wanna know why does he skirt WP? Why the shtick (Yiddish Etymology, hah) or is it a shtick? Despite your rally to defend, deflect and so on, the question still hasn't been answered. Square one.

One Love,
—Mariam

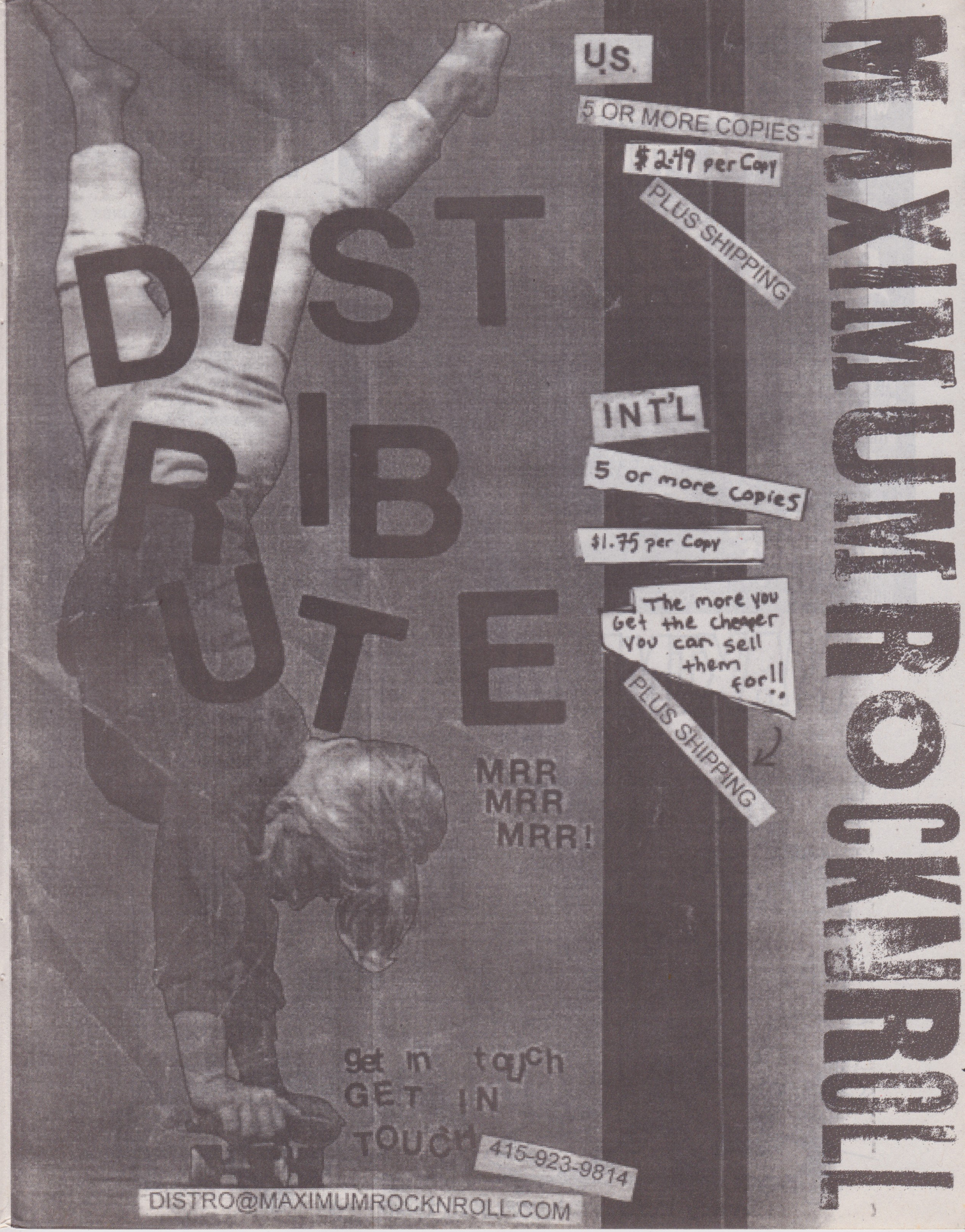
Hey Alex—
Thanks for your letter. I honesty don't think my concerns were ambiguous, even if they lacked the form of a direct question.

I understand not all punks come from a place with a fascist historical background, so they don't necessarily understand how senseless or ignorant they may appear to others when they pretend the use of a WP symbol means nothing and/or is inconsequential.

I'll disagree with you that standing by your values (or "defending" yourself as you say) is a sign of guilt. Because you bet your ass if someone thought I might be WP, or my label or band might be somehow (falsely or otherwise) affiliated with it, I would deny that shit in a heartbeat. And I bet my ass that a lot of other punks, bands, labels, collectives, zines, show spaces etc. would do too.

But hey, I understand the concept of politics (whether right or left) is not a big deal to some punks, and what is more important is to protect people from gossip. (Yes, the swastika came before the questioning punk) But, just as some punk proclaiming to be "apolitical" doesn't necessarily make them right-wing or WP, some punk proclaiming to be "apolitical" doesn't necessarily mean others punks won't find this stance disagreeable—because how is the use of a totenkopf, national flag, SS symbol or Swastika not political in 2014? For reference I have included an index of some WP symbols, and my sources.

http://terminal-boredom.com/forums/index.php?topic=41268.0
http://sexbeforesuicide.blogspot.com/2014/02/meatdog-and-gutter-gods-interview.html
http://perromalditozine.blogspot.com/2014/01/reckless-aggression-interview-2011.html
—Lydia
http://www.scribd.com/doc/33434647/Guide-to-Racist-Symbols



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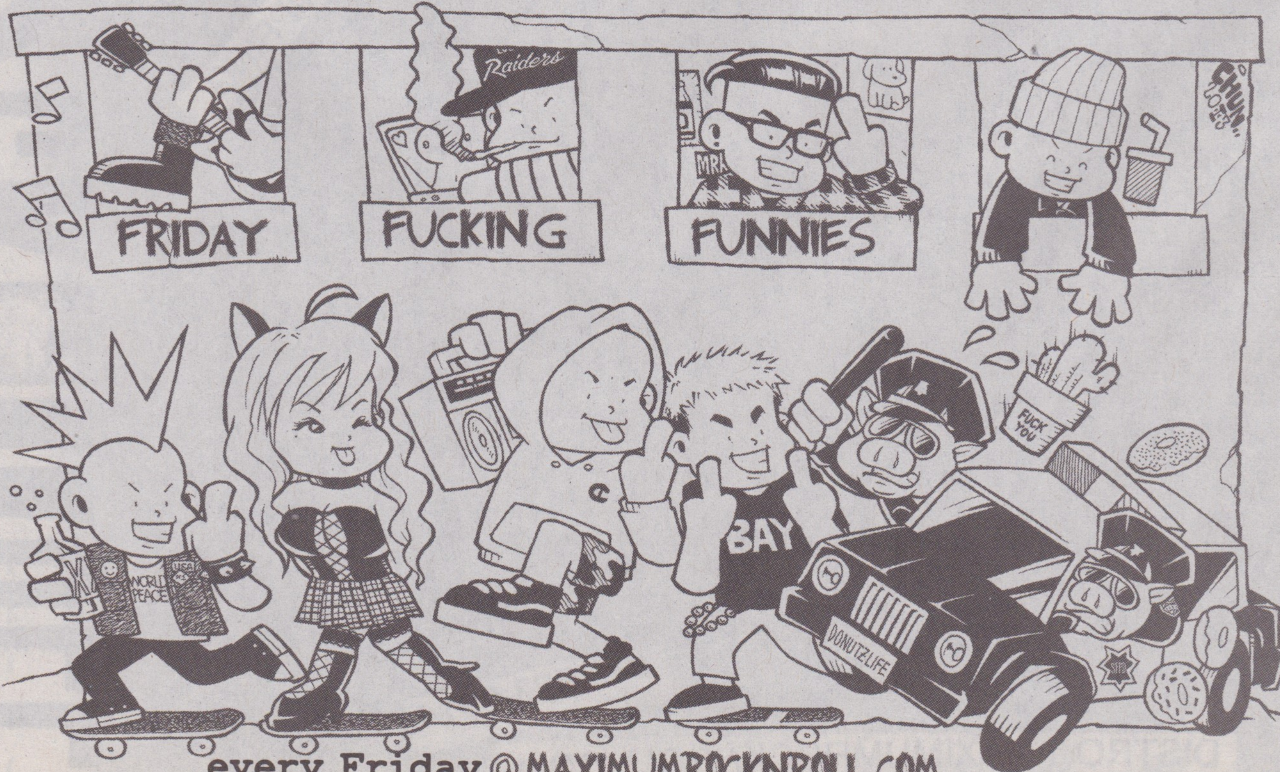

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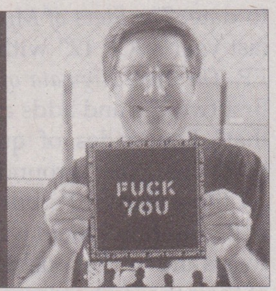


I STILL GOT A RIGHT...

Not too long ago, I was taking my power walk by the beach and, as always, had my trusty iPod and headphones with me. I tend to enter a zone when combining my exercise and music. It's an explicably blissful feeling, especially when outside. I use noise-canceling headphones at the gym and but use cheaper, walkman-type headphones when outside because I need to be wary of those crazy Massachusetts drivers, to say nothing of cyclists and people on those Razor thingamajigs. I've never been able to figure out the attraction of those. But while I'm aware of my surroundings, I've had people tell me they've seen me and yelled hello or beeped the horn but I've just kept on going oblivious to them.

Say what you will about iPods—but having well over 25,000 songs at my fingertips isn't necessarily a bad thing. There's something to be said for instant gratification, where if a song pops into my head, all it takes is a few turns of the clickwheel and there it is. That particular morning, I had a sudden urge to hear IGGY & THE STOOGES' "I Got A Right." The Stooges, of course, have a lot of classic songs, both with the original lineup and the later, James Williamson-on-guitar grouping. In fact, *Raw Power* is one of my all-time favorite albums. Not even the fact that "Search and Destroy" was used in an ad to sell sneakers can diminish that fact.

A few words about *Raw Power*: I'm not being hyperbolic when I say it was a life-changer. I first heard it about three years after it was released in 1973. I was 16, spending way too much time in my room playing baseball simulation games or using my small-scale pool table or playing Snap Bowling. When I wasn't playing those games, I was a voracious reader of rock magazines and books, especially *Creem* and *Circus*. There was a chapter about heavy metal in a book called *Rock Revolution* penned by the incomparable Lester Bangs. That's where I first read about BLUE ÖYSTER CULT (and bought all of their albums that summer). Bangs also mentioned Iggy and his work with the Stooges and it piqued my interest and I made a mental note to check them out at some point.

Not long after reading that book, I walked into a head shop in downtown Lynn called Headlines Boutique. What's a head shop, you ask? It was a place where they sold drug paraphernalia—bongs, rolling papers, etc. along with the requisite tapestries, t-shirts (got a KISS shirt there in '77). I was there for the music-oriented merchandise, not the other stuff. Honest! I can still remember the smell of incense. Those stores were commonplace around here. There was a head shop superstore of sorts in Kenmore Square in Boston long before it got gentrified. Those stores disappeared when Governor Ed King, a right-wing Democrat (he eventually became a Republican) signed a bill that outlawed the selling of bongs, etc. in the commonwealth.

Headlines had a small crate of used records on the floor. I flipped through them and came across an LP with a strange-looking guy on the front cover. I flipped it over and there were white dripping letters that said *Iggy and The Stooges—Raw Power.* There it was, an album by this Iggy character I'd read about. I asked the clerk if I could hear a bit of it. The minute I heard the opening chords to "Search and Destroy," I was sold. He skipped from one track to another—"here's a quieter one," which was "Gimme Danger" or maybe it was "I Need Somebody." Titles like "Your Pretty Face is Going to Hell" and "Death Trip" also caught my attention very quickly. So I pulled $3 (can't remember if I paid sales tax) out of my pocket and the record was mine and it hardly left the turntable for weeks after. As I said, a life-changer. And despite the title of that chapter in *Rock Revolution*, it wasn't really heavy metal, although that's what I thought of it being at the time. I'm not even sure if punk is the right term—the Stooges are often referred to as "proto-punk"—but it was certainly one of the highest-energy, most dangerous-sounding recordings I'd heard up to that point.

But back to "I Got A Right." This song was recorded during a session in July 1972, a few months before the actual *Raw Power* sessions. A bit of research reveals the song was being played live by the band as early as 1971. And what an ear-grabber it was—that big intro (one of those "perfect moments in music," as I've discussed in some on-line forums), then James Williamson's razor guitar kicks in, along with Iggy's unhinged vocal, starting with a primal yell. The tempo is fast and furious—not hardcore speed but I'd describe it as mid-to-fast in current parlance. There's a searing guitar break in the middle and then that fucking riff comes back. Flat-out *mind-blowing*, to this day.

As I'm chugging along Lynn Shore Drive, that song pumping into my brain, I'm thinking "this is punk rock"—the guitar sound, the tempo, the fuckin' BURN. From Nineteen-Fucking-Seventy-Two. This was the year I was still digging *Who's Next* (nothing wrong with that, of course) and getting such singles as "Small Beginnings" by FLASH, "Go All The Way" by the RASPBERRIES and "Long Cool Woman" by the HOLLIES. "School's Out" by ALICE COOPER came out just before I finished grade school and I got that 45, too. "Hold Your Head Up" by ARGENT was a big summer hit

and also connected with me, but I didn't get the single until sometime after.

Those songs sound like they belonged in 1972, though, etched into that time, maybe because they're etched into my memory banks. Still, "I Got A Right" sure doesn't feel like it's a part of that time. As it turns out, the single (backed with the shakin' "Gimme Some Skin") wasn't even issued until 1977, originally on Siamese Records and credited to IGGY POP/ JAMES WILLIAMSON. I first heard it in the fall of '77—probably on the Salem State station WMWM and I taped it and it was my first exposure to anything outside of *Raw Power* (shortly after that, I heard "I Wanna Be Your Dog" for the first time). At that point, I'd probably heard some of Iggy's first two solo records, *The Idiot* and *Lust For Life*, but they didn't make much of an impression.

While looking for more info on the single, I found Chris D.'s review in issue #3 of the infamous *Slash* magazine: *"'I Got A Right' has to be the most violently crazed ditty anyone's ever kicked ass to (and that goes for most previous Stooges material too). This song is so unimaginably violent, yet simultaneously poignant and tear-jerking, that it takes a few listens to believe one's ears. There really aren't adjectives to describe the beautiful abandon here . . . all stops out quite literally and nothing left to lose."*

I don't think I've ever read a better description of that song... the single's been reissued multiple times and has also been on various compilations on Bomp Records. An all-time great and no punk collection is complete without it...

AND NOW HERE'S SOMETHING WE HOPE YOU'LL REALLY LIKE...

Flo from HeartFirst Records in Berlin was kind enough to send his four latest releases—EPs from NUCLEAR CULT, MÜLLTÜTE and PIG//CONTROL plus a seven-band 7" compilation, *Berlin Tristesse*. NUCLEAR CULT includes a few guys from SOLID DECLINE. Their second EP *Cruel Routine* throttles and thrashes away in a more intense vein than SOLID DECLINE (and that wasn't exactly a soft-rock band). Howling vocal emanations to go along with the fast and furious sounds—sometimes veering into blast territory, which is less appealing. The set-up for PIG//CONTROL's second EP *Trauma* is the same as their first from last year—three quick blasts on side one and a lengthier single track on the flip. A go-for-the-throat approach although they throw in some dexterous tempo shits and it's driven by a shit-hot guitar tone. "Kein Frieden" stretches out to around four minutes, going through various tempos and moods, until the haunting fade-out. MÜLLTÜTE's third self-titled EP maintains the band's high quality level. A two piece (guitar and drums) and their sound follows a stripped-down, old school hardcore blueprint. It's along the same lines as AMDI PETERSENS ARME, mainly due to the band's guitar sound. My favorite record in the batch.

All three of the previous bands appear on the compilation *Berlin Tristesse*, along with four other bands. Things get started with the full-on roar of PEACEBASTARD and they sound tighter than on their 12" split with DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE. Less-successful are the grind of CRACK UNDER PRESSURE and the more melodic-sounding BITTER CROP. EARTH CRUST DISPLACEMENT favor a raw crusty (surprise!) attack with reverb on the vocals. Five out of seven decent songs, it comes in a great package, including postcards, a lyric booklet and a poster, to go along with the record. In fact all of the records are packaged well and this label continues to crank out good releases. (HeartFirst, Landsbergr Str. 146a, 80339 Müchen, GERMANY, heartfirst.net)

DAVIDIANS include three former members of DOUBLE NEGATIVE—Cameron Craig, Brian Walsby and Justin Gray—but it's not really a stylistic continuation. On their self-titled four-song EP, guitarist Colin Swanson-White does bring some Ginn-ish fray into the mix but the songs here are looser and have some swing in the rhythm, if that's the right term. That's especially true for "Leather (K)nights". "Bummer Tent" has a hard-driving directness, in comparison to the other tracks. Good start. (Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

Half Tux is another power-packed album (their second) for the Norwegian band HARABALL. Their songs tend to follow a speedy, frenzied route but Haraball are a multifaceted band and there are darker tones in their approach, as well—"Spite" is an intense fireball fusing hammering drums with a searing guitar line. Same for the bash of the title track and "Mall Cop Dungeon." Lyrics are sarcastic and sardonic, getting out their frustrations without coming across as bombastic and, as in the past, there's a wittiness at work in places—"What A Way To Go" is about being bored to death (in the figurative sense, I'd hope) by seeing an allegedly "must-see" band. Hard-edged songs with depth and presence. (Fysisk Format, PB 8828 St. Olavs Plass, N-0130 Oslo, NORWAY, www.fysiskformat.no)

Two 12" EPs compile a good chunk of NASA SPACE UNIVERSE's discography to date. *The Stars of My Destination* pairs last year's *ICE* 12" with the newer *EGM* EP. *The Two Stigmata of NSU* pairs their first two 7"s and adds a bonus track. Got that? Four sides of quality, innovative hardcore. The groundwork was laid on those early EPs but the more recent material shows them working innovative twists and further pushing the boundaries of their thorny hardcore sound. "Peeping Toddler" (from *ICE*), after its noisy intro, appropriates a riff from SUGARLOAF's "Green Eyed Lady "of all things (a 1970 top 40 hit, if you don't know) into the song's stomping milieu. "Soup or Salad," a brief track from their first 7", is a nervy, DEVO-esque ditty and it's followed by "Apache Blood Overdrive" spacey'n'kinetic jam. Tight, dynamic instrumentation abounds throughout. DIE KREUZEN-ish guitar licks have always been a key element in this band's approach and the pumping bass-drums tandem bring NOMEANSNO's faster-paced moments to mind, topped off with scathing vocals from Kevin Rhea. Both of these discs were sold on a recent tour and have plain white labels and the packaging is barebones but it's what in the grooves that count, right? And there's plenty there. (nasaspaceuniverse.bandcamp.com)

OK, so it's now 2014 but that's when I got TRENCHES' 2013 demo. They're an Oakland band with former Massachusetts resident Boo Boo on vocals (he's married to Ruby from NO STATIK) and one of the members is Juliana from REPLICA. There's even a tribute to Boo Boo's MassHole roots with the appropriation of the MBTA (local transit service) "T" logo on the tape. A bruising, rough and nasty hardcore punk approach mainly delivered at a fast pace although there are pounding elements as well, especially on "Safe in Shadows." (trencheshxc.bandcamp.com)

Speaking of REPLICA, I just saw them play a ripping show in a Boston basement

not too long ago—killer musicianship (their drummer B is incredible) and intense vocals from Dharma. Their new 7", the *Beast EP* continues in a similarly raging vein as their previous 7" and demo. A mix of tempos, mainly fast speed, with the occasional double-speed blast—until the lumbering wind-down of "Beast," ending in a locked groove (god, I hate those!). Production is a tad muddier than their last EP but there's still plenty of burn to be heard. Five new songs and a re-recording of "Becky's Rite," originally on their demo. (www.prankrecords.com) Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, subvox82@gmail.com, subvox.blogspot.com, www.sonicoverload.net

we see through you

with imogen binnie

Hey, *Maximum*. We had a lot of fun this month, but before we go I want to talk about something serious: Entitlement. I promise that at the end of this column I'll tell you about some things that rule, but first let's get serious because look, dude, we are doing a bad job.

My girlfriend and I tried to watch *Star Trek: Into Darkness* a little while ago and it fucking sucked. Like, it totally fucking sucked. It was boring and stupid and the internet kept dropping out so we kept having to wait for it to load so we could watch the pointless plot advance, which is not the fault of director JJ Abrams, but it definitely didn't help. And I'm not trying to be like, "Oh, I hate JJ Abrams," or "Oh, I care a lot about *Star Trek* and feel betrayed by this reboot," the way a lot of people are. I mean, that's legit. I don't know. I never really watched *Star Trek;* I had a girlfriend for a couple years who was really into it and she made me watch all the movies with her and I fell asleep during every single one of them. (In defense of *Star Trek* movies, it was a very drunk and therefore sleepy time in my life.) I've had it explained to me why *Star Trek* rules and I don't hate it or anything, I'm just not that into it. And JJ Abrams? I feel like everybody hates him because he's a big deal Hollywood sellout blockbuster explosion merchant or whatever, but I mean, are we forgetting that explosions rule? Explosions rule! And he made *Cloverfield,* which is, like, probably the best movie ever made. I mean, I've heard accusations of sexism and stuff, and that's legit. But I dunno man. Are you expecting better from Hollywood?

I don't know why I'm writing so much about JJ Abrams. Or why I think I'm defending him? I barely understand who he is or what it is he's ever even done, except for *Cloverfield*. And I guess *Star Trek: Into Darkness*. My point is just that I sort of offhandedly said something stupid about how the plot of *Star Trek: Into Darkness* is basically, like, *White Dude Feels Entitled to Revenge*. Then somebody pointed out that that's pretty much every movie, and then I was thinking about how different *Black Dude Feels Entitled to Revenge* would play out in a movie, or *Korean Woman Feels Entitled to Revenge*, or whatever. I mean, *Black Dude Gets Revenge*, even, would feel really different from *Black Dude Feels Entitled to Revenge*. And, I don't know, I don't watch a lot of movies that aren't stupid monster movies from the '80s or '90s, but I bet some of those other kinds of revenge movies have been made? And I bet the combination of race and class and gender and plot and structure looks really different in those movies than they do in *White Dude Feels Entitled to Revenge* movies.

I mean, *White Dude Resisting the Police in Order to Attain Revenge* is really fucking different from *Puerto Rican Dude Resisting the Police*, you know what I mean? The white protagonist who takes a shot at the police sergeant who's standing in the way of revenge on the (brown-skinned, obviously) terrorist who killed his family of white protagonists gets to have a really different set of expectations about what will happen after he takes that shot than the Puerto Rican protagonist does.

So anyway, if you're anything like me, you started listening to a lot of Ozzy Osbourne in junior high, smoking weed, and playing Dungeons & Dragons while you listened to metal, and you thought, man, western occultism truly is cool as heck. You didn't really have access to that stuff in the town where you lived, because it was kind of in the middle of nowhere, and the internet existed already but it sucked, so it took you a long time, but eventually you started learning about Qabalah and Wicca and the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and broccultism stuff like Aleister Crowley (whose last name, despite Ozzy canon, is pronounced to rhyme with Man, Dad, You Don't Fucking Know Me) and Israel Regardie and at some point you noticed that this phrase, "As Above, So Below" comes up over and over in different traditions—as a point of correspondence between schools of thought, which is what my awesome band Correspondences is named after—and you realized that like a lot of other occult shit, it is just a super roundabout and mysterious way of describing normal shit about life. And one of the ways that "As Above, So Below" plays out is the way we replicate shitty normative mainstream values and mechanisms subculturally.

Like, look at entitlement. Look at the way it plays out in blockbuster Hollywood movies and then look at the way it plays out in your local punk rock community scene. Straight, white, able-bodied cis dudes are not culturally encouraged to check themselves on anything, so most of them end up feeling entitled to fucking everything. Right? Women's bodies and emotional labor. Prominent slots at rock festivals. I don't know. Fucking, cars and parking spots. Revenge.

(And by the way look what happens when that cultural encouragement to feel entitled to everything crashes into the cultural realities of capitalism and the fact that not every straight white guy gets to have everything. There are all these straight white guys going on fucking shooting sprees right now! I don't want to bum you out but women, people of color, and queers all have access to guns and mental illness, but the people writing racist and misogynist manifestos and then going on murder suicide rampages through schools are almost always straight white cis guys who feel entitled to... I don't know. More than they've got? Or maybe more accurately, more than they've been given? That's probably a careless way to put that. But you see my point. Imagine that I said it better.)

And it's not even just dudes, right? Look at the way white women thought they were speaking for all women when they talked about feminism in the '70s. Look at the way that, despite all our high fiving over third (and maybe even an upcoming fourth) wave feminism, that still happens! Or look at white cis women deifying Kathleen Hanna while trans women huff glue out back.

Cultural narratives of entitlement play out on a macro, "As Above" level as things like colonialism (feeling entitled to land where other people already live, feeling entitled to change cultures that have been fine for as long as anyone in them can remember into cultures more closely resembling the ones colonizers come from), hipster bullshit (feeling entitled to all the signifiers of poverty without any of the risks or difficulties), cultural appropriation (not that far off from hipster bullshit except about cultural things instead of economic things) also often part of hipster bullshit. And think about this, you know the thing where you really like a band and then they start selling T-shirts of that band to fourteen-year-olds at Forever 21 so you see girls wearing the shirt of a band you really like and you're thinking, "Man, that stupid baby doesn't know anything about Joy Division" or whatever? Well, think about this: first of all, that's probably kind of misogynist, she might actually be a Joy Division fan, you don't fucking know, and second of all, that's a fucking band. Imagine if instead of a band T-shirt that outrage was about literally the bodies and culture of your family, stuff that actually means something, being taken by stupid jerks who don't know shit about anything and treating them like they're Misfits T-shirts from Forever 21. And that doesn't even get into it because the larger context for cultural appropriation is about white people literally stealing land and food and killing people and committing fucking genocide. Or at least trying to. I think I read this band T-shirt metaphor on tumblr. I didn't make it up.

We have this idea that because we're punks or queers or punk queers or whatever that we somehow are exempt from all this normative cultural bullshit and I don't want to bum you out but we absolutely fucking are not. We're a bunch of idiots, all of us, doing everything we can to get by in a world that totally sucks. And it can feel good to believe we're blameless or innocent or some kind of filthy punk pure but we really, truly are not. Just like James T. Kirk in *Star Trek: Into Darkness* feels absolutely righteous in doing whatever it is he does to get revenge—I don't even know what it ends up being; we got bored and turned it off—on a micro or subcultural or "So Below" level we all have this fucking self-righteousness that means we get hella pissed and want to shout down everyone who, like, we perceive to be using outdated terms to describe our identities. Or who isn't anarchist enough. Or who is dumpstering stereo components incorrectly. Or who is making music bullshitly or posting wrong on tumblr.

And I mean, if you're a white person in the US, maybe start to conceptualize your pure moral stance from a place of understanding that you've been living your whole life on stolen land, benefitting indirectly from centuries of slavery.

Did you know that whether or not a Latina trans woman feels entitled to some kind of revenge for some kind of thing, her options for getting that revenge are pretty different than the options available to any character Bruce Willis has ever played? I know you know that *Die Hard* is not real, but I still see you bringing your *Die Hard* bullshit to your politics and punk shows and to the way you interact with other people. And it's not just straight white dudes. Look at the way queers treat each other all the time, all "fuck you" instead of "I love you but you're wrong" or whatever.

As Above, So Below, Dude. We grew up on a bullshit earth where most of us internalized and learned to regurgitate a lot of awful shit so we could survive junior high but we don't need to perpetuate that stuff any more. We can work on internalized misogyny, internalized homophobia, internalized racism. We can give a shit about each other in a meaningful way that incorporates supporting people with different experiences than our own and maybe even apologizing for stuff sometimes. Lots of guys still think women can't play drums! Lots of white people still don't want to read writers of color! Lots of cis people still assume that the truth about trans women is available to them in misogynist porn or episodes of *Law & Order* even though they have access to zines written by trans people who live in their own towns. Meanwhile, rich assholes are using arcane golem magic to turn corporations into legal human beings and then using bleak alchemy to turn those human beings' blood into barely conceivable amounts of money.

I don't know, man, I just want explosion movies and queer communities to be awesome and they are just... not. So.

Uh, anyway, I'm obsessed with this band Enabler who play the kind of metallic hardcore or hardcore metal that I'd call metalcore if that label hadn't been ruined forever; you should totally check them out: enablermke.bandcamp.com. Also, you know the thing how a lot of spoken word stuff kinda... doesn't rule? I got to do a reading in Philly a couple months ago with this duo called Dark Matter who totally reminded me that spoken word can push you over and almost kill you sometimes, too. Like, they talk about colonialism and queerness and white supremacy and gender and all these things that can sometimes seem sort of bloodless or academic or whatever, but they talk (and growl and yell) about them in a way that reminds you, right, these are terms and concepts for describing some truly visceral shit, our bodies and lives are serious fucking business and the forces fucking with them are truly infuriating. I mean, their website is called Dark Matter Rage for a reason, and I can't recommend their work highly enough: darkmatterrage.com.

Whatever. Next month: Girls Rock Vermont Tour Diary 2014. Sick!

I've seen a lot of people using tube amplifiers without any basic knowledge about it. They had not a single clue what they were doing, while manically turning the pots up and down. If that is your case, I assume you'll find this month's column quite interesting. Let's detail the front faceplate of a tube amplifier:

Input jack:

The front face plate of a tube amplifier is made of numerous pots and female jacks. The starting point of your signal into the amplifier is the input jack. There are usually 1 to 4 inputs on a faceplate. If there's only one, don't mind it, and plug your instrument jack into it.

If you have two input jacks, usually numbered #1 and #2, it means that there is an active, and a passive input jack. #1 is usually for passive pick-ups (you have passive pick-ups if your guitar or bass is not powered by a 9V battery), and #2 for active pick-ups (for those with a 9V

battery inside their instrument). On lots of old amplifiers, these 2 input jacks are basically the same, but they'll be referred as #1 being the normal input and #2 being an attenuated signal (for example, the second input will be 10dB lower than the first one).

If you have a 4 input amplifier you have two options:

Option 1 –You're facing a dual channel amplifier, like a Fender Deluxe Reverb, where you can either chose to use the normal channel, or the one with the vibrato. In this case, input #1 and #2 are normal and attenuated for both channels. Use the one you like the most accordingly.

Option 2 – Your amplifier has a bright and a normal channel, like on a Marshall JTM45. The bright channel is exactly the same than the normal one, but there's a resistor on the input jack that will boost the high frequencies on your guitar signal. You can use the one you like the most, or you can also use a mini-jack, like one you'd use to connect an effect pedal to another, to bridge both channels and use them together. The trick is simple; plug your instrument in one of the two inputs #1. With the mini-jack, plug the input #2 of that same channel to the input #1 of the other channel. Now you can use both channels at the same time and mix them together.

Preamp & master volume:

Now let's talk about the pots. The first pot next to the input jack must be the preamp volume, which is also sometimes referred as "gain". Here's a little amp history: when tube amplifiers were created, nobody wanted a distorted sound, just the clean sound, so there was only one volume, running the preamp stage of the amplifier (amps are made of a preamp stage and a power stage, I bet you remember, right?). After years and years of abuse, people discovered that, if you turn this volume fully up, it is able to give tube distortion, but at the price of a deafeningly loud volume. Amp makers then decided to create a master volume, where they could set the volume after the preamp section, and then the original preamp volume knob was used in order to achieve preamp distortion.

So, you have basically two types of amplifiers: with, and without master volume. Here's an easy example. The Marshall JTM45 has no master volume. So the only way to set the volume is with the preamp volume knob. If you want to achieve distortion from the preamp, you have to use it at a very loud volume. Au contraire, most of the Marshall JCM800 were designed to use preamp distortion, so you have a gain knob, which is nothing else than the same volume you had on the JTM45, and you also have a master volume.

Basically you just have to remember this: one volume amp is made to achieve clean sound, or gain at a really loud volume. Master volume amps are made to achieve clean and distorted sounds at any volume.

Equalization pots:

Still on the front face plate, you'll find the equalization. These pots are designed in order for you to shape your sound darker or brighter. You'll usually have a Bass, Middle, and Treble pot on most of the amplifiers. Set them all to 12 o'clock, and start using them to cut, or boost the frequencies you need. Bass controls the bass frequencies, Middle the medium frequencies, and Treble the high frequencies. Considering that a guitar is a middle frequency instrument, the most important of the 3 is the Middle knob. If you want to stand out of a mix of multiple instruments, use the Middle pot. It's only up to you to know how you want to shape your sound, but please, use these knobs. They will help you a lot, especially to cut through the mix while playing live or with other instruments.

The Presence control has the worst name ever. It's nothing about presence or charisma, here. This is just a high treble pot. This means that it controls the higher frequencies that the Treble knob doesn't control. You don't find this pot on every amplifier. Sometimes the presence setting is just fixed, and you can't adjust it. So, if you've been wondering for ages what this Presence knob does, it's just a high-treble control.

Side note: Even if many amplifiers have that same 4 band EQ control (Bass/Middle/Treble/Presence), you might face a single or two tone pots, or even, no EQ at all. Well, many examples come to my mind. The Fender Deluxe Tweed 5E3 is a good example of a single tone knob. In this case many EQ options are fixed, and you can only use this knob to cut some frequencies. One other example is the Vox AC15 Top Boost channel. It has only 2 controls, treble and bass, and the treble knobs act both on the middle and treble frequencies. So, you really have to figure out how to use the EQ section on your amplifier.

Led:

The indicator, or LED, is just here to let you know if your amp is powered or not. It doesn't do anything else, so don't waste your time here, unless your amp is broken.

Switches:

On most tube amplifiers you'll find two switches. One is the main switch. It turns the amp on and off. The other one is the stand-by switch, which you should always use. What does that mean? In order to achieve its optimum performance, tubes need to warm up before having any current floating through them. So, when you turn on the amp with the main switch, the tubes are starting to heat. Always wait 2 minutes before switching off the stand-by switch. Never turn the stand-by switch on and off, amplifiers hates that. This is not a pause button either. Only use the stand-by switch when you're about to shut down the amplifier. Switch on the stand-by, and then wait for 2 minutes again. Then, switch the main switch to turn the amp off. Please, always follow this procedure. If you don't want to damage your amplifier this is the only way you have to turn it on and off.

So, in short: power your amplifier by turning on the power switch. Wait 2 minutes for the tubes to heat. Then flip the stand-by switch. Here you go, let's rock! Don't turn the stand-by switch on and off when you're having a break, just turn down the amplifier's volume pot. When you're done playing, flip the stand-by switch, and wait for 2 minutes. Now, turn the power switch off. That's it! Your amplifier is safe from any damage, and you won't burn away your tubes.

Side note #1: Always turn the preamp volume or the gain and master volume down to zero before turning your amplifier on and off.

Side note #2: Some amps don't have any stand-by switch. In this case just turn the volume and/or gain knobs to zero when you're turning your amplifier on and off. Just keep in mind that these amps don't need any stand-by because of the way teir circuit is designed.

Next month I'll go into further details on the back pael of an amplifier. Until that, don't be afraid, pick an instrument and start your own bands. Hat email,

questions and further explaantions at instrumentsoneohone@gmail.com.

Great things are simple. They don't need too much, they can speak for themselves. Great things are simple but deep at the same time, they conclude everything, they are ground zero for things to come and sometimes even for things that have happened before them. There are many great things in this world and it's a fact that the Ramones are one of them. Speaking about music, Ramones is the best band ever. It's a fact. They are not my favorite band, they haven't written my favorite song, their first album is not my favorite record although that is my favorite Ramones record.

Ramones is the best band ever not only because Tommy Ramone died today.

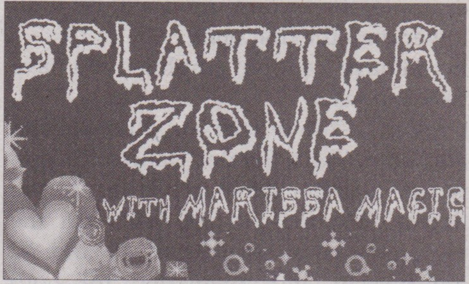
We all hate to be alone. Even when you skip a drunk hike on a Saturday afternoon and rather sit alone in your shady room to write a column for a fanzine that might not be the same if the Ramones had never written their songs. We feel connected when we encounter things, tiny things we thought were our secrets. These things are simple thus we mostly never tell them to anyone else. We feel that would be foolish either because these are too obvious, or the others just wouldn't get it. What Erdélyi Tamás and his friends did was synthesizing this simple great feeling. Another great mind said, to see what everyone sees, to think what no one thinks. The Ramones based their sound on the feelings of hot it is to be a freak, to like getting high, to be obsessed with loud things, to fall in and out of love, to have no clue and the only sense you have in yourself is the sense of humor. To be a nerd for weird things, be it vaudeville-esque horror, political conspiracies, UFOs, the streets of New York. Their sound proved that talent is luck and the important thing in life is courage. To be brave enough to know that with so little you can achieve so much.

I have experienced the power of the Ramones when with my then best friend we were hanging at his family's weekend house. Two teenagers on a rainy summer night with no better idea than to get drunk on cheap wine and listen to the Ramones. As awkward a two-man parties can be, it was super awkward for sure, but a magical moment happened when my friend started singing "Pet Cemetery" along with the actual song playing at the top of his voice, crying out of joy and probably teenage sorrow. The Ramones was this. As Steve Albini said about them first, their songs sound funny, then you realize there is something more in them, they are people you would hang out. They are melancholic, funny, nihilistic, thoughtful, ignorant. They are everything that has happened to punk ever since and everything that has happened to music before their time. Their music lives forever, even if now everyone from the original line up has passed away.

It's such a terrible curse that people have to die, but it's such a gift that we are allowed to create something universal. Tommy Ramone passed away today but his music is still here, it's still fresh and even though he hasn't done anything memorable in the last few decades, his death has become a celebration of what he and his friends gave to us. They as human beings couldn't out-live most of the people whose music made them stand out, stand up and invented punk music. But their music was killed already decades ago, when that dinosaur prog rock bullshit was occupying young minds. They showed us a way that when you embrace what you have and squeeze out the most of it, great things will happen. The simple fact that this could happen—when it happened—worked. And it worked out to be this loud that it has made a change in the world. It helped young minds connect with each other, helped them crawl out from their basements and jump around together to noisy music in awesome clothes.

Have you ever tried to play a Ramones song? The power chords are super easy. To play it like them is almost impossible; because what they did is what I spend most of my words on here: they put themselves into their songs, among their pure, essential music. This is the ultimate example of how punk music is great; because it is played so you can hear between the music. The Ramones will always live. To be honest, it doesn't matter if Erdélyi Tamás died today or if he lived ten more years or passed decades ago. Ramones live forever.

Now I'm gonna sniff some glue. Nyugodj békében!



ON SELF SHIT

My friends' band had just finished playing and it made me want to leave and go play guitar (in a rad way). Before I snuck out I wanted to tell them it was inspirational. As I was telling my friend how great it was, she blushed, saying it was sloppy and bad. So I looked her in the eye and said "don't ever say that". Not exactly a rule, just a piece of advice.

I was 23 and in the dawn of playing in bands. One of my bands was playing its first show. I think we had maybe three songs and no name. We spent half the time playing feedback. I had decided to make up the vocals as I went, forgetting that I didn't quite have the hang of singing and playing at the same time. At the end of the shitshow my friend came up to tell us it was great. Without a beat I said it was awful and my bandmate overheard and glared at me.

"Why would you say that? Don't say that."

But it was true, that was how I felt about it. But I was falling into the language of self-deprecation. Because why is it when someone says something nice to you it's a weird social grace to deny it? To essentially tell the complimenter they are wrong, and that really, you are a piece of shit. Why is taking a compliment not cool? Is this some kind of nihilism bullshit? Because take a fucking compliment, okay?

Since that moment I've never answered a compliment with a denial of said compliment. Or that's not true. My best friend or my mother telling me I look nice when I feel like a festering dump? I'll probably inform them of the festering dump status, but I see this more as a cry for help than a shutting down. Like, mom I feel like the bottom of a dump truck, I'm depressed, talk to me, etc. But in the context of saying that about your band,

there's a compound to it, where not only are you talking shit on yourself but on a group of people who are all working on the same thing. A group self shit.

And then the complimenter, the person whose opinion you are denying. Even if that aspect doesn't ring true at the very least, you are putting them in the position of being like "nooo it was great". It's a fish for compliments on the heels of a compliment. It's a battle kindness and whose truth is real (is reality real? Whose reality is true?).

At the same time I believe in self-deprecation as a way of relating to people. I do it all the time as a way of being honest and transparent and as an attempt to be relatable. This column is a constant stream of self-deprecation.

I had just seen this woman's band and while the music wasn't exactly my jive the performance was explosive. After the set I was talking with her and we were having this weird bonding moment. We were talking about who we emulate as front people, she John Joseph and I Henry Rollins. I was telling her about trying to dress like Rollins on stage, and move like him, and how on multiple occasions people told me I reminded them of him and how fucking cool is that yadda yadda (I can be a talker). She was telling me she couldn't be John Joseph because she was like a mouse on stage, like a cartoon fairy, like weakness. She added that she hated her singing voice and that it was high and squeaky. And I was confused because none of what she was saying was true. I was confused because this was the second band I had seen her as a front person in, I mean, don't you have to like yourself as a front person to some degree in order to get yourself in that position multiple times? So I wondered if it was a weird gimmick, as in she was fully aware that she was an excellent and powerful lead singer but she was saying these things as a way to relate or just because this is the awful way that women talk to each other, the culture of not taking compliments. I felt bad that I was thinking she was lying but then I wondered if it was awesome in some weird way. That she knew she was great in her role and the self-deprecation was not honest but simply a way of relating. But really, how awful is that? How awful is it that the way we relate to each other, comfortably speak to each other, is to take a shit on ourselves.

I went through a period of time when my current band had just started where I continually blurted out "we're really good!" And it was true and I knew it and it is true, we are good and I know it. Why would I waste my time on a band I felt mellow on? But somehow saying that blooms into this awkward moment. It seems like people don't know how to respond to someone not shitting on themselves.

So I am arrogant. Or maybe just in touch with reality. Or out of touch. Or maybe I like what I do, I really believe in what I do. I think my output is excellent. I think I'm painfully awkward at parties, I'm quiet and I'm weird.

But in playing shows I have a habit of not complimenting bands because I don't like to put people in this position of being socially obligated to compliment my band. Conversely, whenever I end up in a place of being socially obligated to compliment somebody's band, I tend to try to exit the conversation prematurely or avoid eye contact or just smile awkwardly, I'm not really interested in complimenting someone only because I'm supposed to. I mean, do they want that? I don't want people to lick my buttonhole when they don't believe it. That just seems like shmoozy bullshit to me, networking, greasing plasm. I don't find obligated compliments to be somehow supportive, if anything I find them destructive. Shit gets boring without challenge.

Or it's like watching all the other bands that you're playing with. I think I took part in that politeness ritual at first, now it's like, I'll give everyone a chance of a song or two but if I don't like it I won't watch. Again, I wouldn't want someone to watch my band because they felt obligated. It's condescending, a waste of my time and yours. I don't really even tell people about shows I'm playing because I don't want them to feel obligated to show up (is it arrogant to assume they would feel obligated?).

But anyway, back to the beginning. Taking a compliment, it seems so taboo. Self-hate is valued. And as I said before I understand the equation of being self-deprecating in order to be relatable but isn't that such a fucking bummer? And totally insane? This is the way to relate to one another? Indulge in insulting ourselves? How come believing in my band or what I do or how I look is somehow not humble and arrogant?

And does this sound like making an excuse? But I think that unprovoked self-deprecation is completely different than provoked. And what I mean by provoked is somebody compliments you and you diss yourself in return. I'm sitting in my room by myself writing this and saying I'm an awkward dweeb but the hope is, I guess, that some other awkward dweeb is sitting alone in their room and reading this and thinking "oh heres' another awkward dweeb, and they are doing really cool stuff!" (there's that arrogance). So I created this thing and I'm proud of it but I still feel ashamed for my existence when I go to a show alone and stand like a creep in a corner and drink too much. Does this make sense? Self-deprecation isn't great but there's a difference in self-deprecating when someone is saying something nice to you and saying something self-deprecating out of nowhere, like telling an embarrassing story, maybe somebody else shit their pants one time too. But when somebody says "I like your art" and you respond with "but it's not that good" you're cutting yourself down and you're cutting the other person down and it's illogical and it serves no purpose. And how can you think so lowly of the people around you? Are they idiots? (Some are, some aren't). Nihilism is all right but it makes us feel like shit. It is a rebellion to believe in your weirdo life and be arrogant about it. So yeah, my bands are good, my zines are good, and that song of mine that you like, I wrote that riff and it is fucking awesome.

P.S. Dearest Europe, I will be in parts of you in October, if you would like to hear me babble or let me sleep on your couch let me know. perpetualmagics@gmail.com

My mate Fat John, whom I see once in a blue moon (and who released the sole Dipsy Dicks & the Ducks 7"—killer, weird Swedish garage circa 1999, limited to 100 and long OOP, FYI—I got a spare, and I ain't selling it), recently came to town

for a quick stop on his way to Morocco. The asshole's a million years old, been all over the place and keeps exploring the world, as if searching for some hidden treasure, always bringing back tons of insane stories usually involving records, booze, sex or drugs, sometimes in countries where getting caught with as little as *one joint* either means saying bye to your hand or your head (or both of them, for all I know).

"Hey mate, what a surprise..." I said when he knocked on my door—unannounced, of course, otherwise he wouldn't be Fat John.

"Hey" he said with a blank face while entering my flat before I told him to.

He put his suitcase down in the entrance and aimed for the couch, where his fat ass landed on the Oasis CD (the one with all the hits) I had just bought again after playing the old copy to death.

"Hum, I think you just sat on a..."

"I'm thirsty," he said.

I sighed, went to the kitchen and poured him a mix of Cherry Coke and vodka.

"So how have you been, anyway?"

He took the glass and sniffed it.

"What the fuck..."

"Well, it's your favorite..."

"Never mind."

He then told me about his latest adventures, first in the Czech Republic, where he stayed in "the only squat left in the country, an old warehouse filled with diapers and candles, full of hippies who kept telling me I should leave or stop complaining—I'm telling ya, mate, it's the last time they see me", then in Ohio, where he hung out with his old friend Jim Shepard. It wasn't the first time I noticed Fat John's tendency to bullshit, but this was a bit too grand.

"Isn't Shepard... dead?"

"He wasn't last month."

Silence set in, quickly followed by screams and horns coming from the streets, as the Algerian community couldn't believe their team scored a goal against Russia—it was World Cup's month and, by that point, I was already used to it, but not Fat John, who stood up, went to check the window, saw nothing special (the only thing one can see from my window is the neighborhood cemetery), came back to the couch and, just before sitting down, noticed the Oasis CD, or what was left of it.

"So you listen to this shit, now?"

"It must be my roommate's..." I said.

"Right" he said before sitting back on the CD.

After this we went out for pizza; my friend alternated between moments of silence, that I felt I wasn't allowed to break, and explosions of anecdotes, facts and fiction, travel stories, record store stories, Now That's Class, mentions of Shepard here and there, etc. When we walked back to my place, the streets were filled with smoke from burning trash cans, infinite horns, police sirens, screams of love followed by screams of hate coming from windows and balconies—it felt like France had finally won a war without America's help, like the government had declared a paid month off work for everyone under the age of sixty, or like 50€ bills were being poured from the sky by Allah himself.

"Fuckin' hell" said Fat John.

"Yeah" I said.

Back to my place, he stayed in the toilet for thirty minutes or so; when the smell of shit finally hit the fan, he came out with a copy of *Maximum Rocknroll* in his hand (hint—f you ever come to mine looking for your favorite mag, you know where to look) and said he was surprised I was still reading "that piece of shit, flower-power rag".

"Well, I kinda write for them, these days..."

"What? Since when?"

"Hum... Three years or so..."

He burst out laughing, frantically turning the pages and looking at ads and band names.

"Look at this shit! New wave and Riot Grrrl! Ha! Give me a cigarette!"

"Fuck you, Fat John."

"Oh, come on, you know I'm right."

"Well..."

I handed him a Camel.

"Let's listen to these bands and see if I'm wrong, then!"

He took his iPhone out and googled a few names. Belgrado came out of the speakers, and his cigarette dropped as he yelled "NEW WAVE FAGGOTS!", almost burning his shirt. Then came Terrible Feelings ("RIOT GRRRL SCHLOCK!"), Youth Avoiders ("IS THAT ALL YOU FRENCHIES CAN DO? SUCK ON BIG HAIRY YANKEE BALLS?"), Video ("NO WAY! THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE VICIOUS! POSERS INFLUENCING POSERS! THE CIRCLE OF LIFE, MOTHERFUCKER!") and so on.

"You're only choosing the worst bands!" I said in defense of *MRR*.

"Them, not me!" said Fat John as he threw my mag on the floor.

He typed something else on his phone, and some mutant sound came out.

"What's this?" I said, still slightly offended by his behavior, but interested nonetheless.

"Shepard" said Fat John with that snobbish look on his face.

Right.

What a prick.

We spent the rest of the evening listening to *Picking Through the Wreckage With A Stick* (Siltbreeze 032, 1995), which I had never heard—to my tired ears it sounded more quiet and more hostile than what we'd played before, the sound was not easy to grasp, instruments were being toyed with, almost cuddled more than played—hard to call it "punk" but it surely wasn't pop, even nowadays, years after the "lo-fi craze" disappeared as quick as it had exploded. The music had that ghostly quality that made the first Pink Reason album so brilliant, it sometimes reminded me of Modra, too; "Dusted" was a free-jazz instrumental interlude à la Electric Eels, *A* "Streetcar Named Depression featured the saddest funeral violin this side of Nico, some song names were lifted straight from a Sun Ra bootleg (*Space is Deep*, yes indeed), and... What's that noise, sax, then frogs hanging in a swamp... Wait, am I supposed to laugh? Baguettes, berets, snails and... For a brief moment, I asked myself a question: what if Fat John wasn't lying, what if Shepard *was* alive, hidden on an island in Wingfoot Lake, selling Vertical Slit records on eBay, composing songs for today's mutant youth, the Thomas Pynchon of weird punk, wait, wasn't he in a band called V-3, just like in *Gravity's Rainbow*, fuck, what if...

"Listen to this one!" yelled Fat John.

An acoustic guitar, slightly poppier chords than before.... The voice of Sheppard comes in, whispering *"Fat John, Fat John... You got real fat, 'cause you tried to give up crack... Fat John, Fat John... You started eating, and you never stopped... Fat John... Fat John..."*

"What the..."

My friend laughed and shrugged.

"Pretty weird, huh?"

I looked in his eyes, but my own reflection was all there was.

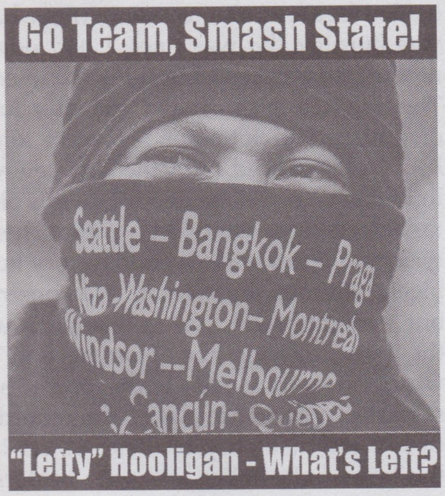
"Now leave me alone" he said. "I gotta

wake up before dawn."

"But man…"

"Good night, Alexandre."

He lied down on the couch, I closed the door, went to my room and googled "Fat John" by Jim Shepard, but didn't find shit. At night I had a few nightmares—the usual ones, spiders and snakes, a concrete box floating in space, razorblades in my stomach—and when I got up in the morning, Fat John was already gone, leaving nothing behind but a messy couch, a half-empty glass and a pen, next to a copy of *Picking Through the Wreckage With A Stick* signed by Shepard himself.



Why couldn't it be Barry Manilow?
Detention, "Dead Rock n Rollers"

Punk's not dead, but the Ramones are.

"Too soon?" Gilbert Gottfried might ask.

All four of the original, founding members of the Ramones are dead. Joey Ramone (Jeffrey Ross Hyman, 1951-2001) died at 49. Dee Dee Ramone (Douglas Glenn Colvin, 1951-2002) died at 50. Johnny Ramone (John William Cummings, 1948-2004) died at 55. And Tommy Ramone (Thomas Erdelyi, 1949-2014) died at 65.

Quite an actuarial problem, especially for calculating the lifespan of rock'n'rollers prone to living fast and dying young. According to statistics published by *The Guardian* ("How rock stardom can take years off your life," James Randerson, 9-3-07) "of the 100 performers in the sample who died early, the average age was 42 for North American stars and just 35 for those in Europe." A more comprehensive followup study conducted by researchers at the Center for Public Health at Liverpool John Moores University and published online in the British Medical Journal (BMJ Open) on 12-19-12 concluded that rock stars have "a nearly one in ten chance of dying prematurely." The study was neatly summarized by Billy Jam as follows: *The study, which looked at the lives of approx 1500 UK and European, and US music stars between the years of 1956 and 2006 in pop and rock music, determined that 9.2% (137 artists) of them died prematurely. Furthermore the study determined that solo artists, compared with members of bands, had a twice as high chance of dying prematurely. The study also found that the average age for American artists to die prematurely was 45 while it was six years younger for the average British and European artist.* Which means that the Ramones, all four original members, actually lived well past their prime. By these standards Joey, Dee Dee, Johnny and Tommy were old farts when they kicked.

There are a slew of second string Ramones out there. Marky Ramone (Marc Steven Bell) is still alive at 58 years old, as are minor members C.J. Ramone (Christopher Joseph Ward, 48), Richie Ramone (Richard Reinhardt, 58), and Elvis Ramone (Clement Bozewski, 58). This skews even further the dead rock'n'roller actuarial tables. Then, consider the statistical impact of the so-called "fifth Ramone." Arturo Vega (1947-2013), the artist and designer who created the Ramones logo and is often called the "fifth Ramone," is promising because he's dead, but not so auspicious because he was 65 when he died. Other candidates for "fifth Ramone" include the group's longtime producer Ed Stasium, and the band's tour manager Monte A. Melnick, both still very much alive. The Ramones may have been inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, but they win no awards for living the rock'n'roll lifestyle into an early grave.

Christ, I'm still within the Ramone's mortality age range. I would have been two or three years behind them in school. The first Ramones album I owned was "Rocket to Russia." The first Ramones show I attended was at San Diego State University in 1979 or 1980. I don't exactly remember the year, let alone the exact date, as I was drinking quite heavily. I was completely into punk, more so American than English. Sure, English punk was bigger, anti-establishment and more class conscious. The American scene was smaller, anti-social, and less political. Whereas in England, punk was more melodic and dare I say tradition based, American punk was more entertaining and experimental. Hardcore and skate punk emerged from the American scene, whereas reggae and oi! influenced English punk. The Ramones were quintessential American punk.

No doubt about it, the Ramones and the punk they helped inspire were central to my life after 1977. When I was vacationing in New York City during the late 1980s, I was walking with friends, talking about how The City was ground zero (no pun intended) for celebrity watching. At that instant, Joey Ramone walked past us into the seedy, hipster infested St. Mark's Hotel and I was open-mouthed and overawed. Me, the rabid ultraleft "destroy what destroys you" "Lefty" Hooligan, was suitably star struck. Ah hell, I'll admit it. I'm sad that the Ramones are all dead and that there's no chance for any kind of reunion tour. I'm angry that punk rock ain't what it used to be and that this magazine can barely survive. I'm annoyed to be reminded of my mortality and of the impermanence of everything I enjoy.

R.I.P. Joey, Dee Dee, Johnny, and Tommy. R.I.P. The Ramones.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I'm archiving past columns, and publishing current ones a month delayed on my blog, www.leftyhooligan.wordpress.com. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@me.com.

No one really expected Melbourne to get any colder this winter, since it was already so far into the season. But the

cold hit suddenly and hard at the start of the week, and the shows that followed that weekend reflected the dark and mysterious in their sounds. It matched the drab that seemed to engulf everything, but in a comforting and reassuring way that life wasn't bleak just because the weather was. The quality of the shows was like an unexpected reward for those who actually mustered up the will power to leave their heaters and brave the cold to see the bands performing, which I myself was guilty of for the better part of the weekend. However, on Sunday someone contacted me to buy records and I wanted the cash. The lazy part of me had been whining most of the day and this was a reason to force me to go. I got dressed late and rode to the show. Once I was there, my desire to see Sydney's LOW LIFE again was greater than rushing back home to bed for the sole purpose of getting up for work the next day.

The shows I'd missed on Friday and Saturday were also ones I'd wanted to go to but the darkness of the day exacerbated by winter kept me drinking at home and purposely oblivious of what I knew I was missing out on. Friday was a private pre-sale tickets only show, headlined by TOTAL CONTROL and sold only through the Distort Bigcartel. Supporting was COOPER BOWMAN, CONSTANT MONGREL and POWER, the last who used the night to launch their demo tape off Cool Death Records and were also playing the Sunday show with Low Life. I'd missed out on tickets by being too blasé about the show when first announced but, of course, it was sold out by the time I actually went online to buy them (on the day), and didn't bother going there to find an alternate way in. Low Life was the band I was most curious to see that weekend and they were playing Saturday night at Boney with ILL WINDS and the UV RACE (the only bit of "sunshine" on the bill that weekend). There was also another show on that night, WHITE HEX were launching their LP off It Records, supported by PEAK TWINS, NUN and JOHNNY TELEPHONE. It was a Nihilistic Orbs sounding line up of anti-dance synth beats, soft post-punk and dark wave neo pop. The latter was my show of choice but again, I stayed in.

I'd initially heard Low Life a few years ago when the *Sydney Darbs* 7" was put out on Negative Guest List Records in late 2011. I guess I'd heard a bit of talk about the 7" so looked them up online. One track hooked me in that wasn't on the 7", and I listened to it for months and even interviewed them for an issue of my zine based off that song alone. "Dogging". It hit home so hard but I didn't even know most of the lyrics. The bleakness in the vocals came from a person who had seen the world for what it was a long time ago and given up on hope or change, instead reflecting on the fucked shit people do while wearing a dreary but socially encouraged and acceptable life as a cover to pull over their own eyes and everyone else's. After that release, talk died down on Low Life and they didn't put out their *Dogging* 12" as planned. They went through a period of cancelling their sets last minute, then the name stopped being seen on line ups for Sydney shows. Brendan Annseley, who did Negative Guest List and would have put out the *Dogging* LP, died shortly before the planned date for the LP release in early 2012 (and then constantly postponed). Time passes by so quickly. Two months ago, THEE NODES came to Australia and toured. I took time off work and drove them up the east coast—second stop Sydney and second Sydney show, Low Life were on the bill. I had never seen them live before and was keen to check out their deal, but it wasn't until they played "Dogging" that everything about the band and time I listened to them all came rushing back.

The Sunday show started late, as usual. "Punk time." Power were opening. They have the beat, rhythm and vocals of Australian '70s pub rock'n'roll, COLOURED BALLS devotion, crossed over with some amped up Dead Boys riffs and licks. Often referred to as Hawkwind worship but between you and me I've only ever listened to one Hawkwind song so couldn't tell you. I don't not like Hawkwind, it just never happened. Anyway, you'll have to get a copy of their demo. Penke from KRÖMOSOM is on drums, Isaac from SOMA COMA on bass and Nathan from DRIBBLE and GUTTER GODS on vocals and guitar. They emit a vibe and sound far from this decade; it's sexy and rugged Aussie rock. After Power I braved the cold for a quick dart (which came with a story from a friend still in slight disbelief that before she had come inside to see Power, a junkie had punched her in the head for refusing to give them a dart). VACUUM was on next. Jenny and Andrea work together on synth and pedals creating slow industrial loops with sweet lullaby vocals flowing over the top of the jagged mis-beats. Jenny also sings in NUN and Andrea is in ASPS, as well as ex-CHROME DOME.

The start of the Low Life set was delayed a few minutes when someone up the back accidentally set their hair on fire off one of the tiny tea candles positioned along the window ledge, and with the smell rising up to the stage the band was unsure whether to drop their gear and evacuate. I was standing next to the person and found the whole situation amusing as everyone looked around baffled for a few minutes wondering what was burning (he was fine). I had done nothing all weekend but felt so drained. They started playing and the dull lull of guitars and monotonous vocal tone had me entranced with the soft yellow light on stage and the heating in this old fashioned and dimly lit venue. Their lyrics are written like a child's story but bleak, without the colours. Not poetry but straightforward, as is. Saying it as they see it. Songs like "Hammertime", which they opened with, seem so sarcastic in the simplicity of their chords to suit the mentality of their subject in the lyrics. Alcoholics and wife beaters. Gamblers and junkies.

I gazed at the triangular shadows under Mitch's eyes as he sang. They were symmetrical with his nose and contrasting to the fuzzy warm vibe everything else seemed to give off. His lips barely moved as he almost spoke the lyrics into the microphone. They played "Speedball" next (slowing it down, "Speeeeeedbaaaaallllll sssppppeeeeedddballlll") and the long awaited "Dogging" a song or two after that. In an attempt to keep the bass drum from constantly jumping forward, Shogun on rhythm guitar tried and ultimately failed to assist by holding it back with one leg, twisted around and facing the crowd on the other while playing guitar. It fell apart mid song and with no weights to put in front of it, Christian on bass guitar and almost double the weight of the average man, just opted to standing in front of it for the rest of the set. It did the trick. Shogun only recently joined the band, and is a name you might recognise better as the singer for Royal Headache. By far, he was the biggest fan in that

room (and I wouldn't doubt in general) of Low Life. While playing the songs he was jumping around the stage, shaking his head in disbelief with a small smile and at one point even stopped playing (before the song had finished) to clap and admire Mitch's sounds on guitar over his own rhythm. It was entertaining and endearing to watch three guys playing emotionlessly on stage while the fourth had enough excitement for all of them. He addressed the crowd while the other three only ever spoke to each other about the next song, then continued on quiet and reserved.

There's more that could be said in terms of what's behind those songs and how they came to be, which you can read about in articles and interviews online. Basically, Low Life just has this blatant and brutal truth to what they do. It's heart wrenching. It's ugly. It's those moments when you've faced some fucked up horrific shit and it's so bare that the smog of all the crap in your life clears from your mind for a few moments and you're left with everything exactly how it is right there in front of you. You see life, and you shake your head in disbelief because you know how none of it even matters anyway. That is this record.

The cover of the record is a CCTV screenshot of Mitch giving Christian a blowie. After 20 minutes the set ended, the vibe was broken and I fucked off home.

MORE NOIZE HARDCORE CHARADE

Apologies for not writing last month. It's summer. I like beer. This time I am going to waste your time by talking a bit about some records I listened to earlier today, namely the new THISCLOSE LP and EP. The LP is called *One Foot in the Grave* and it is a masterpiece of modern day hardcore punk brutality. It looks amazing and sounds devastatingly incredible. Until now I have enjoyed THISCLOSE's releases, videos and live performances but with this album the band has transcended the gimmicky world of D-beat to produce a record that is totally self-contained and it is an immense statement of modern day hardcore punk. The production of the record is perfect—I feel the band has managed to perfectly synch the brutality of the music with the obvious one-of-a-kind vocals. As a result, *One Foot in the Grave* is perhaps one of the first classic UK hardcore punk records of the last decade—along with the FUK LP and the WANKYS LP. While sounding very different, the totality of vision presented on the THISCLOSE LP reminds me of the DISASTER LP, or more recently the FRAMTID LP. Unlike the earlier THISCLOSE releases—and sadly the vast majority of the ever-increasing slate of new hardcore punk releases from all over the world—this album is one that should encourage repeat plays just like the records of earlier hardcore punk heavy hitters, notably DISCHARGE. This is no mean feat. The new THISCLOSE EP is called *The Price We Pay* and was released by Noisepunk Records UK. While comparably just a sampler of the brutality expressed on the album, this EP is needless to say a total smasher. Don't be close-minded and avoid this band because of inevitable doubts about the world of D-beat or some such. I dare anyone to sit still during a single sitting of the LP. And if you have not heard the band, don't go running to download or stream their music: Your starting point into the world of THISCLOSE should be the LP first and foremost. Adventurous punx may dig deeper into the bands releases thereafter.

The remainder of this column I have dedicated to THISCLOSE singer Rodney, who has written the following notes regarding their recent *This is a Grave, Grave New World Tour UK 2014*. The article was scheduled for the next issue of my fanzine *More Noize*, but that issue has been delayed once again due to summer (I like beer). Enjoy!

"When is tour not a tour, and would a concert by any other name taste as sweet? 2014 saw the release of our second album *One Foot in the Grave* and so the tournament rules of capitalism dictated that we must engage in a promotional tour in order to deliver our product to the masses. Fortunately we live in the age of newspeak, where contemporaries such as Kate Bush can claim a fifteen-night residency at the Hammersmith Apollo a comeback tour, affording us the freedom to construct our campaign trail over the space of a few months, negating the usual punk rock vs. real life quandaries of 'do I need to quit my job/break up with my life partner/forsake my children in order to spend half a dozen days under the illusion that our long deserved success is just around the corner?' The hierarchy of concert definitions dictates that to have performed a concert is to have placed a foot upon the ladder, and spending a weekend 'on the road' places one head and shoulders above those who are destined to languish forever at the bottom of a mid-week local band line up. But to tour, to tour is to remove oneself fully from the everyday, to embrace the white light and feel the envelopment of the white heat. To tour shows one and all that you have truly arrived, and so it was that THISCLOSE embarked upon our four-date 2014 promotional concert tour of the United Kingdom.

Friday 14th February – The 13th Note Café – Glasgow

When THISCLOSE first came into existence in 2012, all members either lived in, or within close proximity of, the city of Glasgow and we were happy to be seen as a Glasgow band, representing our locality as the supporting act to many touring artists before treading the boards at our own sell out Glaswegian concert in November 2013. THISCLOSE can now boast only one resident of Glasgow amongst our ranks, and yet Glasgow remains a spiritual home for us, and certainly the most appropriate location for us to draft any new chapter in our history. This weekend's proceedings were to see us perform as the opening act for Aberdonian 'Totalcrustviolence' outfit FILTHPACT on the final leg of their farewell tour, with the first concert taking place at the infamous 13th Note Café in Glasgow.

Like every other beginning, our story began within the four walls of Tommy 'Clay' Duffin's 16 Ohm studios, the same location from which we have conjured all our recordings to life under Tommy's benign command. Rehearsal was today's program, and a bittersweet occasion, as it was to be our last practice with bassist Munky Dilation. As our preparations progressed, we were made aware that FILTHPACT's journey to Glasgow was being impaired by the seasonal snowstorms which were sweeping over

the country that weekend, and that they were uncertain if they would make it to Glasgow in time for the concert. Since FILTHPACT were to provide the backline for the evening's performance, a secondary set of equipment had to be procured at little notice, but the 13th Note fortuitously had a selection of amplifiers and drum hardware on hand that allowed for the concert to continue unmolested.

Originally there was to be a five band line-up for the concert, with psych-doom rockers HEADLESS KROSS, hardcore youngsters BLACK COP and grindcore fanatics SUFFERINFUCK rounding out the bill. As it happened, BLACK COP and SUFFERINFUCK, for various reasons, both had to cancel their inclusion from the evening's performance, and while it is always a pleasure to witness both groups in action, the last minute backline arrangements would have necessitated the performance of five groups within a very tight time frame. Although unfortunate, their cancellation meant that the three remaining bands could afford a reasonable set time, despite our late start.

And so it was that we ourselves opened the evening's entertainment. Well drilled from our earlier excursion to the studio, we exploded into our performance. The room filled to capacity as we played, and the joyous, appreciative mood amongst the audience was infectious, spurring us on to new levels of intensity, losing ourselves in the waves of hypnobeat. Some choice numbers from *One Foot in the Grave* mixed seamlessly with our older material and in what felt like no time at all we were running through a cover of BROKEN BRAINS' 'ヘッジを引き裂く', taking our bow and leaving the stage open for our old friends HEADLESS KROSS. HEADLESS KROSS is a band who continue to go from strength to strength, a band who are measured by the quality of their music and not the quantity of their bullshit. Tonight was no exception, and from a subdued beginning their performance erupted into a crescendo of illumination, the phrase 'power trio' was invented for musicians such as these, groove-laden beats propelling riff after powerful riff, decorated with a kaleidoscope of soul-searching lead guitar work. As always HEADLESS KROSS left us wondering 'what just happened?'

FILTHPACT had arrive safely, if a little worse off for all the alcohol they had consumed during their delayed journey, sometime during our own set, and so were well rested and in a fine mood for their final Glaswegian concert when the time arrived for them to stand under the spotlight. FILTHPACT had been in existence for ten years at this point, a fact that was obvious from the adoration the audience poured upon them during their set. Each song they released was like a missile being launched into the audience, and our frenzied dancing was entirely as a result of the fallout. As their set progressed the pace didn't falter and for forty minutes the crust punks of Glasgow, old friends and new, came together one last time to the sound of 'Totalcrustviolence.' The highlight of FILTHPACT's performance was undoubtedly a cover of the THIN LIZZY classic 'Emerald', its screaming lead guitars forcing the audience to bang their heads in unison, the perfect end to the first night of our tour.

Saturday 15th February – Downstairs – Aberdeen

Aberdeen, as anyone who is familiar with the UK touring circuit will tell you, is pretty much the end of the line. Whilst certainly not the most northerly or inaccessible town in Scotland where a hardcore concert might take place, it is the most northerly place in our country that can be said to have a proper 'scene' and ability to support semi-regular concerts. The scene in Aberdeen has always leant towards the heavier side of things, perhaps as a result of the tough, seafaring environment of the city, positioned as it is facing the full brunt of the North Sea. The bands who have broken out of the local scene have been of the harder variety; death metal, crust, power violence, grind—artists such as KORPSE, BONESAW, ABLACH and BLOODSHOT. FILTHPACT can comfortably be added to that list, and have confidently supported their city, and the legacy of their scene, for ten years. Tonight however was to be their swansong performance.

This evening's event was in a larger venue than Glasgow, but with a similarly sized audience in attendance leaving the hall around one-half to three-quarters full. The first group to perform were a local crust act ABSOLUTIST, and their heavy riffs and guttural vocals were greeted with generous applause. We performed next. ABSOLUTIST had set themselves up on the floor of the venue, but we, being THISCLOSE, re-organised ourselves on the venues small stage, this is state control after all. This act combined with the less than capacity audience had the result of creating the classic horseshoe formation in front of the stage. Heads nodded and chins were stroked as we thundered through our set but it was obvious that we were not setting the audience alight as we had done the previous evening in Glasgow. A few short words of appreciation for Munky on the occasion of his final live performance with THISCLOSE and then we were cruising through our final number which climaxed with Sunny destroying his guitar. The first leg of our tour was over. FILTHPACT quickly took the stage and again ran at the audience full force with their totalcrustviolence. The hometown crowd of friends, fans and family lapped it up and the audience finally became animated for the final performance. Filthpact did their best to play a fair selection of their songs but with such a lengthy back-catalogue (they have just released their *third* discography collection) it was never going to be possible to satisfy all the audience requests. Several encores later and that was it done and dusted, another band added to the annals of Scottish punk history.

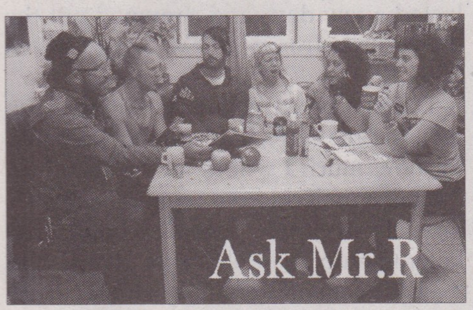
Sunday 16th February - 16 Ohm Studios - Glasgow

The journey between Aberdeen and Glasgow is around four hours, and it was on this return trip that one of the more eventful moments of our trip took place. We stopped halfway home at a supermarket to buy some breakfast, and inside the store Rodney encountered a work colleague of his alter ego, Roddy. Rodney described the experience as being particularly unnerving, being uncertain if it was himself or Roddy who was speaking, and to whom the colleague was replying. He likened the experience to walking through a hall of mirrors, his train of conscious variously flitting between himself, Roddy and the work colleague. The whole affair brought home how much we beat ourselves up behind closed doors every day in order to survive.

Our afternoon was spent once again with rehearsal, running through the set a few more times with our new guitarist, The Nibbler, in preparation of the second leg of our UK tour. The whole affair was

rather unremarkable except for the mid-practice arrival of a representative from Our Future Records to present us with gold disks in recognition of sales of over 1,000 copies of our debut self-titled LP. Whilst there was a slight awkwardness in that only two of had actually performed on that record, the thought was very much appreciated and it brought part one of our 2014 UK tour to a satisfying conclusion."

[To be continued in the next issue of MRR*]*



I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, so we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an opinion *column though.*

(...and if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who wanna know the accepted spelling of the word mixtape.")

Dear Mr. R, I'm at work right now. There's one problem right *there.* Does anyone else even have this problem? Do other punks work? Sometimes I feel like I'm the only one... usually around 4 am when everyone else is on their tenth beer and I'm wondering if napping on the subway counts as sleeping a full night if I also drink a lot of coffee.

Whatevs, I already know the answer to that one (no) so here's another mind bender for you. Somehow I make it to the end of the day without collapsing and then noooo, co-workers are inviting me out to do something. It might even be something fun. They aren't even *that* normy. In a totally work-induced FOMO sort of way, part of me wants to go. "Hey, why don't you try something new!" I tell myself. "Step outside the punk bubble!"

But I also kinda just want to go home and see my real friends, who I am not lucky enough to be imprisoned with eight hours a day Monday through Friday. What should I do? I know going to work would be more bearable if I "fit in" and "got beers" with the others. But there are only so many hours in a day! Is it worth it?

Yours,

—AWOL (A Work-Outcast Loser)

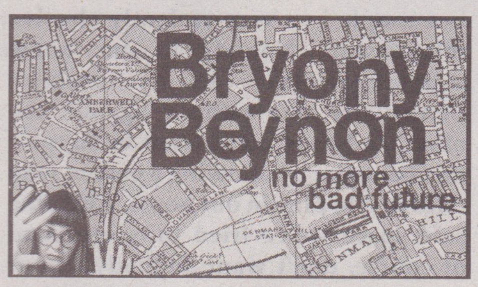
Okay, firstly, you know when you go on tour and play in some town that is so amazing that by the end of the night the whole band is planning on moving there? There are a ton of people at the show and they're all really nice and sharing their beer and the other bands are great and their tap water tastes really good? Don't fall for that! It's a trap! Everybody in every town has some regular human stuff they've gotta do during the day. People go to their jobs, collect their cans for recycling, and sometimes choose to watch an entire season of *Murder, She Wrote* instead of leaving the house. It just *seems* like you're the only one. That's part of the magic of the punk bubble. It always seems like there are things going on, and it's totally hard to break. It's built strong out of duct tape and that sticky beer plus sweat and dirt mystery goo that's all over your basement floor after a show and probably even like, old bike tire inner tubes or something. Remember when everyone was trying to make everything out of those? I bet they're in the bubble somewhere too. But, yeah, we all (house punks) spend so much of our time working, that it would obviously be ideal for us to get along with or even enjoy the company of our coworkers, but it's up to you whether or not that would be worth the time it takes to hang out with these people who don't get any of your Crass jokes. Do you just want to hang out with them to create a better work environment, or do you need to get to know people a little bit in order to have a better chance of being promoted or what? You could just go one time to test it out and if it's terrible you can always come up with a really boring hobby that you pretend to devote all your time to during your off-work hours. Then they probably won't even ask you about it more than once for fear they'll be the ones invited. Is boring better than snobby? Who cares!

Dear Mr. R,

I was recently asked to have a show at my house and said yes. When I received the final line up of bands playing, I learned that one of the bands confirmed is a couple in a very violently abusive relationship. Nobody in our home supports violence in relationships, particularly one partner against the other, and thus don't want to support this behavior by allowing a person who does that to play in our home, AKA, the safe space we've tried to create. And of course, don't want anybody in our community to think we support that. However, we also want the survivor to feel supported and don't want to shame them by asking their band not to play. Is it wrong to judge people in a musical setting on their personal relationships? Also, is it more important to support the survivor if that also means supporting the person who hurts them? Thanks.

I don't think it's wrong at all to judge bands based on their personal relationships. In fact, I'm going to make the claim that it's one of the most special and important parts of being involved in scenes like ours. Scenes which are obviously so, so far from perfect. We will always deal with violence, racism, sexism, transphobia, and every other goddamned thing, but, theoretically, in punk culture, we have more control over who and what we give power to. It is never a good idea to normalize abuse. When we give a violent shithead a microphone and a platform to speak, we are giving that person the opportunity to influence the people who listen, while setting a precedent for this type of thing to be totally welcome and acceptable. But I do appreciate y'all not wanting to make the person involved in this relationship and band to feel singled out as well, with everything they're dealing with relationship-wise, it is really important to offer support, but, honestly, allowing that band to play and acting as though everything is fine enables this person to stay in a horrible relationship. It gives them one more reason to dissuade themselves from leaving. "We play in a really great band together" is sometimes more than enough justification to keep doing a thing you're afraid to change. Have you thought about the possibility of offering this person a solo show? If they're into that sort of thing? Either way, there have gotta be better ways to make this person feel supported than by publicly supporting their abuser.

Send me a billion questions, punk or (s)not to: askmrr@mail.com!



Raleigh is the next stop. The date I've been waiting for! The only stop on the tour that Priests haven't already been to, and one of few towns full stop, owing to their Flagesque commitment to van life. My connection to North Carolina is entirely founded on an accidental kinship with some excellent punks spread about NC's various towns and townettes (called things like Derm and Charlit), a transatlantic treat/y first fostered in 2009 when Logic Problem toured with Shitty Limits and I tagged along, a formative punk holiday that left me champing at the bit to do it again in my own group. Since then there have been countless trips back and forth on various jollies between us. Whether Make-It-Happen-Man D. Lupton (of Sorry State Records and his high school ska band Thee Luptones) is driving UK jerks or we're desperately trying to ensure our sweet Carolinas don't get thrown off the tube for vomiting (or as once did once happen, chucked out of my house for putting out jazz cigarettes on the succulents) amusement abounds.

And here we are, the entourage, five years and many favours later, and Daniel has pulled out all the stops and set up a killer show for us at Nice Price books, mere hours after putting in a triple shift shifting bonzers to the Corefolk of the nation's capital. He arrives after we do! We play his latest project No Love—humbly described as "our pop punk band that no one likes," they actually mine a perfectly legit seam of pumpin' mid-American new wave with added powerpop gloss, aided and abetted up front with vocals equal parts Beki Bondage and Penelope Houston. Priests are particularly beguiling tonight, at home among the pushed-aside racks of floor to ceiling books and records, and electrifying to watch even on day number nine. I borrow Gideon's SG and feel like a silly imposter playing an expensive guitar. The neck is light and I surprise myself by finding almost all the right notes. It's a riot. Ellie even takes a request. The show ends early and it's only just dark. I search for and find several varieties of Mangoritas, Limearitas and admit to myself that withdrawal back to cider is going to be difficult. Time is slower, gentler here, smiles easier, talk comes smoother and for a second I think I can even hear crickets.

We arrive at a clearing in some kind of woodland area. It's Daniel and Jet's house. I'm surprised not to see fairies 'cause mate it is magical. It's a party! Nick Goode is here! The disarming raconteur, quick of speech and rich in stories and outrage, like if Glenn Greenwald was really into the Comes, Nick tells us things we've heard before and secretly wanted to hear again, as well as some new stories embellished with perfect impressions, hazy-eyed looks to the sky, the passion of the Christgau. He's a sensation. I sit for a long time swelling with joy listening to him wax lyrical about everything from Kawakami to well, other things that are mostly in that ballpark really. In the morning there's a rope swing and my first ever experience with a waffle iron courtesy of Jet.

Today is Richmond. Our tour-saviour, Amy June, stepped up after some travel issues meant the whole thing might have gone kaput without a second vehicle, and offered up her reliable driving skills, sharp mind, no-bullshit-actually-ever-thanks 'tude and keenly tuned babe-dar. Amy was about to move from Richmond to Philly and had shown impeccable planning by setting up the Richmond show for us and then agreed be on the bloody thing too. A sweet, sweet record store matinee at Steady Sounds meant a night off at Amy's crib, zooming around Richmond. Had an interesting interaction and subsequent conversation with an older Indian shopkeeper who upon noting that my ID/drivers license presented my birthday with the day, not the month first (the proper way!!!), got misty eyed as he remembered having had to get used to this on his arrival in America. He asked probing, impassioned questions about the youth of today and whether similarities owing to British colonial rule's cultural impact on India would mean that we would have views more in line with his about how to discipline unruly teenagers. He asked this with a lilting urgency that implied he almost definitely had one of his own to contend with and we talked about this for a bit. He assured us he would only ID once as he would remember faces, then scolded us for our schedule that would mean leaving the following day and in all likelihood never again buying an ice-cold Mangorita from his establishment. A high-spirited evening of bananagrams, a real life pug called Pug and midnight Taco Bell runs (where our server, so enraged at the British question of "could I have some ketchup with that please?" that she passively aggressively handed us an actual mountain of sachets which lasted a few days and drowned out the bland monstrosity of the soggy seven layer.)

I remembered enjoying Baltimore on my last time there, but I was not prepared for how much I would love it this time. I'm not sure if this was owing to Taylor's insanely well-put together home, the killer line-up of the show we played at in the basement of the Barclay House, or the 1 am Broadway Diner meal where I ate, amongst some other things, deep fried mac and cheese balls the size of a killer whale's testes and came to realize that John Waters may not be such a genius and is actually more just saying what he sees. The show was opened by Big Mouth, a solid favourite who delivered in these very different surrounds, still not skimping on the formal wear their live shows demand of them (I found out this is because their guitarist had to come straight from work after their first show so they all did solidarity sharpness, highly endorsed) and even with a fill-in drummer. Blazing Eye smashed it, all gimp masks and obviously strong followers of the church of United Mutation. Can I get an Amen indeed. Anazasi burnt a tiny confederate flag with aplomb and their singer wore a nun's habit for the first few songs of the set. In other words it was sick and I'm pretty sure the drummer had no snare on his snare and this is always cool style. I had been waiting for the show where I broke a string and it finally happened during this set. Ash was also having to play a borrowed bass and we were oddly quiet, but hopefully knowingly ramshackle enough to pass just about.

Philadelphia, everyone's favourite, home-from-home owing to it being cheap, cheerful and home to a mate o' mine, your future editor, dear reader, Grace Ambrose, who along with some other blind fools had sunk her salary into releasing our LP. We met up at her then place of work, the Institute of

Contemporary Art, and split into groups in order to facilitate fixing some guitars. A sunny afternoon of intense anticipation for the obvious highlight of tour, a one-off American support slot for the UK's best and only Raspberry Bulbs tribute act: Hunger. The show was at Lava Space, a community space with a smart approach to actually being part of the local area it is located in. We ate Dock Street Pizza with our label bawses and Latex from Philly opened the show and were great, Hunger pulled the stops out and smashed it two-dudes-deep as usual, reminding me that we have lots of great UK bands that actually do hold their own in the context of big old America. After the show we bought slushies from Wawa and put bourbon in them, I talked a big game about partying, then promptly went to bed.

We were half way to New Brunswick, actually perusing a target for some novelty item or other, when we got a call that the house we were playing in had been burgled that day. Laptops, cameras, terrible news, but residents appeared moderately unfazed and just asked us to show up a little later than planned. I do not wish to sound in any way churlish when I say I can see how someone might have left the door of this house unlocked, as the place had quite a lot of interesting craft projects midway through completion dotted around the floor of the house, and a squirrel in a box which had been rescued from nearby. It was all very kooky, but in a perfectly fun and nice way, and we played a nice, low-key set for the penultimate night of tour. I really wanted to grab the microphone from Katie during the refrain of "Air Force One Is A Personal Plane" but Priests' set is sometimes so intense that it feels like it is behind glass and that the whole thing, if interrupted by an interloper not in the psychic loop, might crash into total silence all at once with every member doing an "um, excuse me?" face at you. This would never happen, of course, but it's that kind of weird precious sighting.

After a notably hung over afternoon recording at WMFU, we play our final gig back in New York, once again at Death by Audio. Talya from the bands Household and In School has set the show up so everything is standardly perfect and the show is really packed out in spite of their being another punk gig happening elsewhere that evening. Household play and everything else becomes totally fuzzy, irrelevant, and out of focus for the duration of their perfect set. I've spun their records to literal death without ever seeing them play and am still bowled over by the power of restraint and general killer song writing so seeing that translate to playing live perfectly is a trip. Something's said on stage about a thing I said or wrote about the importance of friendship and it having been resonant, which immediately translates into a side order of cry for me, as my status as the officially luckiest person on the planet hits me, surrounded by damn near all of my most admired punks, all living examples of total force, out here doin' the damn thing, who appear to think I'm "alright" too, as it were, and so few of whom share my time zone. During Priests' set I find myself holding Katie's skull in my hands as it dangles off the stage. She gyrates and simulates all manner of dirty things with a fluffy serpent that gets caught in her by now slightly ratty and thus even more perfect wig, never stumbling despite four-inch heels. Medusa incarnate. I found a turquoise bejewelled dress to wear earlier that day and make the sweet man from Death by Audio let me use his personal bathroom to change because apparently I have by this stage become some kind of prima donna in sequins who hasn't showered for a week. We take to the stage with the attendant odorous sparkle and play the best set of our life as a shitty two-bit punk band. Alright, indeed.

"Last time I got morphine and it was awesome," I explain to the anesthesiologist, as he help me tie the back of the stupid robe they give you at hospitals just so that everyone can see you naked butt hanging out.

I'll never understand why you can't just tie them in the front. To work these things, your arms must be glued on backwards just to tie a simple knot on the back of your neck.

Maybe it'd work for that chick in *The Exorcist*, but it sure wasn't working for me.

"I'm sorry, the doctor of drugs tells me, "we don't do that anymore. We find patients like it too much."

"Well, Duh..." I tell him.

He laughs and tells me he is giving me some drug called "Propofol". He tells me it's a general anesthesia, and I'll be fine. I'll just sleep through the whole thing.

"I've heard the name of that stuff before," I start to tell him, "I think maybe I heard it..."

Before I could finish my sentence, the anesthesia guy says, "Michael Jackson. Everyone says the same thing!"

We both laugh, but deep down I feel like screaming. I'm getting a tube up my ass *again*, and this time I don't get to get high? This sucks.

I remember the last one a few years back....

***

"Colonoscopy", Dr. Hurle writes on his little doctor's pad, as I finish wiping the lube off my asshole with tissue paper, pull up my boxers with little fish all over them, followed quickly by my women's black stretch jeans.

"Colon-oslo-wha?" I say, trying to sound out the word like I learned from that ghetto show on PBS.

"Colonoscopy", Dr. Hurle explains, as I feel my rectum burn from his previously searching finger.

"Don't only *old* people get those," I ask my family doctor.

Dr. Hurle just looks at me.

"Oh yeah," I mutter, "I forgot...I'm loud, fast, and aging rapidly."

Dr. Hurle smiles that doctorly smile he always does, then reminds me to either have sex or masturbate more often, "because your prostate is swollen as usual".

I promise him I'll try, not revealing that the chronic video game-playing has really taken it's toll on my right hand.

He nods his head and tells me the guy to see is Dr. Schwimmer, and that I should give him a call.

I do, the next day.

"Hi," I say to the not-so-friendly woman who answers the phone at the colon doctor's office, "my name is George Tabb and I'm a patient of Dr. Hurles'..."

"And?" she asks after an overly-long and scary few moments.

"And, um," I stammer, "well, Dr. Hurle says I need a colonoscarthing because

of my hemorrhoids that hurt and bleed and..."

"Give me your name and address and we'll send you an instruction sheet on how to prepare yourself," the woman explains to me, "and, it's *colonoscopy*".

"Okay," I tell her, then give her my twenty. That's CB talk for "location". I guess I am old.

I wait a couple of days for Dr. Schwimmer's directions to arrive, and while I do, I think back about what got me in this situation to begin with.

And for once, it wasn't my prostate, penis, or Prozac.

It was those damn hemorrhoids.

***

I guess they started a couple of years ago. At first, I wasn't sure *what* they were. Little bumps around my butt-hole. I figured they were just zits, like I get everywhere else on my body. Except on my dick of course, *that's* Herpes.

At least that's what my doctor once thought. But he was wrong. Turned out I should have been using baby oil.

Anyway, the so-called zits started growing. Like the ones that sometimes show up on my face. The "underground" ones. That you feel for a long time before they appear. Only these kept growing and growing...

So I call my stepfather, Nick, on the phone.

His line is busy. As usual.

So I sign on to AOL to do a search about the mysterious case of ass-mumps I've developed. Only I can't because Nick's on-line on my account.

Fucker.

Finally he signs off and I do what any other adult would do. Call my stepfather.

"Those are hemorrhoids," explains Nick after I describe how these zits keep popping when I use toilet paper to wipe myself.

"Hemorrhoids? I yell in astonishment, "Don't only cab drivers and construction workers get those?"

"You watch too much television," says Nick, "plus, you're getting old."

"But the kids love Furious George," I tell him, describing the feeling the world's youth have about my punk rock band.

"They also love Christina Spears," he replies.

"It's Brittany," I tell him.

"Okay, Christina Brittany," he says, "anyway, you're at that age. How's your heart?"

I tell him it's fine when I'm not doing grams of cocaine, or cooking up crystal meth and shooting it in my nonexistent basement.

"That's nice," he replies.

Dads.

"So what should I do about them?" I ask Nick, reminding him of my ass-acne gone awry.

"Preperation-H" he tells me.

I take his advice and run down to Duane-Reade to buy some. I get it home, try it, then call my stepfather.

"This stuff taste awful," I yell at him.

He laughs, then tells me where to put it.

***

Needless to say, the cream, even with it's "cooling action", is not doing the job. I'm bleeding more and more, and am convinced I've got cancer and only have six months to live. I start to seriously think about getting life insurance. Then stop myself when I realize I won't be around for the pay-out.

So I go see Dr. Hurle and he refers me to Dr. Schwimmer.

***

"According to Dr. Schwimmer's directions, I'm supposed to drink two bottles of this sodium phosphate stuff tonight," I explain to My Future Ex-Wife, as I unpack the big Duane-Reade shopping bag full of diet soda, Pringles, and prune juice. I am old.

"Why?" she asks me as P.J., my Yorkshire Terrier, wags his tail with excitement as he stares at me, then the Pringles, then me again, then the Pringles, then me.

"It says on the bottle it's a laxative," I explain.

"Don't you already take those?" she asks.

I tell her I guess the fiber pills, metamucil, and cocaine don't count.

Nor does the prune juice.

She just nods her head.

A few hours later I find myself drinking the first bottle. It's not bad, I think to myself, as I down the carbonated colon-cleaner. In fact, it's pretty darn good. Almost like my favorite drink. Zima.

A few hours later I drink the second bottle.

Then...

Nothing.

I didn't have to go to the bathroom, and only felt a tinge of gas. So I reread Dr. Schwimmer's instructions. It seems like I did everything right, but there was no relief in sight.

The next morning, the day of my "surgery", I awoke to a really loud thud.

"What the hell was that?" I asked My Future Ex-Wife, as she slowly opened her eyes. P.J., on the other hand, was fast asleep between us on his back, paws in the air.

Then I heard it again. Thud!

"Did you hear that?" I asked My Future Ex-Wife. Before she could answer, P.J. was up and sniffing my butt.

Then another thud.

Now P.J. is going in circles, nose to the bed.

"I think I'm gonna erupt," I yell to My Future Ex-Wife as I quickly stand up and run toward the bathroom. I almost made it, too.

***

Later that afternoon, at least ten pounds lighter, I find myself on an operating table. There are about SIX or seven nurses standing over me, all female, and one doctor. Male.

"Dr. Schwimmer?" I ask as a nurse injects some liquid morphine into my I.V.

"Hi George," he says, "how are you feeling?"

"Pretty darn good," I say to the nice man who I thought wasn't so nice until about three seconds ago, "I'm naked under this robe."

"I know," laughs Dr. Schwimmer, then points out a large television screen across the room.

"See that TV?" asks the Good Humor man.

I tell him I do.

"We are going to be inserting a long cable into your rectum. Inside that long cable is..."

"I know, I know," I yelled as I raised my hand, "inside is a video camera, right?"

"Yes," the doctor replies, "and while we thread the cable through your intestines, you can watch the whole operation if you want."

"Cool!" I yelled. Morphine makes me happy.

"So are yoU ready?" he asks me as he slowly turns me over on my left side.

"You must do this a lot," I say, trying to make small talk to the nice man in the white jacket.

"Oh, I do this about twenty times a day," he tells me as he slowly inserts something stiff and hard into my ass.

"Ouch," I scream, "Ow! That really hurts!"

"It's painful?" he asks.

"Yes," I say, teeth clenched.

"Nurse," says Dr. Schwimmer, "give him another shot of morphine".

She does.

My trick worked.

As Dr. Schwimmer continues to feed my anus the television cable, much like Tramp fed Lady that long piece of spaghetti, I get to watch the whole thing on TV.

The first thing I notice is that everything is pink. And wet.

"It's pink and wet," I say.

"Yes," replies the doctor, "we are using water to help lubricate you."

"I get it," I say, "You're Dr. Schwimmer, and you're schwimming around!"

He jams the cable in slightly harder.

I continue to watch the TV, trying to stay awake despite all the morphine. As I do, I see more and more of my pink wet interior, and think this is just about the coolest thing I've ever seen on TV. Besides *Oz*, that is.

It was like *Fantastic Voyage*. I could just imagine Donald Pleasance and Raquel Welch inside that tiny video camera, looking at the wall of my intestines. Seeing what I saw.

"It's so pink and wet," Donald would tell Raquel.

"And so big," she would reply.

Then they would venture out of the camera, in their teeny-tiny space suits, looking for any sign of cancer. But first they'd have to climb over those huge hemorrhoids. They'd bounce up and down on them like those balloon rides at county fairs where they make you take off your shoes.

"We're all done," I hear Donald tell Raquell as they climbed back into the camera.

"All done?" I ask.

"All done," said Dr. Schwimmer, as I felt him or one of the nurses wiping up around the point of impact. Damn. I fell asleep.

"I fell asleep," I say, "what did I miss?

With my luck Jennifer Anniston, Gwenith Paltrow and Nicole Kidman all made cameos, and I was zonked out on drugs.

"You're fine," replied Dr. Schwimmer.

"What about the cancer?" I ask, saying the "c" word out loud.

"Don't have any," he answered, "and your hemorrhoids aren't bad enough to operate on. Yet."

"I'm fine?" I ask in astonishment.

"You do have diverticulitus," he explains, "a condition where your intestines form small pockets, so stay away from peanuts."

"Okay," I say, not knowing what the fuck he was talking about, but glad I wasn't going to die. Tomorrow.

"Well," said Dr. Schwimmer as he shook my limp hand, "It was nice meeting you Mr. Tabb. I'll see you in about five years or so for a checkup. In the meantime, one of the nurses will wheel you into a recovery room where you are to lay on your right side."

"What for?" I asked.

"You may experience a little gas," he explained, then said good-bye.

***

A week later I was still bloated and it still felt like The Hindenburg was crashing over and over in my intestines. When I explained that to my stepfather, Nick, he told me that he wasn't surprised, that all that probing *inside* my body was bound to cause a reaction.

I also told him I still had large hemorrhoids.

"Are they the size of raisons? he asked.

"Much bigger," I told him.

"Can you still force them back inside your asshole when you're in the shower?" he asked.

I told him I could.

"Sorry about Steinbeck's book," he said.

"What book?" I asked.

"The one you should have written about your situation," he replied, *The Grapes Of Wrath*."

"Aargh," I mumble, "you and your senseless jokes...."

Nick starts to make another joke then stops himself and says, "Sorry, I don't need to be a pain in your ass, seems like you got enough of that on your own!"

"Thanks, Nick", I reply, and sincerely, mean it..

Take My Life, Please.

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Endnotes:

1. www.furiousgeorge.com
2. This month we are honored to have an upcoming show with "Lucy Fernandez", from South of the Border. Panama Punk! Yay!!!!
3. *Pinocchio, Vampire Slayer* is an awesome graphic novel I just got from Top Shelf Productions. Yeah, it's got all the jokes you think it would, but it also goes off in a very trippy direction which is a nice surprise. It rocks. It just may be my favorite Graphic Novel next to *Watchmen*. And that's saying everything. This book is that good...

It's not too hard for me to find punk bands that really jar me and excite me, pump me up and make me feel alive. However I didn't realize how hard it is for punk bands to inspire me until SPLASHIN' SAFARI got the opportunity to play with MALPORTADO KIDS in a lonely basement earlier this year. The extreme display of power MALPORTADO KIDS unleashes is incapable of being replicated by any speaker or instrument. It is truly raw and inspired in a way that is not noticed as lacking until it is shoved in your face. MALPORTADO KIDS mix punk and electronic music to help force a political message onto anyone who wants them. The audio / visual scream brought to us by Joey and Victoria of DOWNTOWN BOYS works to promote the power of saying NO in ways us fucking punk idiots are far too unfamiliar with. Anyway after MALPORTADO KIDS screamed in the blank faces of the attendees of NOT NORMAL WEEKEND for a few minutes I got a chance to sit down with them and dig deep at what MALPORTADO KIDS really is. Read the Interview, check them out at (malportadokids.bandcamp.com), and make sure to put them on your must see list. "The artist must elect to fight for freedom or slavery." —Paul Robeson

Name and what you do?

Victoria: I'm Victoria and I sing in MALPORTADO KIDS

Joey: I'm Joey and I don't know what I do, I guess I make things on a computer and play a drum in MALPORTADO KIDS

What is MALPORTADO KIDS?

Victoria: Well it literally means poorly

carried or badly carried kids and MALPORTADO KIDS is an aggressive conscious punk dance band

Joey: Yeah it's like an electronic dance band I don't really know what to call it. It's the energy of punk with dance and sometimes Cumbia beats and samples and things like this

Victoria: It's very propagandist in its conception, like we have visuals that are just kinda this nasty mix of things in our head and political propaganda

Joey: Yeah it's like a radical multimedia experience

So DOWNTOWN BOYS (other band) is getting a lot of steam, how do you think MALPORTADO KIDS is different and similar to DOWNTOWN BOYS?

Victoria: Yeah I think DOWNTOWN BOYS is very direct, we make music in DOWNTOWN BOYS about things we feel that need to, and it's not even so much of a choice at this point. It's coming from direct experiences of capitalism, the workplace, how history is viewing our bodies and money and control and propriety. It's thinking about and doing things on this very structural and big scale and I think there were these issues that totally came out of that, but we need something else to address them. And also the music style, and Joe can address that more, but this is different. I think it's part of the same anger and the same readiness to address that anger but it's addressing it on this level of a guarantee freak out. Like at the end of the day DOWNTOWN BOYS still attracts hetero normative punks, punks who are looking for that classic garage punk sound, which is pretty cool, it attracts queer punks and crust punk and lots of people of color. MALPORTADO KIDS is that band where we have this thing that is really keeping us from falling off the deep end and pushing us back into some sort of collective energy and movement, and it's like survival so we can have that hunger and thirst to analyze the things we're coming out of and eventually write DOWNTOWN BOYS songs.

Joey: I think they're very similar. A lot of the lyrics we think, "what band should we use this for?" and Victoria and I mostly write the songs for both bands. I think this band came out of a few things, one just a practical level, wanting to tour and play more and being in the economic situation that we're in it is necessary to have smaller bands, which sucks in a way because it's cooler to have these bigger bands. But electronic music allows you to function in this recession economy where you can put your computer and gear in a car, and there are two of you and you can go and get paid in that way. Just kind of a more sustainable model, so that's kinda the practical reason why MALPORTADO KIDS exists. Also I love DOWNTOWN BOYS, I love punk music, but there is a desire to push being radical and political with the aesthetics as well. I don't really believe aesthetics can be radical, but when combined with the political message, that having this newer aesthetic to the music, using these electronic sounds and the dance beats, it really does allow us to speak and perform to audiences that might not necessarily listen to DOWNTOWN BOYS. It's amazing to play with NOT NORMAL and play with these types of bands, but three weeks ago we played this fuckin' bizarre event at the Jewish museum in New York as part of this performance art thing, and we also get invited to play queer dance parties, so it allows us to get our art and message to crowds we might not reach with just the straight punk we do with DOWNTOWN BOYS.

Victoria: Also I think that with DOWNTOWN BOYS we'll write a song about the workplace or we'll write a song about forced migration patterns, but in that fight there is so much sexism and queer-phobia that happens. You may have a young queer organizer fighting the fight that is working side by side with an older Latino man who believes a lot in the patriarchy and is very queer-phobic and I think that MALPORTADO KIDS is like getting at that and it's that whole idea that there is a multiverse in oppression and in liberation and I think that MALPORTADO KIDS really tears away at that. In a way, with DOWNTOWN BOYS we've barely scratched the surface. Like, yeah there is mad racism against people of the same skin color, like it's getting a lot dirtier.

Now we know what you want to get from MALPORTADO KIDS. What do you want other people to get from MALPORTADO KIDS?

Joey: I think all of the messages we have been talking about but I think the function of that is to get people to listen to them. I think when you are making a lot of the same sounds of the loud guitar noise and chanting a lot of the same slogans, I think people will begin to stop paying attention at some point. So I think being able to funnel the message through that different type of sound portal seems to get them to pay attention to those messages seems to be the point.

Victoria: I think we want people to find that queerness in them, find that identity in ourselves, find something in ourselves that is often stomped on by the cultural hegemonic powers.

What's going on with your projects?

Joey: We're going on a DOWNTOWN BOYS tour in July. We're going to the West Coast and the south, which are places we haven't gone to with any of our groups. We'll probably have a new record out for that. MALPORTADO KIDS will probably have new stuff out in the next few months. We've gotten better at making this kind of music. The stuff on this tape is all made on the cheapest, easiest to use programs possible, with us like fudging it, learning how to make it but on this stuff. We torrented all the fancy music programs and it sounds a little bit cleaner, it's still dirty and fits the thesis but I am glad to have a little bit more technical expertise on what we do. Just kind of a bigger and fuller sounding.

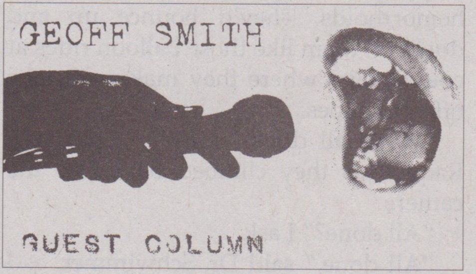
Shout out/fuck yous.

Joey: Shout outs, ZOO, PRIESTS, SUZY X, SHADY HAWKINS, SPLASHIN' SAFARI, GROKE, BITTERS, Victoria grandma, Victoria's cousin, Victoria's aunt, Chelsea.

Victoria: Fuck dads, fuck police departments.

Joey: Fuck Belle and Sebastian, fuck Wilco.

Victoria: Fuck slave trade, fuck whiteness, and fuck debt.



"Punk, Wastoids, and State Power"

Punk has always been a strange cultural phenomenon. It would take a voluminous book that branches out as much as an ant colony to really give a decent analysis on it. It is an art form that is loosely associated with a lifestyle or so. To some, it is a musical genre, and to others, it is a

way of life. I have been actively involved in the punk rock scene for around a decade, and a spectator for longer, and as parts of my facial hair are beginning to turn gray (granted that I started early and am still rather young), and I have seen trends emerge and disappear (both sonically and somewhat philosophically), I have begun to wonder about the current political climate that we see in punk.

Now bear with me. I know that this is not a simple topic, and that I am not going to rant on the subject that every band needs to have a deep class analysis in their lyrics. Punk, as far as a political movement, is a dodgy one. We are not necessarily united politically, if we even offer anything to the table in a political manner. Punk has gone from being mad at your job at Pizza Hut, to being anarcho-syndicalist, eco-anarchist, Marxist, sad about your ex, sad that your parents do not understand you, and even fascist/Nazi, drugs, blah blah blah. We have been a schizoid flow of teen angst to Marx, to glue sniffing and to sketchy shit. The only thing that punks generally have in common is a general distaste for the status quo. Even the racist bands might have the tendency to not fit in! The DIY ethic is arguably not always within punk. Maybe on a DIY level, it could be likened to the autonomia movement in Italy during the 1970s. Or even with Situationism in France in the 1960-'70s. Perhaps, on a theoretical level, punk is just pure self-expression. But is it not strange that the politically charged lyrics are not saturating our new bands like they did ten years ago?

When I started playing in bands, booking shows, and really being a part of the punk community, we were all angry about Bush. We had Tragedy, World Burns to Death, Signal Lost, Severed Head of State, etc. and we hated the war(s), and we might have even hated or had an opinion of capitalism (perhaps it is important to state that these bands that I listed did share members). In the past few years, I have seen a sudden drop in the like.

Being angry ten years ago was easy. We had such a seemingly black and white picture of what was wrong. Much in the way of why we were angry about Reagan in the 1980s. There is always the imagery of Nazi Germany, likening our administrations to such things. Our gravitation to such imagery is in its extremity of abuse of state institutions. There is extreme difficulty in bringing out grey areas with the right wing's abuse. But we know very well, that they were not the only blemishes of history. Afghanistan is still occupied by the United States. GITMO still runs. Women are fragrantly getting their rights taken away even more. Anti-union bills. At one point, Congress almost passed a law to forbid welfare to striking workers in early 2012. This can go on forever. Today might possibly look bleaker than ever, and yet there is little outrage. How can this be? Why is the whole wastoid-deadbeat thing so huge right now? People just cannot resist the lyrics like, "Gimme junk."

I should take this time to define "deadbeat punk". When I say this, I refer to the glorification of getting wasted. Huffing glue, shooting up heroin, whatever. It is 2014, and people still huff glue. As adults. When you no longer need to sneak through the paint thinners and whatnot at your parents' house, you still might find yourself buying rubber cement at a convenience store.

I am a large advocate of being honest. As a lyricist, I would say that you should write what you know. If you are a scumbag, the scummy lyrics are truthful at least. The truth is that a lot of the political lyrics could often be ignorant. The truth is that a lot of people in 2004 found voting Democrat or agreeing with Michael Moore was revolutionary. The point is, though, that someone was still conscious that something was wrong; there was at least a shred of discourse.

Back in the summer of 2008, a few friends and I sat on a porch, discussing voting. The majority saw voting as a worthless right within bourgeois democracy. The discussion was that tired notion of "the lesser of two evils". A friend came in on the conversation late, and he made a joke that if anyone truly cared about punk, we would vote for McCain, because it would make punk rock so much better. "Look at the '90s," he said.

The emergence of this sense of "nihilism" has been a constant lunchtime discussion with friends. Much of the analysis is a matter of giving up. A few points kept ringing through my head from Michel Foucault's *History of Sexuality, Volume 1*: "Power is tolerable only on condition that it mask a substantial part of itself. Its success is proportional to its ability to hide its own mechanisms." I feel like this resonates well with the atmosphere left by the Obama administration (and various issues individual within certain states) as opposed to US punk's favorite enemies: Bush and Reagan. If we can go back to 2008, we had a candidate who campaigned for hope and change, was called socialist by his opponents. There is a grayer area with the current administration than the past one. A few rights were given while others were taken away. The discourse of the "war on terror" pretty much disappeared after pulling out of Iraq. One could say that despite the oppression of the Bush administration, there was honesty. Brutal, conservative honesty does not leave you in mystery of where one stands. So, the main question: is the currently apolitical mindset a product of a more digestible (but just as oppressive) state power?

Foucault takes a seemingly bleaker point on power: "Where there is power, there is resistance, and yet, or rather consequently, this resistance is never in a position of exteriority in relation to power. Should it be said that one is always 'inside' power, there is no 'escaping' it, there is no absolute outside where it is concerned, because one is subject to the law in any case?" At a glance, this seems rather hopeless, and that since there is always power, that such systems that we have today are inherent. This, rather, is more of the post-structuralist stance that states that there is not one single point of resistance, which takes a turn from the points of class struggle from the classical forms of anarchism and Marxism. A quick definition of post-structuralism, as an extension of structuralist thought, presents doubt in the self-sufficiency of structures, and adds a sense of relativity to the discourse on said structures. Foucault goes on to add, "... there is no single locus of great Refusal, no soul of revolt, source of all rebellions, or pure law of the revolutionary. Instead there is a plurality of resistances, each of them a special case: resistances that are possible, necessary, or improbable..." There is a lot of truth in such things that in an advanced capitalist system, its roots have become more invasive into our social soil.

Post-structuralism reaches, as a general whole, a correct point in the sense that the struggle has become multifaceted. What I mean by "multifaceted" is that the struggle has become more complex.

Imagine one of those diagrams of roots, and how as the plant grows, the roots spread. Yet, I would argue a point in the Hegelian sense. In our multifaceted struggle against capitalism, what if it all comes from a Universal [to go beyond a general viewpoint] of class struggle, that there is indeed some fundamental core (class struggle) that has still exploited us, but still alienated us in so many ways? What I am saying is that perhaps such a fundamental change better equips us to fight against the many inequalities that plague our daily lives. As a battle against many forms of power gets exhausting, one gets exasperated and concedes. If nothing else, maybe such a core gives a sense of hope.

The feeling of hopelessness is not necessarily a ridiculous one. If you look at the news, all of these powers against you loom over you like a tidal wave. How much hope is there when your every move can be watched? There is barely any way to live without a trace. In the information age, news travels fast. You can know about numerous details very easily. It gets rather overwhelming when you see that the NSA is trying to change the law to justify their existence. You are probably on a list, even if you are no threat at all. Your job can lurk your Facebook and fire you over a status or a picture. How many of us take anxiety medication or feel paranoid? *1984* sounds strikingly more and more like the United States than it does the Soviet Union. Resistance feels more and more like a deathwish. Yet, all of this power is impotent. Any strike against you is a display of its failure to succeed. Organization is one's only resource. Singular action can disappear unnoticed or simply be dismissed.

Perhaps, to understand the deadbeat thing, is that it is a desperate action of rebellion. While one feels like a fight against this emerging totalitarianism will be thwarted, a destructive path against the status quo still feels like the middle finger to such institutions. It could even be an escape for some. I am also speaking like these are conscious decisions, which I would say that they are not. But the desire to not fall in line is still there to some degree. There are many roads that avoid the status quo.

Please do not regard this as an insult to bands that sing about drug abuse. My tastes do not demand artsy fartsy lyrics, or in-depth class analysis coming from punk. I love Velvet Underground and my one of my favorite Disclose songs is "Just Another Drunkard". A political band does not necessarily have to have political lyrics. Let us also consider the fact that there were many "political" bands that would have been better off writing lyrics about shotgunning beers. My only point is that amidst all of the events today, there seems to be little acknowledgment. It just does not fit the situation that we live in. There are a few bands out there that still bring a political edge to the table: Autonomy, No Sir I Won't, Spectres, Arctic Flowers, etc.

We all know that punk is not going to save the world. There were bands in the past that set out to do so, but as you see, they did not. Those bands never brought down the system, yet they still enriched some people's lives. Some things that we do actually matter. We do have some influence on our peers. While not being a driving political force, punk or any sort of artistic movement (or "anti-artistic movement" if you want to go there), still has social value, or can at least reflect as a social barometer. There is still something powerful in a band that strives to change things, even though they will not, to stand for something.

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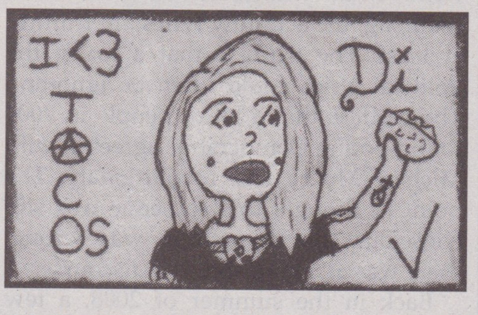


Rock'n'Roll will never die, but you will

A lot has happened this month. Hobby Lobby and SCOTUS truly fucked women and LGBT folks across the country while providing a steroid shot directly in the temple of the Christian Right's legal war on women and queers. San Francisco pride was a roller coaster of a weird bittersweet ride. Trans March was a blast that culminated for many in an unforgettable LIMP WRIST show. Dyke March was full of violence and culminated in a brutal police attack on queers (most violently against trans women of color) which was summoned by Kink.com, who many had hoped would know better—sigh. The FBI seized MyRedbook.com, which was one of the best and safest resources for escorts and sex workers to find safe work. This action has nearly zero impact of the actual sex-trafficking that is going on in the Bay and makes the lives of sex workers here much more dangerous. The criminalization of consensual sex-work is absolutely disgusting. This is an issue I plan a future column about, so hold your "porn hurts women" bullshit letters for a bit. And lastly, I finally had that wave of belonging come over that made me feel I am actually here in the Bay to stay, and I am okay with that. To make it here, you have to be invested in staying here, and I finally realized I'm ready to make that investment.

The quote this month comes straight from the author. I was bored as hell at work and so I made a cootie-catcher. Yes that small paper folding middle-school silliness. When it came time to write the "fortunes" inside this was the last one I wrote. I played the pointless game with my co-workers all day and no one picked the panel that housed this fortune. I guess when cyan and blue are both options, few would choose blue and if I could do it all over again I likely would have placed this fortune under the black panel. Regardless of what my Saturday working on Haight St. looks like, I choose this phrase to open my column this month because this will by my first music column in *MRR*.

I have been in the bay for six whole months now. The first five of those I was devastatingly homesick for DC. Such is life anytime you move away from a place you truly considered home. And truth be told, DC was my first real home. It was where I first learned what community and chosen-family can feel like. It's the only placed I've ever lived I would consider moving back to. That certainly says something, and that something is DC fucking rules. It's small, yeah, but it seems that the ratio of amazing people to shitbags in DC is strikingly high. The punk community there truly is a family, and if you fuck over that family, you might as well move to New York ASAP because there will be no place for you in the district. I loved that about DC and I think that can only happen in smaller communities. One manifestation of the size of DC is that there were only a few known practice spaces in the whole city. I lived in one of these houses for nearly a year before moving out West. Our huge home had nearly a dozen bands practice regularly and only bands with members living at the house could use the space. The tenants of the Chill Factory were a prolific bunch. One band I had the joy to hear at least once a week was Aloners. Their tape was released just before I moved to SF and I ordered one shortly after settling in. Their self-titled demo tape is so damn good. When I was applying for the position at *MRR* I was asked to provide some sample reviews; one I loved, one I hated, and one I found alright. Aloners was the band I choose to review as my loved band and here's that review:

ALONERS – "Demo" EP – This is one of the best basement demos I've ever heard. It's one of those recordings you hear and immediately hit the internet to see if the band has an EP or LP out and are fucking bummed they don't. Hopefully they will soon. The only downside to this tape is the vocals are a bit inconsistent in the mix and sometimes get lost altogether. I found myself humming the hooks while walking to get a soda after one listen. The guitar tone is fucking pristine and the drums are so well-planned it sounds like the work of a band that has been around a long time. The guitar duet to open the album on "Sinking Feeling" is one of those Fuck-Why-Didn't-I-Write-That riffs. This demo is heavy and fast, staying true to Aloners' harDCore roots but with Replacements-esque song crafting. (self-released, aloners.bandcamp.com)

Every time I play this at the compound someone stops me to ask who it is so they can check it out. Reader, I highly recommend you follow suit. I hear they are already performing some new material and let's hope they have a full-length in sight.

Another DC band I can't get enough off is Priests. You can find my review of their 12" in this month's issue. If you don't know these punks then get with the now, man! But seriously, I have been watching this band since they formed a few years back. Something that always excites me about a band is to see them continue to get better even well past what you already considered good. From day one this band has been good, and today they are great, and their live shows are damn near perfect. I had these lovely people over to the compound for a tour before their SF show and they were great guests. A number of shitworkers came along to their show with Alien Tears and Baus, and I would say with confidence everyone in that club was hella impressed. This band is a touring machine so chances are they will be in a city near you sometime in 2014, but don't hesitate to pick up their tunes via Sister Polygon or Don Giovanni.

Stepping out of the District over to Columbus, Ohio you'll find the musicians behind my favorite recording of the last while, Nervosas. The first time I heard their three-sided 2xLP I had that feeling like the first time I heard the Wipers. It was aggressive but dreamy and every aspect of the musicianship was calculated and arranged in a way only a handful of bands out of thousands can achieve. Every song on all three sides is meant to be on the record and several of the songs are brain-drainers; you simply can't get them out of your head. This is another band that is unfathomably better live than their stellar recordings. I saw a show recently where they were to play with the Marked Men and Sonic Avenues and I was so pissed it was not happening in the Bay. What a sick show! I have listened to Nervosas" album at least 200 times in the last six months, it's that damn good. It would be simply jackassery to talk about this album without mentioning the amazing packaging. A hand holding a curved snake-like blade plunging downward, laid over a black background and the band name hanging ominously over. The vinyls were printed in two runs, one black, and one clear. The fourth side of the album is an etching of a quartered ouroboros. This band really has a plan, and is achieving it at all fronts.

A local to the Bay band that has had everyone's attention here is Flesh World. They have only played a few shows but already have a mini-LP that I consider a contender for Record of the Year, as well as a full-length set to be realeased this year as well. The aforementioned mini-LP is possibly the most played record in the compound in 2014. Their icy, dark-pop, punk sound is so enchanting to punks from so many different persuasions. The hardcore folks like it as much as the pop-punkers. It's really a nugget of punk gold.

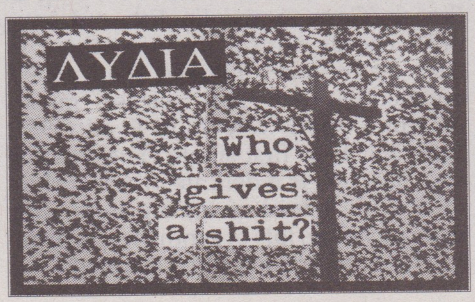
Here are some quick mentions of some of my favorite tunes to come through *MRR* since I've been here. In the realm of tender-tough punk I have really enjoyed Parasol and Swearin'. Both have put out great recordings recently. Swearin' has a few I believe.

Tetola93 is a brutal-but-melodic Japanese screamo band I also reviewed this month. Their self-titled LP was so refreshing in the wake of so, so, OMG, so much bad screamo I have heard in the last six months. Shout out to all my Mid-Atlantic friends who miss the early-aught's, check this out!

Good Throb are so fucking great that I honestly don't have much to say that hasn't been said. Alex Ratcharge wrote about them in his column recently, they have been reviewed, now one of you assholes get with them and tour the West Coast already!

I'll end this by simply listing all the great Bay Area bands I have seen since I've been here: Rad, Bad Daddies, Acid Fast, Quaaludes, Ritual Control, and A Priori.

There ya go punks, I can talk about music too, not just my fucked up brain. Bye, jerks.



Dammi droga, mi permetta di ballare

I'm staring outside the open window, pretending the distant hum of traffic is the sound of waves crashing at the shore. I have so many things swimming around in my mind, it's hard to target just one thought and execute it. All I can think of is time and the catastrophes/surprises it expels our way.

I'm having trouble writing because as soon as I type it up it feels worthless. There are real, horrible things going on in the world right now, and I feel stuck and motionless. I am surrounded by punk and punks, yet I feel so far removed from it all. I find my interactions with people to be puzzling; they all seem to have so little to say about everything; or too much to say about nothing. I feel like my thoughts are still racing but my ability to articulate them is impaired. My mind feels stunted, and time for reflection is a luxury.

I've been on a month-long rollercoaster of highs and lows. Manic frustration followed by forced positivity, though evidently waning in the shadow of realism. I drink to remember the dead, but more so to forget the living, the wretched living. I attempt to wash down the lump in my throat and push aside all the dumb shit that gets in the way of the real issues at hand. I pull at my hair nervously; dreaming at night that chunks of it is falling out. Distractions and destruction pile around me like bricks. I don't want to be resentful or cynical but I'm having a hard time finding the silver lining.

Human interaction becomes limited, if not outright avoided. Everyone seems too preoccupied posting their lives online to actually live them. Even punk settings start to seem trite. Shows blur into one another, people become dark figures in the night, their eyes darting, their tongues tied; some invisible force standing between them and everybody else. All alone together. A bunch of unloved rejects incapable of loving each other. No one ever picks up the phone anymore—"just text me"—and we share likes instead of time together.

So I smoke and drink to keep my hands busy. The awkwardness seems contagious. Sometimes they look at me like I'm crazy. My insides are ablaze but my thoughts are flat. I try to make a connection but get nowhere. Is it me? Fuck it, I'll stay silent. Even when I do talk I feel like I'm a strain on their attention span. Too serious to be fun. The needle popping their instalife bubble. Do they even realize how guarded we all are? How do you escape something you cannot see?

Then the surge of isolation recedes and I push myself out into the world again. Sitting in the back seat of the car, slouched beneath the window, the breeze outside hot, hills of gold rolling by. The river is

warm and the beer is cold. It feels good to swim for the first time in two years; I think I'd dry up and die if I lived too far from water. Perhaps that's why I drink so much. Either way, the calming effect of nature and day drinking only lasts a few hours and by the time my front door reappears in sight, I'm longing to be taken anywhere but home.

I escape to more shows, drink more beer and vodka, smoke more cigarettes and weed. I work eleven hours a day. I quit my other job to keep up with running the mag alone. I eat less and sleep less, and still stress about *MRR* 85% of the time. I went to a show and told myself I wasn't to talk about *MRR* all night. I was surprised at how hard it was and how little I shared with people aside for punk—and even then, that often meant nothing…

The house show is by the freeway and everyone is huddling under the trees for some precious shade. It's been unusually hot for the Bay and people are getting crazy. Once the show starts the pit erupts. People go flying from the windowsills, jumping on couches, sweating like pigs and stinking like rats. Everyone seemed to be high on something, even if that was just pure pit adrenaline. I pogoed so high I hit my head on the ceiling and despite being pushed into a corner, I managed to keep from suffocating—or kicking someone real hard in the butt.

I'm in the back yard of some shitty punk bar in Oakland. The second I walk in I regret the idea but it was too late to go back—I bought the ticket, I'll take the blasted ride. Shitty beer and tater-tots litter every table. People are clad in their punkest attire, lots of heavy make-up, big hair and biker boots. Everyone looking at everyone else to see if they are looking back at them. It's sad to think that the epitome of some people's existence is a Saturday night at some dank punk bar.

This country is so fucking vast and expands for-fucking-ever yet I feel more restricted in this drab back garden than anywhere else before. I find a spot mid air and manage to extract myself from the crowd, a moment of dismal clarity followed by a sudden landing. Two girls cackle next to me on the pick-nick table, laughing at stupid jokes their friend is telling them. Their faces distort and their bellies heave as their fake laughter stamps out all other sound.

I'm paranoid and tripping. Or am I? I yank myself up in horror and go inside to check out the bands. Five minutes in a wave of cold sweat takes me over. I turn to find the exit, my eyes wide open, but everything has already turned grey. I stumble towards the direction of the door, nothing but the thickest black clouding my vision, my eyes still open. I get hot and cold flashes and drop to the pavement, my forehead sweating but the rest of me shivering uncontrollably. Now I hate myself as well as everyone else.

The subway lights flash past me rapidly in the tunnel, their reflection on the window next to me increasing my visual blight. Life seems violent, movements abrupt. Everyone has sadness in their eyes, some of them regret and fear. The drunk on the train has taken off his shoes. Voices thunder and whisper in my head. I feel like I'm being viciously shaken by the shoulders to wake up, but I can't—because I'm already awake: American nightmare.

ENDNOTES.

1. Shows have been insane this month! I got to see Gag, Blazing Eye, Gas Rag, Glue, Nudes, Savageheads, and Meathead, (all of them slayed by the way) but didn't survive Eli's to get to see Hank Wood and the Hammerheads. Coming up in August is Tercer Mundo from Mexico, Kuudes Silmä and Maailmanloppu from Finland (check out the interview/tour dates further down these pages) and Una Bèstia Incontrolable from Spain (check out their interview in the previous issue). Also Green Beret and Koward will be touring through, plus CCR Headcleaner and Big Black Cloud are playing the *MRR* and Thrillhouse Presents show.

2. I have been listening to loads of Old Continent '80s coldwave and I'm amazed at the amounts of it out there! These are just a handful of bands you should check out if you like bleak, stony beats, new wave experimentation and dark synth punk to accompany you on your lonely nights of self-pity and you endless days of disappointment and despair.

From France: **Opéra de Nuit** (new wave post-pop with ethereal femme vocals); **Ruth** (they have only one album, the 1985 *Polaroïd/Roman/Photo*, with bleeps, horns, keyboards, flutes and more); **Mary Blööt** (quirky and dancey, remember that song "Pretty Day" with the metronome computer bleeping intro, also in that 1982 song "Da Da Da" by German weirdos Trio?). The song "Dernière Nuit" by **Message** has an intro that just makes me melt. **End of Data** formed in 1983 and theyr LP *Sahrah* isrhythmic, with lots of Cure guitar picking and Bowie-esque vocals. **Guerre Froide** (1980-81) sing in French, German and English and have gruff chords with a drum machine to back up the über-minimal synth notes; apparently they still release music. **Martin Dupon** were short-lived (1981-1988) but their first single (*Your Passion/Lost and Late*) is a delicate other-worldly tune with a mix of female humming, male moaning, lots of synth bleeps, drum machine snaps and even a clarinet!

From Belgium: **Satin Wall** (1981) sound like nihilist poetry set to a minimal guitar and a spooky melodica, Gainsborough-esque but punk and edgy. There is also a neat comp I am trying to get my hands on, called *B9: Belgian Cold Wave 1979-1983*, which should be stellar! Includes **Siglo XX**, who sound Joy Division-ish, or like something Total Control might have got inspiration from, and **the Neon Judgement**, who border into pure dance beats with post-punk guitars, wheezing synths and yelled desperate vocals.

From Germany: There is really too much, but laterly I have been listening to **Grauzone** sing how polar bears should never cry, and the vocals on "Eisbear" are dramatically drab, the guitars a mix of Talking Heads oddities and post-punk soaring melody, a composition of stripped down genius. The cover Pol Pot did of that song is also very good.

From Russia: **Notchnoi Prospect** formed in 1985, and seemed to have evolved into different genres with time, but I've been blasting their 1988 record *Acids*. **Durnoe Vliyanie** released *Nepodviznost* in 1988 and has a sort of Joy Division deepness to the vocals, while still retaining a new wave character to the tunes. **Agata Kristi**'s "Kankan" from 1989 is a spooky track with scary female vocals and poppy synths and buzzy guitars.

From Greece: **Χωρίς Περιδέραιο** (Without Pendant) were around in the '80s and play synth punk with slightly absurd twists and have only two records; a single *Άνωση/Το Χρώμα και το Σχήμα* (*Elevation/The Colour and Shape*, 1983) and a LP, *Χορός για Μουσική* (*Dance for Music*, 1985). Eirkti Records just reissued the 45, and they also played a live show too apparently.

ΟΔΟΣ 55 (Odos 55), from Athens are a new band and have a LP out (also on Eirkti Records) that is simply the perfect soundtrack to your midnight walks through empty streets and derelict buildings. "Αττική Βικτωρια" ("Attiki Victoria") takes you through the city's underground transit ducts and passageways, a recurring beat set to the motion of a train heading for a dead end. "Για Παντα" ("Gia Pada") is a manifesto of repetitive negation. "I don't want a house. I don't want a job. I don't want a god. I don't want tomorrow. I don't want war. I don't want peace. I don't want colour. I don't want history. Without meaning, without hope. I don't want time, I don't want money. I don't want the present, I don't want the future. The only thing I want, the only thing I want, is to live forever. In another dream, in another moment, to hide there. The only thing I want is to live forever."

In memory of Victoria Bastani.

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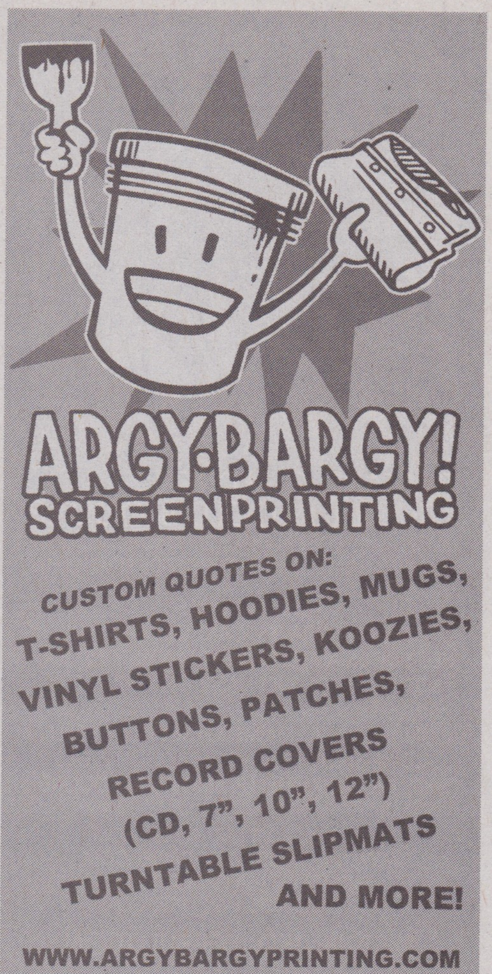
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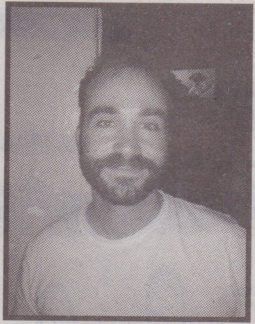
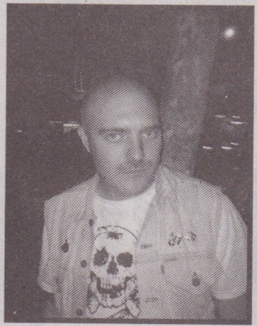
MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

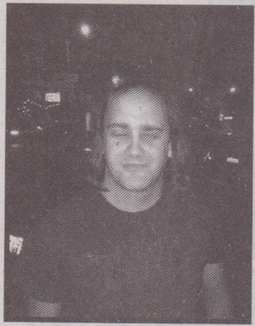
This month's question: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Asked at the Gas Rag show in San Francisco, by Kyle and Rachel.



B, 36, Oakland
I guess I want to be a philosopher.



Conor, 25, Oakland
A specialist.



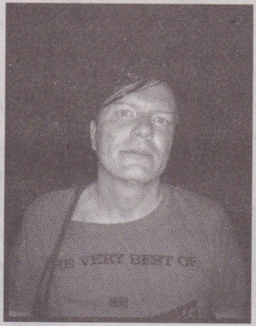
Dan, 31, Oakland
Not old or a bowling dad. Not sure yet.

Sara, 35, Oakland
AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

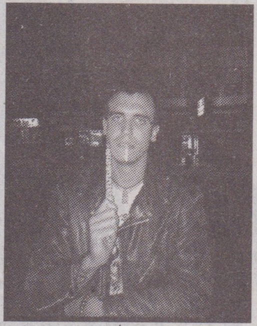
Jeremy, 29, San Francisco
A piece of shit.

Jason, 32, Oakland
A flute player.

Per, 29, Stockholm, Sweden
Christer Pettersson/ The second coming of Christ.

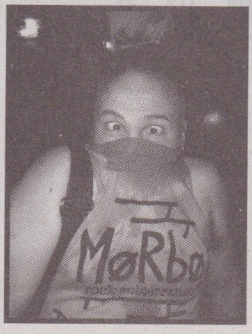


Sam, 26, Los Angeles
A firefighter.



Zoë, 30, San Francisco
I am what I want to be. A punk.

Martin, 47, San Francisco
I'm a punk and I want to be continued to be excited by this shit.



NEW BLOOD

FIVE NEWER BANDS WE THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT!

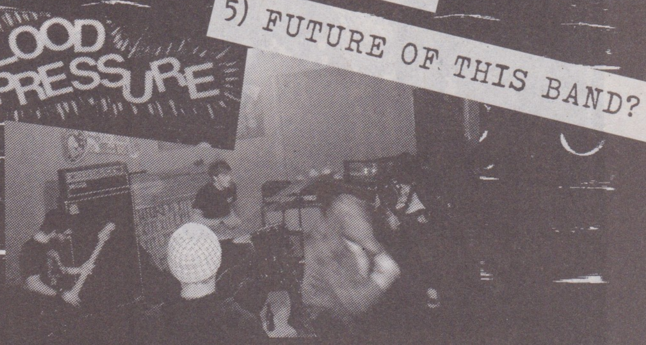
1) DATE AND LOCATION FORMED

2) REASON FOR FORMATION

3) LYRICAL CONTENT

4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND?



1. October 2013 in Pittsburgh PA
2. No real reason I guess. I met Adam at a show and we talked about doing a band and it actually came together somehow.
3. Getting tattoos, depression, anxiety, insomnia, finding a dead body, getting drunk, falling over, and constructing brick walls.
4. Fast punk influenced by Swedish and Midwestern hardcore.
5. Finish our demo and possibly tour. Maybe put out a record after that. Contact : radiationmasturbation@gmail.com

THROWING ROCKS
EAST BAY PUNK ROCK
FACEBOOK.COM/THROWINGROCKSBAND
THROWINGROCKSPUNK.BANDCAMP.COM

1) The East Bay, CA. Fall '13
2) Becker and J.J. moved out here from Fresno. They were in Teenage Fuck You together, and they wanted to start another band. Nate wanted to be in a band and they found each other on Craigslist. J.J. left. They found Nick at a house show in Oakland that Nervosas played. It was rad. Since then they've been pumping out the jams and playing around the Bay Area.
3) Anti: Capitalism, consumerism, ignorance, militarism, all the bad things. Pro: Freedom, weed, hats, all the good things.
4) Energetic, fast, melodic, straightforward no frills punk rock.
5) Traveling around, playing shows, meeting awesome people, playing with cool bands, and indulging in local cuisine

1. The Sentenced was formed January 4th, 2013 at 1919 Hemphill when my old band Breakout was playing the last show of the Recide/Breakout Winter tour.
2. At the time there was a huge wave of bands coming out of ATX, and I admired what was going on and basically said fuck moving to Austin, (which is where my other band at the time was based out of) I'd much rather stay in the DFW and try to start something similar up here. Weirdly enough SMB said that he'd start a band with me in a heartbeat. Out of that spawned NTSB, which was Sin Motivo, The Sentenced, Chain Chomp and Letch. AKA Angus filled hardcore.
3. Just some cliche shitty lyrics about close mindedness, coping with anger, and scumbag manhunts. Society is about society. Go figure.
4. Serious AS FUCK. Imagine the grace of a turtleneck slamdancer mixed with the aggressive sound of Shea throwing a beer bottle at John Culo's forehead.
5. Hardware records is pressing our demo to 7" so I'm sure we'll try to tour somewhere around the time when those come out. I just want to do as much as fucking possible with this band. EPs, LPs, dirty knees, look at these. Maybe evolve the sound, put out a couple fuckin' hardcore classics and then boom, switch over to some funky dancy shit that people can't mosh to. Who knows?

GAUCHO

Photo Credit: Angelo Marchini

1) We formed in Toronto in early 2013.
2) Jose and I had talked about the idea of starting a band as a way to pay respect to our hispanic roots. When Warren joined our band I was really excited because he's a great dude and a great musician.
3) Our lyrics are about corruption, the unnecessary use of force by police, xenophobia, violence and poverty which are issues that most countries deal with at different levels. Having grown up in South America and then moving to Canada made me aware of how desensitized people become to these issues even though they are negatively affected by them on a daily basis.
4) Three happy dudes making unhappy music.
5) In the near future we are playing a show or two in Toronto and then in August we're off to Montreal to play Rrroooaaarrr which I'm very excited about. We will also be recording a 7 inch at some point this summer that will be coming out on Barfbag records, make sure to check out gauchogaucho.bandcamp.com for a couple of new songs we are currently working on.

submit your band info to: mrrnewblood@gmail.com

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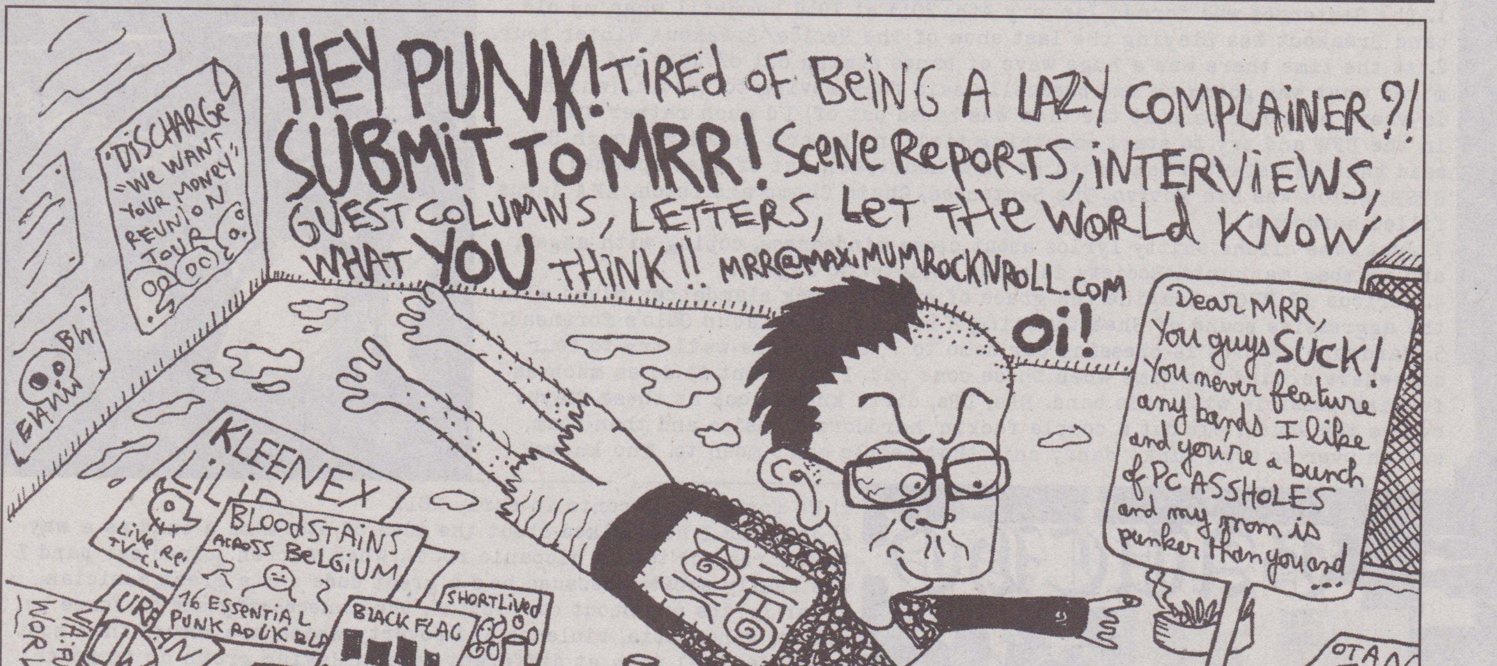
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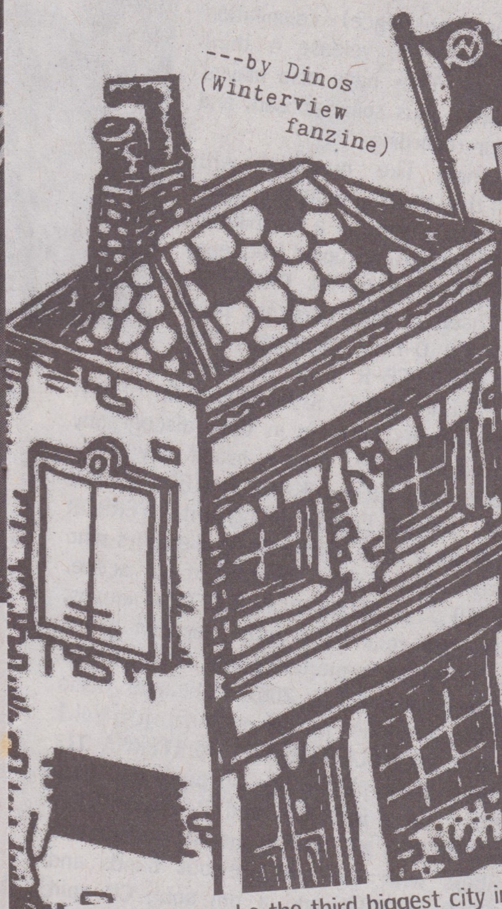
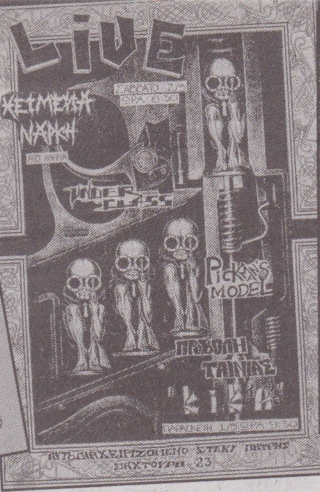


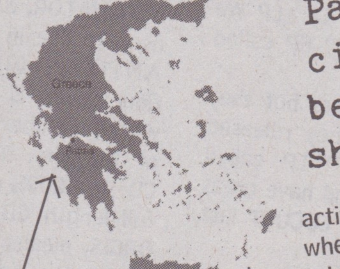
---by Dinos (Winterview fanzine)



προκατ.35

ΠΑΤΡΑ

Patras city..or better shitty



This place may be the third biggest city in Greece, but it only counts a population of almost 250.000 residents, when Athens, the capital, counts around five million. Established in the south-west, it is well known for its terrible architecture, for its wines, for the annual carnival celebrations, and for the so called "students life," which is about definitely youngsters who prefer to roam the streets all day, drink their ugly asses off and not a give a shit about studies, exams, and terrible things like these... Nice thing I admit.

Under these circumstances, as young people from all over the country have been moving to this city for years, a scene was born. It may not be so punk or so hardcore, but it definitely jumps out for the strong DIY attitude and mentality it has shaped through the years, as also for more things that you will read below.

I will try here to capture the recent history of this scene, probably the last two—or so—years of it. Until recently there were probably three or four collectives putting gigs on regularly in the city. The first and oldest one, which in some terms is still active, is Porto Patrasso, the so called "Cultural Terrorism Team," a crucial team for the whole local scene, which has been organizing gigs for over a decade, including foreign/touring bands, legendary Greek acts, and tons of local other bands. It is the only collective in the city that doesn't have to rent or pay equipment for the live shows because these guys managed to buy their own PA and backline after a few years. All of their gigs were taking place in the Parartima Squat, in the center of the town, one of the most historic occupied places ever to exist in Greece. It is said that it was one of the first fighting centers for the subversion of the modern Greek dictatorship Χούντα (Junta) back in 1973. This place was a vital point for the anarchist and radical left movement of the town, where all the comrades and collectives used to meet, discuss and set all of their activities in the local territory. It was also the place where all the demonstrations used to begin.

In December of 2008, when Alexis Grigoropoulos, a fifteen-year-old boy, was murdered by the police, one of the actions that took place by some people in Patras, was to "occupy a frequency" and create a free radio far from the commercial logic, following the DIY ethics. Ραδιο Καταληψη (Radio Katálipsi, means: radio squat) is the team behind this occupied frequency and organizes, once in a while, DIY shows with bands and artists who choose only to play at squats, occupied spaces, social centers etc. Porto Patrasso shares also the same thoughts about this issue and, as a result, in Patras, clubs, bars and commercial venues are not frequented by punks. Χαοτικη Ομαδα Κρουσης (Chaotic Strike Team) or "ΧΟΚ" (Hawk) is a newer team of punks who were involved also in the Parartima Squat and organized parties and sometimes shows in the center of the city.

In summer 2013, three out of the four squats of the city got evicted by the police, and as a result we all lost Parartima Squat, probably the heart of the local scene and definitely the center of every political action. This was a fatal blow. People split up and each anarchist collective was forced to rent its own space in order continue their fight. Prokat35 Squat is the last occupied stand, a squat in the university area of Patras, on the outskirts, whose collective—where I am also involved—specializes in organizing gigs, parties, festivals, and other cultural activities under the DIY perspective. DIY bands from all over the country, foreign acts and touring bands from all over the world visit the squat quite often. Some of the dirtiest, hottest, and most crazy shows are taking place there. Porto Patrasso and Radio Katálipsi are now doing their shows at the Prokat35 Squat, offering their equipment, and sometimes organizing gigs in the outdoor spaces of the university. Last but not least, there's also a new collective in town, a self-organized studio called Τεχνασμα (Tehnasma, means: artifice) which was established in the—also evicted—squat at the technological universities. They are now doing some jam sessions in the streets, plus screenings and discussions about the punk and DIY culture in the anarchist social center Anatopia.

L-R: I Want You Dead / Dala Sun / Sardanapalm Death →

Patras is definitely a musical city. Almost everyone here knows to play an instrument. Aside from a strong indie and alternative network—with bands, record labels, recording studios etc.—you can roam the streets every night and attend jazz live shows in bars, or go to small bistros and listen to "ρεμπετικα" (rebétika) Greek traditional folk tunes, the music of the beatnik outcasts back in '20s, '30s and '40s (this music was definitely punk at that time).

The local DIY scene mostly consists of thrash, heavy rock, and some hardcore / punk bands.

FIELDS OF LOCUST play post-metal in the vein of Isis and Cult of Luna. They self-released a full-length CD called Subtopia in 2010 and a 12'' split LP with **MASS CULTURE** sludge band from Athens, in 2013. They have toured the Balkans once and Eastern Europe.

I WANT YOU DEAD are definitely for fans of Integrity, Kickback and similar dark hardcore bands. They have toured Europe twice and released their debut 12'' LP We Are the Legions of Scum (2010) and a sick 7'' EP called ΑΩ (2012). They are now dead.

DALA SUN play stoner rock in the vein of Kyuss but they definitely radiate a drunken punk feeling. They released a self-titled CD album in 2010 and a 12'' LP called Gegenschein in 2012. Both are self-financed and have great artwork. They toured together with **FIELDS F LOCUST** last year, and currently are on hiatus.

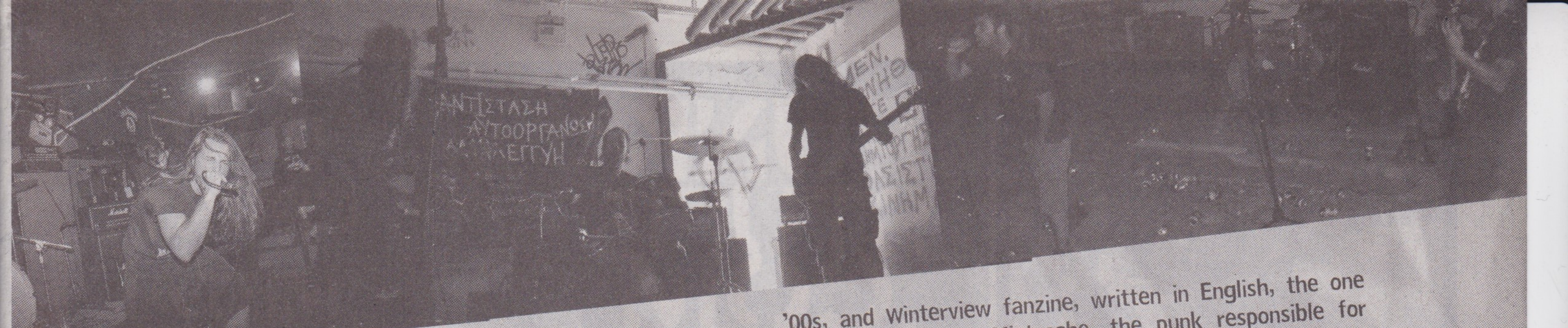
DEATH COURRIER is a legendary death metal act, formed in 1987. They were one of the first bands in Greece to play old school death metal, and they definitely played a leading and influential role in the Greek metal and non-metal underground scene, with numerous releases and shows all over Greece. They reunited in 2010 with a new line-up, and began to perform and release again. Their discography includes: their first ever release back in 1987 called Trapped in Hell demo tape, 1988 Rehearsal demo tape, Deny Your Destiny demo tape (1989), Decapitated 7'' compilation EP (1990), Necrorgasm 7'' EP (1990), Necrorgasm demo tape (1991), Demise 12'' LP (1992), Immune To Burial – 2010 Rehearsal CD-R, **CONSPIRACY/ DEATH COURRIER** 7'' split EP (2013) and, finally, this year's Perimortem full-length CD. The last three releases are probably available. The first ones have been sold out since forever

STRAITJACKET FIT is a long-running post-hardcore punk band which shares members with Porto Patrasso collective. They have released their debut CD album #0 in 2006, a second full-length CD called Lies in 2010, and have also participated in Διαταραξη Κοινης Συνειδησης (Disturbance of Public Conscience) compilation CD (2006). They are about to release a third full-length in vinyl format. They have also played numerous shows in Greece, plus some abroad, and self-released all of their recordings.

ERRORIST play something like nu-metal with keyboards and samples, they called it industrial punk, and have participated with a song in a compilation CD-R, released by Radio Katálipsi occupied frequency [2011]. **ΜΑΥΡΑ ΠΡΟΒΑΤΑ (MAVRA PROVATA**, means: Black Sheep) used to play hardcore punk with anarchist lyrics and D-beat elements. They self-released a self-titled CD-R back in 2008, but they broke up during 2014. **SARDANAPALM DEATH** play similar style of hardcore, carrying in their discography a demo CD-R released in 2009, and a brand new full-length 12'' LP called Κονομικος Κυκλος ((E)conomical Cycle). They recently toured Europe along with **TERROR DETONATOR**, a thrash band from Athens, with members who used to live in Patras city and were involved in our scene. **ΑΝΤΙΣΤΡΟΦΗ ΜΕΤΡΗΣΗ (ANTISTROFI METRISI**, means: Countdown) is a DIY punk rock band with anarchist lyrics, whose members are active in numerous political collectives of the city. They have released a 2007 Rehearsal demo CD-R, a 2008 demo CD-R, and Αντιστροφη Μετρηση Vol.1 full-length CD in 2011. **ΤΕΚΝΑ ΤΗΣ ΟΡΓΗΣ (TEKNA TIS ORGIS**, means: Children of Fury) play thrash punk and they released a demo CD-R back in 2009, and **ΡΑΔΙΕΝΕΡΓΑ ΚΑΤΑΛΟΙΠΑ (RADIENERGA KATALIPA**, means: radioactive waste) share members with the two previous bands and released a demo CD-R in 2012, and a ten song CD split with **BURN THE BOREDOM** from Mytilene island. **MENTAL ASSAULT** play thrash metal and have released a demo CD-R in 2012.

MUERTE DE LA PEGA were a fastcore / hardcore punk band formed in 2009 and disbanded in 2011. They had released a four way split tape with **SLAUGHTERGRAVE** from Greece / Italy, **PRIMORDIAL SOUNDS** from Belgium, and **UNFIT SCUM** from Brazil. They had also participated in the aforementioned compilation of Radio Katalipsi. I used to play there.

DIRTY WOMBS are a Burning Spirits hardcore punk band, influenced by the Japanese sound and attitude. They have released a six-track demo tape EP We Rise (2012), a 7'' split EP with **UNFIT EARTH** from Volos city (2012), a 12'' split LP with **GUTTER** from Athens (2013), and participated with a song in the international hardcore punk 12'' compilation LP called A Roar of Indignation (2013). They have done numerous live shows in Greece, plus a UK weekender tour, and they are about to release their first full-length LP. **ΛΗΘΗ** (Lethe, means: oblivion) are a blackened dark crust band, sharing members with **DIRTY WOMBS, FIELDS OF LOCUST, DALA SUN,** and **I WANT YOU DEAD**. In Autumn 2013 they released their first 12'' debut LP and in April 2014 they toured Europe along with **CONSPIRACY OF DENIAL** crusties from Athens. Finally some other cool bands that have / had been around lately are **CAVEAT EMPTOR** playing death / grind stuff, **CHAOS**



ENSHRINED

playing black metal, **THOSE X DAYS**, probably the one and only straightedge band ever to exist in Patras, and **ΣΑΡΚΑ ΣΤΟ ΖΩΟ** (**SARKA STO ZÓO**, means: flesh in animal), a post-hardcore punk band featuring members of **DALA SUN**, **CAVEAT EMPTOR**, **STRAITJACKET FIT**, plus many other old acts . No releases by these last bands.

Hip hop bands and artists are not my cup of tea! Patras city has definitely some of the best DIY sound engineers in Greece. There is a team of almost ten people who have studied this subject or simply love it, and run the recording studio Lubreeka. Some of them are / were active in Porto Patrasso collective and they share "free" ideas in general. They are called upon to do sound at almost every gig in town and they don't hesitate to damage their ears with hours and hours of noisy hardcore punk and traditional Greek crust / thrash sounds of the '90s. They often record DIY bands from all over Greece and give their equipment to the other collectives of the city. There' s also our beloved ugly basement Sticky Fingers, rented out by most of the aforementioned bands and used as a practice and rehearsal room.

As you may have also seen in this article, the bands from Patras aren't really used to vinyl format and this is something I really dislike. However there is an amazing operation that started to take place by some bands and collectives. They decided to make some shows and collect some money in order to buy a CD printing machine. This is a new collective and a project with more bands from all over the country joining in every once in a while. It's called Δισκοκοπτειον Diskollectiv Μουσικη Κολλεκτιβα (Disc Printing Diskollective Musical Collective) and I wish the guys all the best! We are lucky also to have some amazing and sick artistic hands in our local DIY scene, responsible for the majority of posters done for our shows. Andreas aka ADMC07 (from **DALA SUN** and **LETHE** is responsible for all the flyers and bands' artworks with dark psychedelic aesthetics and nihilistic topics. Mihalis aka Putrefurnaced (from **FIELDS OF LOCUST**, **LETHE** and **I WANT YOU DEAD** recently began to create amazing dark and violent posters, and finally Mietzsche aka Ultragrim Design (also from **I WANT YOU DEAD**) is well known for his creative mind and his pop culture taste. The first two draw by hand, the last one designs on the computer. All of them edit on PC.

For print, except for political brochures and non-musical fanzines, there have been only two punk rock fanzines (if I am right). Αντιβιωση (Antiviosi, means: antibiotic), written in Greek and released in early '00s, and Winterview fanzine, written in English, the one I released one year ago. Mietzsche, the punk responsible for Antiviosi fanzine, has already fully prepared a new print zine, deeply into music and with crazy tons of humor, due to be released in the following months.

Finally, I don't really like football (except for playing of course but I have to mention that some comrades created recently **LETHE** the first autonomous soccer team in Patras called Α.Π.Ο. Αυτονομη Ποδοσφαιρικη Ομαδα (A.P.O., Autonomous Soccer Team) far from sponsors, big contracts, advertising and commercial mentality. Every time it plays the fans transform the stadium into a big party! Once a year, people from the team organize a big DIY music festival with bands from every corner of the country.

All in all, this is the scene of the city I live. Patras is a small place and it's easy to understand that all the things here are almost run by the same twenty people, responsible for the same bands, the same places, the same sounds. The city needs fresh blood, but as there is no one to give it, the same twenty people will continue to give the kiss of life.

At this point I would like to dedicate this report to all the squats lost in the name of repression, oppression and state brutality, and to George TUG Kadarzopoulos, an amazing guy, musician, thinker and fighter who departed in spring 2013. He used to play in the **PARKINSONS** a great punk rock band formed in Patras, back in 2000. I was ten years old then. Three years later, when I got into punk, the **PARKINSONS** were one of the bands that introduced me to what "Do It Yourself" actually means and I can't describe how I appreciate such a thing. I was in Athens, living with my parents, and never imagined that one day I would be moving to Patras to study and to be a part of the scene he once created. Rest In Peace George...

In Patras you can find bands that have released their music on physical format. Bands that aren't "cover bands." Bands that have been around doing things for the last two years. Bands and people who, in my personal belief, belong to the DIY community by conscience, and can definitely be a part of a DIY punk network and fanzine. Doing shows, recording or rehearsing for free, doesn't neccesarily mean that you're "Doing It Yourself". DIY is first of all a political action, a way of life.

L-R: Fields of Locust / Lethe / Dirty Wombs

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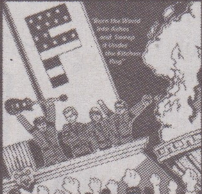

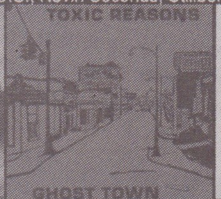

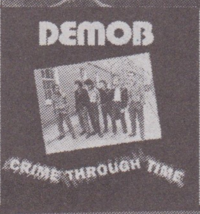

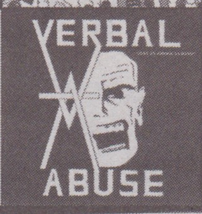

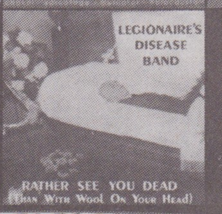

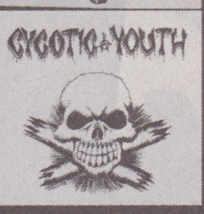

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FAR-OUT FANGTOOTH

Hailing from the deepest depths of the Philadelphian Abyss, Far-Out Fangtooth have been making dark, manic rock now for the past five years. Tom Lax of Siltbreeze Records sits down with the band at their local watering hole. Talking with them about the two full lengths his label has released and a single from Hozac Records, as well as influences on the band, their upbringing, their view on the ocean, and their alignment with The Cure. The band is gearing up for a European tour this November and they discuss plans about their future including an EP that they just wrapped up recording. Interviewer by Tom Lax of Siltbreeze Records. Photos by Adam Wallacavage, Todd Owyoung, Eliot May, Mariann Salvato. Far-Our Fangtooth are Nick Kulp, Joe Kusy, Tania Mesterhazy and Jen Zimmerman.

MRR: Is Fangtooth really surf-punk?
Fangtooth: [laughs]

MRR: Shore punk?
Tania: [laughs] No!
Nick: [laughs] A shore punk band. No. We're an abyss-punk band.
Jen: Where the shore meets the sewer.
Joe: Like the riptide, in the undertow.

MRR: Tania's a surfer.
Tania: I'm not a surfer! I just grew up on the beach, my brother was a surfer.

MRR: Do you get repressed?
Tania: I didn't really give a shit about it as much. I skateboarded when I was younger, which is similar to surfing I guess.

MRR: That's kind of how that whole skateboarding thing came about.
Joe: Put some wheels on it.
Tania: I just liked being out in the ocean, but didn't like how deep you had to go out to surf.

MRR: Far-out. You have to go far-out to surf.
Tania: Well as soon as you get swept in the farther you get pulled out.

MRR: That's a bit like an abyss.
Nick: It's all about the ocean. Really.
Joe: There was a joke Gregg Shit told, it was like a classic Tough Shit joke. [laughs] Why did they save the hippie from drowning?
Tania: Why?
Joe: Because he was too far-out, man!

MRR: There was this whole shore core thing. There were bands like Chronic Sick, up around Asbury Park, shore ridden towns.
Joe: Well that area would be more towards me, but I wasn't a part of that because it was before my time, but I did grow up in that area. Kids would have hardcore shows at Manasquan Women's Hall, or other halls in Brick Township, and I used to go to New Brunswick for shows. The Assistant was one cool screamy band, they were more into the performance end of things in my mind.

MRR: I came from a generation where punk was just instilled; it was just something that happened and you just went with it.
Nick: It's almost like something you decided you wanted to be.

MRR: Well it's always been like that.
Nick: It was one of those things that you acknowledged. That I was going to be this. Not that your generation didn't know that, but now one is intentionally being this or that.

MRR: I guess in some ways it's relative, that if you wanted to be outside of the cool people or be your own person, you separated things. It was finally something that came around that was outside the norm. Everyone had their own clique. You could be into the Ramones or the Dead Boys and that spun into hardcore, like tentacles that twisted out. And by the time you guys were growing up that stuff was already engraved.
Nick: Yes, especially growing up and being a kid watching music videos every day. My step dad had hundreds of taped VHS's from MTV and VH1. There's nothing good on now, like The Real World or some shit, so I guess I'll watch his archived videos of Whitesnake, or Scorpions or shit like that. [laughs]

MRR: You guys were into metal and stuff like that?
Tania: I grew up on classic rock.
Jen: Me too.
Joe: I actually used to hate classic rock in high school, mostly just because everyone else liked it, but now I enjoy all music and looking back, it's immature to think about limiting your taste based on perception.
Nick: I'm talking for me, it was seven or eight years old. So then as I started to develop, it was beyond that.
Jen: My mom said my first concert was when she was pregnant with me and saw Ozzy.

MRR: So it was a prenatal concert then?
Fangtooth: [laughs]
Jen: I was in the womb rocking out. But I definitely grew up listening to what she did. But at some point I really got into the Cure and it changed.

MRR: So it seems like default that you got into some goth-punk thing because life was so boring.
Joe: [laughs] Yeah it was awful. I always get jealous of the people who had parents who listened to cool bands as they were growing up.
Jen: When we were at SXSW I went to a friend's house and she had a Bauhaus poster and a Cramps poster on the wall. She said, "yeah my parents gave them to me." Not too shabby.
Joe: When I was eight or nine, my family and I were looking for a new house, because we were moving. We looked into this one house, and there was a finished basement. The family took us down the steps and there was a creepy teenage 20-something goth son who lived in the basement, and that shit was scary. He had an alter set up with knives and other shit. Touring the place, the parents played it off like, "oh it's a just basement, nothing to see here!" But I hung around for a bit and peeked at everything and stared at him for a while. He was the coolest thing I've ever seen—because he was literally like a creature in the dark. In retrospect, he was probably a totally demented D&D dork, but at the time I was fascinated and soon looked into what kinda of music a weirdo like that would be into.
Jen: Meanwhile his parents are worried about not being able to sell the house.

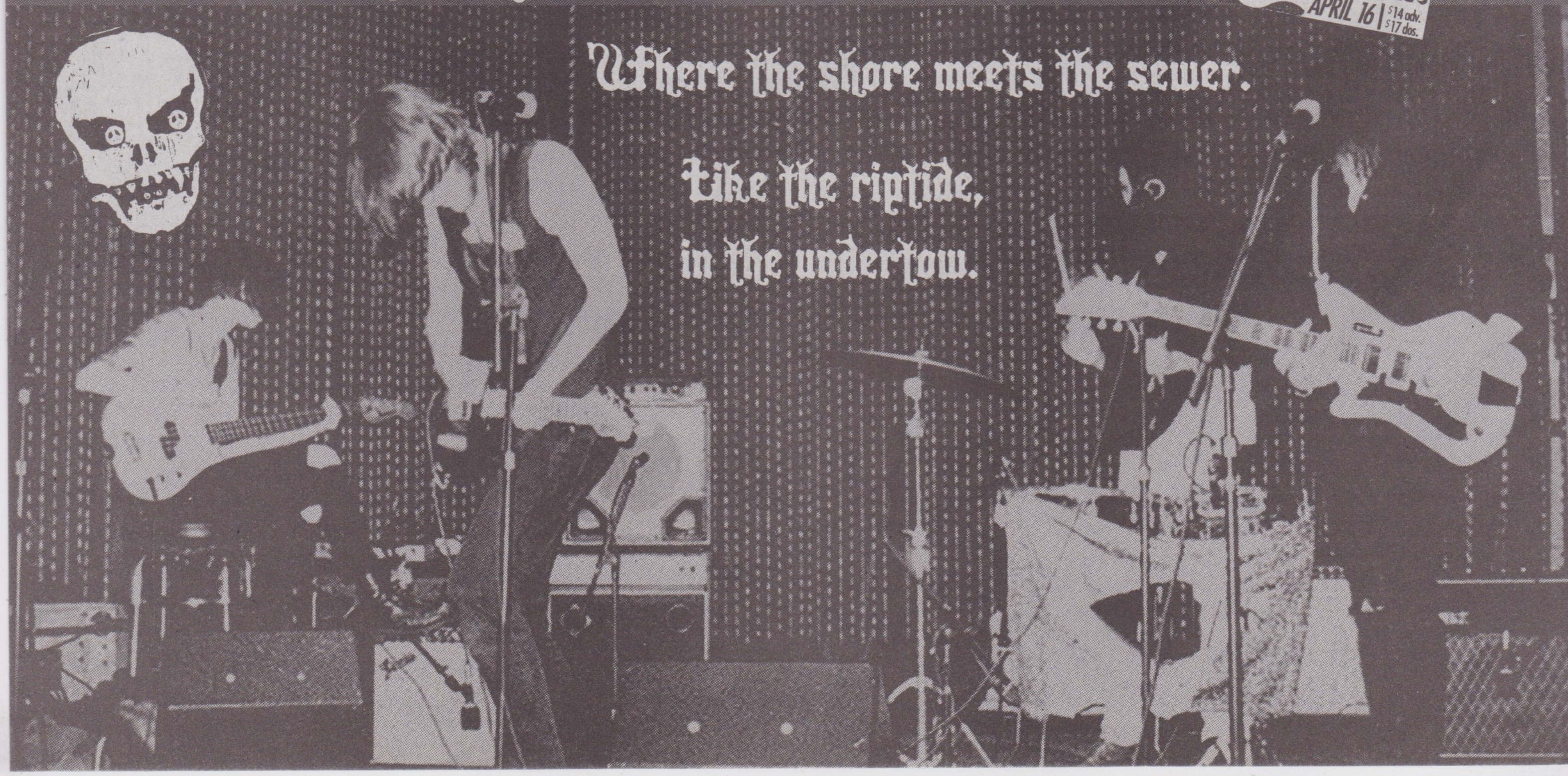
MRR: How does all of this play into you guys?
Joe: I mean, we have plenty of bands in common, like look at the Cure; we are all fans.

MRR: Is the Cure a part of the upholstery of your subconscious from growing up?
Joe: Yes, for me definitely.
Jen: I feel like they were the first band I ever researched.
Joe: I was always fascinated that they had thirteen or so albums; that always blew me away as a kid. I only knew about three of them!

MRR: They were a radical band though, weren't they? When you guys were kids, did you have a lot of friends who were into them?
Tania: I didn't know that many people who were into them, my step dad turned me onto them.
Joe: A few friends like them, but I wanted it to be my special thing, I didn't want to share with anyone else.
Nick: I used to listen to college radio and stuff and they would come on, it was always really fascinating.
Jen: I would always tape the radio on Sunday nights, I remember listening "Let's Go to Bed" taped on the radio on a cassette and kept rewinding it and playing it over and over.
Nick: Yeah I would tape the radio too.

Loop Poster: Nick Kulp
FT - K-holes poster : Joe Kusy

We're an abyss-punk band.



My first concert was when she was pregnant with me and saw Ozzy. I was in the womb rocking out.

MRR: What made you guys buy your instruments? Was there a band that influenced you to want to do this?
Tania: They asked if I was going to be in our band and I replied I didn't have a bass. So they said, "get a fucking bass and join our band now!" I mean, I've played guitar since I was twelve.

MRR: What made you pick up a guitar?
Tania: Uh. Nirvana.
Joe: Probably me too. At first at least; Along with the Smashing Pumpkins. Nick and I talked about that a lot.
Nick: The Smashing Pumpkins were one of those bands for me, don't know what it was about them, but I couldn't deny them.
Tania: Yeah, I loved them.

MRR: And how about playing the drums?
Jen: Well, when I was younger my mom bought me a Smurf drum set. That eventually got thrown out the window. But when I was nineteen I lived in a communal living situation in Baltimore. We went to see the Ex—not X from Los Angeles—and they blew my mind and I decided I had to play drums.

MRR: How did you all meet? Was Vinnie was the connection for all of you?
Tania: I used to work with Jen at Cantina (staple South Philly Mexican spot/bar), I didn't really know any of them though, I had just moved here.
Joe: You went to Middle school with Vinnie, our former drummer, though right?
Tania: Yeah, we grew up together.
Nick: I basically didn't know any of them. I saw their old band, Dark Horse, a few times. It was when I was screen-printing a lot more heavily. There was a show at this place called J.R.'s in South Philly, and I did a screen-printed poster for the show. Around that time Joe had made a Myspace page for Fangtooth with one song on it, but had some pretty cool photocopied style art with it that seemed intriguing. They said they had cassettes in the contact part, so I arranged to trade Joe a poster for a tape. They only ever made like fifteen tapes. It had sixteen songs on it, all weird.

MRR: What was that tape?
Nick: It was a demo I guess. The first side was like pop songs and spoofs off of horror movie characters, and then the B-side was live abrasive drones.
Joe: The tape was definitely all over the place musically.
Nick: It was one of those things; even at the time, when I lived with my roommate Mariann, she love them. This was before I knew who they were. She saw them play in our friend Rachel's basement. They had a revolving cast of people from the beginning until I joined. Mariann even told me, before I was ever asked or gave it a thought to join, that I should be in Fangtooth—which is definitely weird looking back on it.
Joe: Oh right, we had that guy Patrick play electric violin with us too.
Nick: At the time I had a girlfriend I was with for three years, I had quit the other band I was in basically because of her. I told myself that I wouldn't ever be in another serious band again, got in a serious car accident, recovered after three months, and then a few months later me and my girlfriend broke up, and five days after that I asked Joe if Fangtooth could play a show my roommate was doing sound for. Joe responded back with a "yes" and asked me if I would play guitar with them for that show. I was like "uh, okay" but knew nothing about it or them really.
Joe: Oh yeah and Duane played with us too.

MRR: It was a collective of sorts?
Nick: Yeah, I guess it kind of became a steady unit after I joined the band, more of a solid thing. A month after I joined, Tania joined, then I got super ill and was bed ridden for a while, and then things started to pick up. We started playing bigger shows around town; we then put out a 7" on Ian Records.

MRR: I saw you guys play with Circle Pit. I know it was kind of mind blowing, because I couldn't believe you guys were a local band.
Nick: It was kind of weird, we didn't know you were local either. I remember buying the Naked on the Vague Heaps of Nothing record from Tequila Sunrise (RIP) and was just thinking right away that Siltbreeze would be perfect for us. Kind of thinking at that point that Siltbreeze was foreign or based out of somewhere else, not knowing you were local.
Jen: Well there you go, both of you having no idea where each other were from.
Nick: Then all the sudden we played that show, and there we were, and there you were.

MRR: I just thought you guys were too good to be from Philadelphia. Somehow I thought you were from somewhere else.
Nick: I just remember you coming up to me and asking, "Where are you guys from?" I said Philly, and you said right back "No you're not!" [laughs]

MRR: I remember thinking to myself after the show was over, I can't believe this is happing in Kensington under the El. You were doing something that wasn't really retro, but I liked everything that was going on, even if I couldn't really put my finger on it. I knew there were some Cramps vibes going on, some Christian Death, Bauhaus. Was that kind of thing an influence on your sound?
Jen: I would compare them to the Cramps. I definitely got a huge Wipers vibe when I first heard them too.
Tania: I love Christian Death.
Nick: Definitely. There was the element of Sonic Youth too.
Joe: We never wanted to be Sonic Youth. We liked the idea of Sonic Youth and the fact of it being more artsy and fewer rules.
Nick: It was never a conscious thing. We realized later that we were using a tuning that Sonic Youth would regularly use. But we still use it, it kind of sculpted the way we ended up playing, and relearning our instruments for this particular band.
Joe: I think that's why Nick and I can play guitar together though. Being able to play in a limited and minimal platform, limiting ourselves. Kind of purposefully and then to our advantage by still being able to play in it.
Joe: I really liked Bauhaus early on.
Nick: I was way more into Joy Division earlier on.

MRR: There is the pressing question we've not yet asked though: can you surf and be a goth? Can you have a tan and be a goth?
Nick: Can you swim and be a goth?
Jen: I dunno, I've never been a goth.
Joe: You just go out at night and just lay on the board. [laughs]

MRR: You did the first single on a local label, Siltbreeze is also a local label, and then you did the HoZac single, which launched you into a national buzz-worthy venture. How did the HoZac thing come about?
Nick: I'm not gonna say it's because of me, but the review that Matt from Pissed Jeans put on his blog I sent to HoZac and wrote "Ha ha, he's just mad because we don't sound like Pissed Jeans"

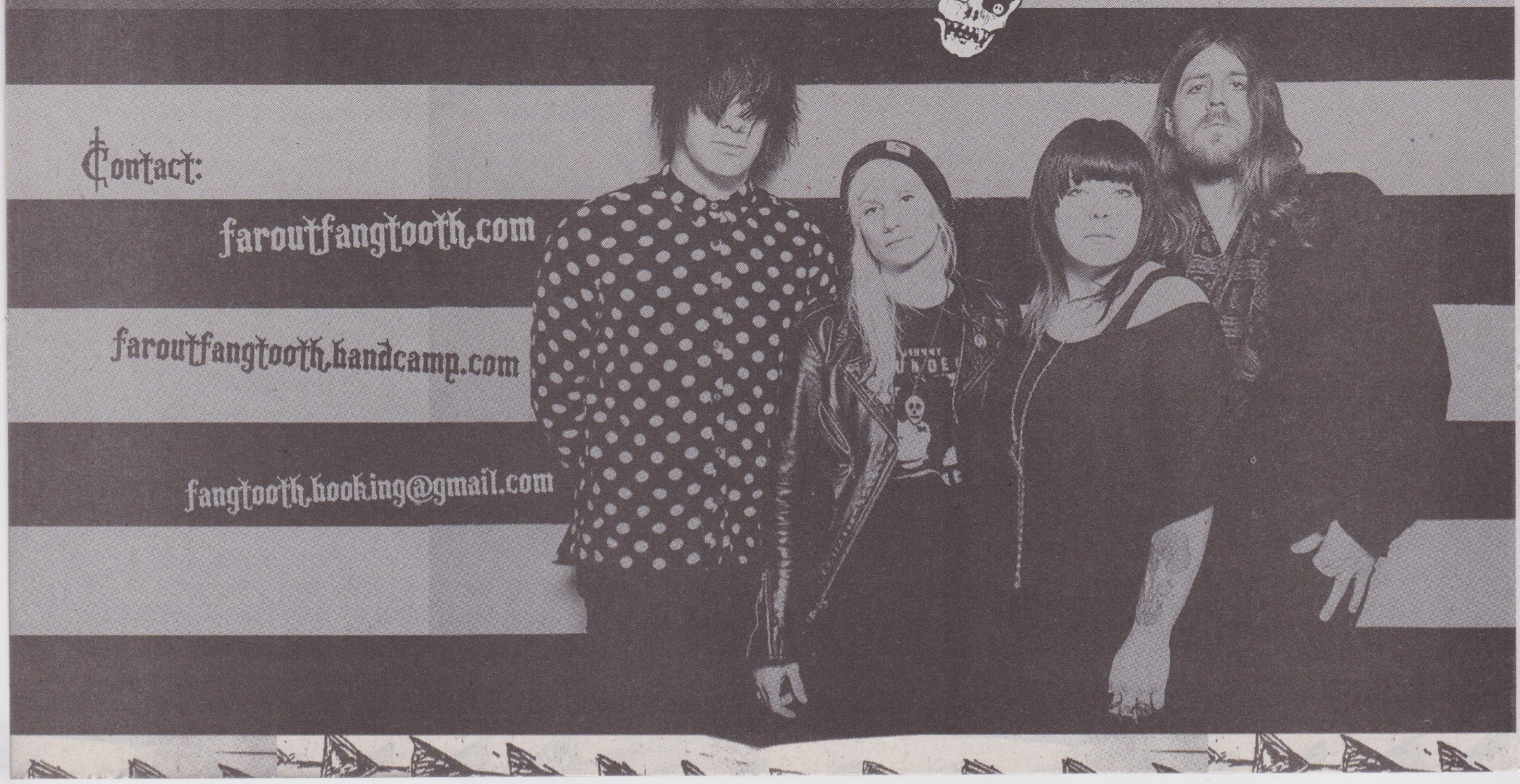
MRR: Why would they care if you sounded like Pissed Jeans?
Nick: Because he totally bashed HoZac and us in our review—or "tried" to— saying that we sound like a "HoZac band". So I figured I would see if they agreed, and they did. Two months later HoZac sent an email, we read it during practice, we didn't even know if it was real offer. They mentioned our song "The Thorns" and a Syd Barret cover that we did, asking about a 7 inch. Technically he did us a service. He just didn't like the fact that we wore capes on stage.
Joe: You know, they are so punk though, they must be joking.
Kulp: We didn't know if it was real because it wasn't an email from HoZac, it was from Nate's personal email.
Tania: Nate is a great friend now and really loves us; we stay with him every time we're in Chicago.
Jen: I really enjoyed meeting him and his apartment is amazing; he is an appreciator of good things and has an insane record collection.
Nick: He didn't start the label; he was a dude who did art for them, he liked the darker shit.
Nick: The email didn't really come up again until we went to SXSW. HoZac had a showcase there and he ended up responding via email.
Joe: After that we didn't know what to do; we just knew we wanted to get our music out there somehow.
Tania: We recorded with Justin and Paul Cobb.
Nick: Yeah, we kept writing stuff. We did our first big tour and kept writing and were playing new things live. We didn't plan on recording "The Thorns" but they wanted it. After that we just wanted to keep writing. We wrote the songs in three's; Joe has thee, Vince has three, Nick has three. We had these plans and didn't know how it would be or who would put it out. To be honest we didn't even know you would be into it.

MRR: So now you have an EP in the works?
Nick: Yeah. The songs are done and recorded, still trying to figure out what we're going to do with them. We're going to Europe in November, so we are gonna release all the songs as a European only cassette, and then figure out where to go from there after that. We'd like to release five songs on a 12" and two songs as a 7".
Jen: I'm excited to play with Einstürzende Neubauten in Europe.
Tania: I'm excited to play with Selda.
Jen: Yeah, she is a Turkish babe.
Joe: We're on a bit of a hiatus until we go to Europe.
Nick: I joined Creepoid and am going on an 80-day tour for the next four months. But we aren't breaking up. Time apart makes you stronger. Then Europe for 25 days.

MRR: What's the line, "it's not over until we say it's over?
Nick: It's not over until Tooth says it's over.
Joe: Peace! See ya on the beach!

1st Album, Pure & Disinterested; Siltbreeze 2011. Cover Photo Greg Aune.

2nd Album, Borrowed Time; Siltbreeze 2013. Cover Photo Adam Wallacavage.



GAS RAG

GAS RAG IS AN ALL MALE HARDCORE BAND FROM CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. INTERVIEWED IN HAROLD'S BED BY INTERNATIONAL ROCK JOURNALIST GRAZIELA "DEE DEE" REIS KERPEN. SORRY, I HAVE ESL. PHOTOS PROVIDED BY THE BAND AND MARTIN SORRONDEGUY.

MRR: First of all... sex or violence?
AJ: I'm gonna say sex.
Harold: Definitely sex.
Corey: Neutral.
Zach: I guess I'm going to go with the majority.

MRR: I know that some of you never heard Gauze, Anti-Cimex or other essential punk bands until some months ago. Is that true? How did that happen?
Corey: I just got into punk.
AJ: I just graduated high school and met these guys and they've been showing me cool bands.
Zach: You can't judge someone by what they know, y' know?

MRR: I'm not judging!
Zach: I'm just saying, you should be nicer to these boys. They try really hard to play their punk music and I think they do it well.
Corey: I thought the scene was supposed to welcome new people...
Zach: Also, it's pronounced "Gaw-zay".
AJ: That's a new bit of knowledge. See? I didn't know that.

MRR: Why, you are a punk?
AJ: I haven't figured it out yet. I haven't been into it long enough.
Zach: I'm too old to know how to do anything else. Or dumb...

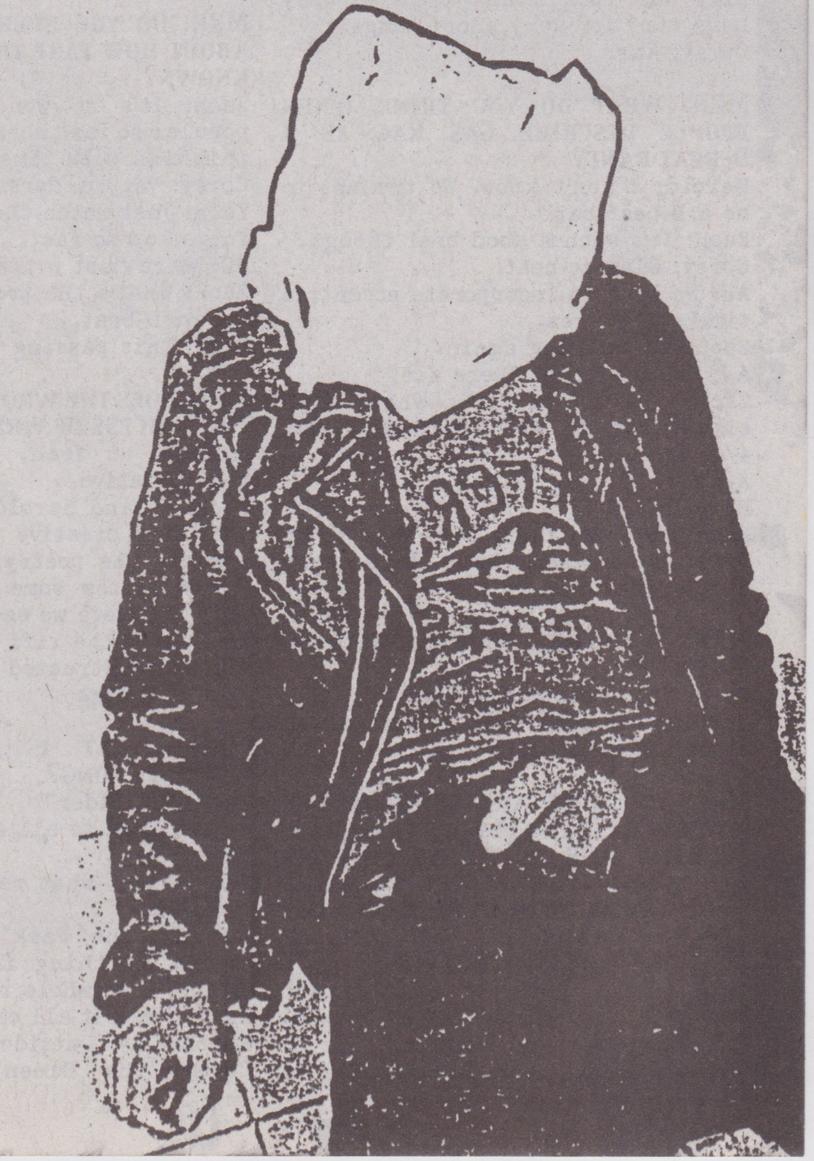
MRR: Harold, you're not answering anything.
Harold: Yeah, I'm really high. I want pizza, whatever.

MRR: What makes you say that this band is sex positive?
Zach: We're sex punks, nobody said we are sex positive.
Harold: Half of us do sex work.

MRR: So you're not sex positive...?
Zach: Harold, are you on that sex review site?
Harold: Which one?
Zach: Where people review the person they had sex with. You're probably on it. I wonder if you have a positive or negative review?
Harold: Sounds awesome.
Corey: Neutral.
AJ: I'm a virgin.

MRR: This is so stupid. I sit down to make these questions and AJ is just lying. [some arguing] Okay, serious question... What do you think makes punk more mainstream in the US? I noticed that here everything becomes a product, a businesses, a trend.
Zach: The US is obviously on the cutting edge of culture worldwide. Especially when it comes to revival retro garbage. We're the best at copying obscure YouTube videos while Brazilians are still copying Fugazi.

MRR: Tell me about the art in the records and shirts. They are very different from what is around. How do the ideas come up?
Zach: In my art I draw ideas from everything I see around me.
Harold: We talk about it though. We try to collaborate.
AJ: Zach has great visions. I'd say he's a visionary.



Zach: I just like using photocopiers. Making things look good. Most record art is done with Photoshop now. It sucks. I mean, my photocopied stuff looks like shit and needs to be cleaned up in Photoshop, but whatever, it's 2014.
AJ: High resolution man. What's the resolution we use?
Zach: 20,000 dpi I think.

MRR: DOES THE FACT THAT CHICAGO IS SO FLAT HAVE A CONNECTION WITH YOUR FLAT RIFFS? [EVERYONE LAUGHS] I MEAN, THE GUITAR SOUNDS VERY CLEAN COMPARED TO THE HEAVY AND GUTTER VOCALS.
Zach: I think the main impact of this city's geography on our sound is from the distances here. Corey and I live on the south side and when we come here to practice we are riding our bikes 28 miles round trip. The amount of time spent traveling to play our rock means that we only have time for very short songs.
Corey: Amen

MRR: WHAT DO YOU THINK WHEN PEOPLE DESCRIBE GAS RAG AS A D-BEAT BAND?
Harold: I don't know. We try not to be a D-beat band.
Zach: It's such a good beat though.
Corey: Classic beat.
AJ: We like to incorporate eccentric time signatures.
Zach: AJ is lying again.
AJ: No, it's true. There are!
Zach: Wait, is it? What time signatures do we use that aren't 4/4?
AJ: 3/4
Harold: 4/3
Zach: Oh shit, there are! This is my first band where we've done other time signatures.

MRR: YOU'RE DISCONSTRUCTING MUSIC?
Zach: Uhh, reconstructing.
Harold: Dis-construct is our D-beat clone side project.

MRR: YOU GUYS ARE GOING TO THE WEST COAST AND EUROPE THIS YEAR. WHAT ARE YOUR EXPECTATIONS ABOUT THE PLACES YOU ARE GOING TO BE PLAYING AND THE BANDS YOU ARE GOING TO BE PLAYING WITH?
Corey: We expect money. Money, power, and respect.
Zach: Blazing Eye is a really good band. I'm excited to tour with them on the West Coast. Maybe the West Coast has one or two other good bands? Let's find out. I'm excited to go to Greece. Our first record had Greek police on the cover. We are going to fight them.
AJ: We're going for change. We're going to change the system.

MRR: DO YOU EVER GET WEIRD OUT ABOUT HOW FAST THIS BAND BECAME KNOWN?
Zach: It's no wonder that we got popular so fast when we're so forward thinking with time signatures.
Corey: Very understandable.
Zach: Just watch though, people will forget us so fast.
AJ: We're just a trend.
Zach: What's the trend called?
Corey: D-beat.
Zach: This passing trend of D-beat.

MRR: DOES THE WHOLE BAND WORK ON THE PROCESS OF WRITING THE SONGS?
Harold: Yeah, it's very collaborative.
Zach: AJ and Harold write the riffs with the creative time signatures. I write the poetry and some riffs, Corey writes some riffs. The last riff we wrote we each hummed a note and built the riff together.
AJ: We constructed it from scratch. Note by note.

MRR: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE RAMONES SONG?
Zach: "Outsider"?
AJ: We have to all agree?
MRR: Yeah.
Zach: Like, what represents us as a band?
AJ: "In the Park" or "Time Bomb" maybe. Anything from *Subterranean Jungle*. That whole record.
Zach: Yeah, it all captures our band. Especially "Outsider".
Corey: The Green Day cover of "Outsider". The Kiss cover of "Rock n roll radio"

MRR: YOU'RE NOT OUTSIDERS, YOU'RE INSIDERS!
Zach: What does that even mean?

MRR: TALKING ABOUTSEXWORK, YOU GUYS HAVE LEATHER PANTS AND DO SESSIONS WITH ZACH'S S&M SLAVE. OUTSIDE OF THOSE SESSIONS, IS THAT PART OF YOUR LIVES TOO?
Zach: Yeah, we're all sex workers. Corey will be in an upcoming bondage barber video. I'll be shaving him while naked.
AJ: I had one session with the slave.

MRR: HOW WAS IT?
AJ: It was cool. He gave us money. He gave us money and poppers.
Corey: And power and respect.

MRR: THERE ARE A LOT OF REFERENCES IN YOUR LYRICS AND ART BUT WHAT'S THE REAL GLUE INFLUENCE IN THIS BAND?
AJ: Glue? I've never even sniffed glue before.
Zach: That's not true.
Corey: The biggest influence is the band Glue.
AJ: You wanna know the real truth? The truth? In all honesty, I had never sniffed glue until this band. And that's the truth.
Zach: A lot of people never had until this band. It's awful. Glue is awful.
Harold: It makes your head feel really bad. It's funny though...
Zach: We all need to start doing things that make us feel good, not bad. Watch as positive thinking changes the direction of the band on our new hit record *On the Beach*.

MRR: ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO INDIA?
AJ: Yeah, we're gonna go to India. After Europe.
Zach: Not to tour, to study.

MRR: HAVE YOU EVER GOTTEN A LETTER FROM PRISON? IF SO, DID YOU WRITE THEM BACK?
AJ: I never got one.
Zach: Guys, I got one for us, I never told you, but a prisoner wrote me about playing in South Dakota or something. But I never wrote back.

Harold: We encourage more letters and correspondence from prisoners.
Zach: We support prisoners.
AJ: Prisons are privatized and that's fucked up. People are victims of the system.
Corey: And that's fucked up.
AJ: So we support prisoners.

MRR: You guys reach kids in a lot of countries like Russia, Thailand and even Malaysia. Do you have any hopes to tour in not such common places outside of Europe and North America?
Zach: Yeah, we already toured Mexico last winter.

MRR: That's North America. It's easy, it's right there.
Zach: Yeah but not many US bands do it...

MRR: But do you want to go to Russia, Thailand, or Malaysia?
AJ: Yeah of course. We probably won't.
Zach: No, we will.
Corey: North Pole. Antarctica.
Zach: But for real, Tasmania. We're coming.
Harold: I don't want to go to Australia.

MRR: Do you like crimes? Tell me about your criminal lives.
AJ: Crimes? I got arrested when I was twelve. I'm not joking.
Zach: Tell us about it.
AJ: My friends blew up a toilet. Right next to our school. Blew it up.
Zach: Was it an indoor toilet or an outdoor toilet?
AJ: There was a park next to school with a track around it and a little hut. I wasn't with them when they blew it up but the next day I went back with them. I got arrested with them. I wasn't charged because they found out I wasn't with them. The reason I wasn't with them the day before was because I was at a guitar lesson. Rocking out. Learning the blues scale. I'm not a criminal but I got arrested when I was twelve in front of my gym teacher.
Zach: Handcuffed?
AJ: I got put into a cop car. Not handcuffs. Beause we were twelve. But they drove us to the cop station. And it was in front of my gym teacher who already hated me. One time he put a restraining order on me and Max (of Eat the Life Records) and we had to stay like 100 feet away from each other 'cause we'd fuck shit up all the time.
Zach: And that's the extent of the criminal activities of Gas Rag.

MRR: That's not true!
Zach: What? Do you want us to brag about the crimes we do?
Harold: We don't have to say our names.
Zach: Say a crime that you like doing then. What's your favorite crime to do, Corey?
Corey: Uh, weed.
AJ: That's true! That's our favorite crime to do. Weed.
Zach: I don't like to do the weed. I stick to jaywalking.

MRR: What's that?
AJ: That's when you cross the street where you aren't supposed to.
Harold: I like trespassing
AJ: Aw yeah! Trespassing!
Harold: I got a $200 ticket the other day for trespassing on the beach.
Zach: *On the Beach!* Our new hit record!
AJ: Coming out soon on a record label.

MRR: $200 for being on the beach?
Harold: After 11pm.
Zach: It's like the goddamned fourth Reich out here!
AJ: But honestly, who the fuck are they to think they own the beach? Fuck off!
Zach: Who can own the beach? Who can own the sand? Who can own the waves?
AJ: What if the sea overflowed and drowned the city? They wouldn't own it then.
Corey: It would own them.
AJ: In 20 years we'll see who owns the beach.

MRR: What is your honest opinion on the Chicago punk scene?
AJ: Bunch of great people.
Zach: Bondage barber is great.
Harold: He funds the Chicago punk scene.
AJ: Can we talk about that? Is it too explicit?
Zach: It's not at all. Bondage barber dot com. Buy his videos. The money goes directly into the hands of Chicago punks. That's how our great bands can exist.

MRR: And then your last words: money power and respect, right?
Corey: That's right

MRR: Well that was a waste of time

Go see GAS RAG do the punk in the live, or listen to their bad records.
Human Rights EP on Beach Impediment / Even Worse
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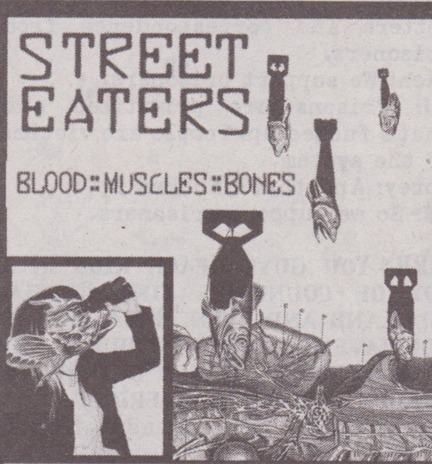

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Making a record and releasing a record are different things. I mean, you are working towards the same end, and presumably you are working together and you're on the same team and shit, but it's a different mindset, a different focus. It came as no surprise to me when Iron Lung (the band) started throwing their considerable experience behind Iron Lung Records (the label) that the result was more than a little compelling. What started as a conduit for their projects and their friends has turned into a legitimate behemoth in the pathetically fickle world of DIY record releasing people. From an initial slew of aesthetically similar and musically diverse two song 45s (Walls, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, Iron Lung, Lords of Light, Total Control, Brain Handle), Iron Lung Records has turned into a stamp of quality. Something you can count on—even if this record isn't your thing, it is certainly a thing. And that is important.

Interview by Greg Harvester • Introduction by Robert Collins • Photos by Karoline Collins

MRR: Who are you both and why should anyone care?
Jensen: Well, if you refer back to our *MRR* interview from 2003, you'll know that I'm Jensen and that's Jon.
Jon: Yeah.
Jensen: ...and why should you care? Why shouldn't you care? Jeez, we've been on the A.V Club. It was totally random. The guy was just like, "yep, these guys are good." We've been dabbling in this publicity thing lately. Not for our band, but for other bands on our label. It sort of opens us up to a world where you're looking at how things become trendy...like, Pitchfork will say, "Oh, this is a hot new track" or whatever and then the A.V. Club will say "Well, we're gonna run this mp3 over here and say how cool it is" and all it is, is that you pay people to tell other people to do that. That's it. I mean, I've always known that if you want to be famous, you just have to pay people to say that you're famous and then sooner or later, you'll be famous. That's all it is. It's so easy. That's why talentless hacks can be super famous and get tons of money by playing whack shows and writing terrible songs...because they have the money.

MRR: So you paid the A.V. Club to be on their site, basically...
Jensen: Yeah! Totally. Because I thought if we're gonna step into that world, the A.V. Club is the perfect portal.

MRR: In the context of your band, Jensen plays drums and Jon plays guitar...
Jensen: I think so, yeah...

MRR: What role do the two of you play in the context of your record label?
Jensen: I'm the boss and Jon is the boss. We co-boss. That's it. Realistically though, I do a lot of the...I don't wanna say "scouting" because that sounds creepy. I definitely seek out new things to listen to or friends' bands that I like. Or bands that we've played with. We always talk about it, but every once in a while I pull the trigger on something that I think would be a good idea.
Jon: We both have to agree on it. I'm kind of more of a silent partner...no, not really.
Jensen: No dude, you're not silent.
Jon: But you definitely do more of the business end of it.
Jensen: As far as roles go, I'll be A&R and Jon will be...
Jon: I'm shipping and delivery.
Jensen: He's warehouse and I'm administrative.

MRR: With the two of you living so far apart (Jensen in Seattle and Jon in San Francisco), how does this affect the day-to-day operations of your label?
Jensen: The day-to-day stuff usually falls on me, because I have all the records at my house. When there's mailorder, I'll pack it up and ship it out, but when Jon comes up to Seattle, we both tackle that, because it seems to be an ongoing, never-ending task, which is a great problem...and not really a problem. It's just a great thing. I'm excited that people are buying things that we release because I think it's the goal of a record label, certainly. But also they're records that I feel pretty strongly about...bands that I think are awesome...who would probably get heard without us...but hopefully we help those bands get heard. I think it's awesome that people trust us enough to buy our shit.

MRR: In light of last year's postal rate increases, how do you manage to deal with international distribution?
Jensen: Unfortunately, you just charge a boatload for shipping. Luckily, international shipping rates didn't only affect our label. It affected every label and *everything everywhere*, so it's not like it's a big surprise. So, if Charlie Dude wants to buy a record from us and he's upset that we're charging $18 to ship it to Australia, he can go and try to order a record from Alternative Tentacles and see that he'll get the same rate. He'll know that it's not just us.

MRR: Are we gonna get an angry letter from Charlie Dude now?
Jensen: Probably. "I ordered this goddamn record and he took four days to ship it to me! What was he thinking?!" Seriously though, the postage thing was a real bummer. It fucked things up for a few weeks because people really realized that it was so much more expensive now.
Jon: There's definitely been a dramatic drop in international orders.
Jensen: People still order though. I really think that, like with any rate increase on anything, people will back off for a while and then they'll come back to it later on. They'll just think "Well, that's how much shit costs now. If I want the thing, I'll get the thing." We try to make things that people want and if they want it, they'll get it. If they don't, they'll figure out some other way to get it. Or just not get it at all. All of those options are fine with us.

MRR: Do you see the label as an extension of your band or as a separate entity?
Jensen: I always felt that it's an extension of our tastes as a band because we travel around a lot and see a lot of different bands. Some of them are great. Some of them are really not great. Naming names is not a very tasteful thing to do, so I won't do that. I've always felt that the goal behind this label was to release records for bands that we thought were/are good. So, as far as an extension of our band, it *is* in that way because we play with all the bands that we release records for...or most of them... It's been an unwritten rule that I, at least, want to see a band play live before I'd ever consider releasing a record by them. So many times, you listen to a record and you think, "This band is fuckin' great! They're the best band ever!" Then, you go see them live and they completely suck, because it's all studio tricks. You can get a better sense of their integrity from watching them live. So, I put a lot of weight on a live show. A lot of times, we see these bands together, so it's something we talk about immediately. Like, "Hey, we saw this band and they were great. We should see what they're up to. Do they want to release a record? Do they want to release a record with us?" Probably not, but maybe.

I never wanted it to be a label that people could pigeonhole easily. There's labels like, say, No Way Records. Everyone knew

THERE'S ALWAYS THAT DRIVE...NOT TO BE A COLLECTOR, BUT TO GET SOMETHING NEW. I THINK EVEN GETTING THE MP3S FOR A RECORDING SATISFIES THE SAME NEED. ONCE YOU SATISFY THAT NEED, YOU MOVE ON TO THE NEXT THING. I THINK A LOT OF YOUNGER KIDS ARE THAT WAY. IT'S JUST HOW IT IS BECAUSE THEY GREW UP WITH THAT IDEA. SO, YEAH, IT CAN BE HARD TO SELL A PHYSICAL RECORD AT TIMES.

Jade by Craig Nooland

that was Brandon's label and a lot of stuff he put out had a very similar sound or they all kinda came from the same spot…and that's great! I didn't want Iron Lung Records to release records that sounded like IRON LUNG, the band, because I hate that. I like our band a lot but I also like other types of music. I don't only want to listen to our own band all the time, so that's why we put out such a diverse range of records.

MRR: That leads into my next question, actually. I'm not really familiar with your first release…
Jensen: LORDS OF LIGHT. Most people aren't familiar with it and we only made a couple hundred of them. It got a fantastic review in *MRR*! The magazine *really hated* that record. I thought it was a fantastic opening for our label. I don't remember who did the review.
Jon: It was Layla.
Jensen: She really, really hated the record. I thought it was hilarious. We thought about making shirts with the review on it, because it was so good. It was like "I don't get this. I hate it." Perfect.

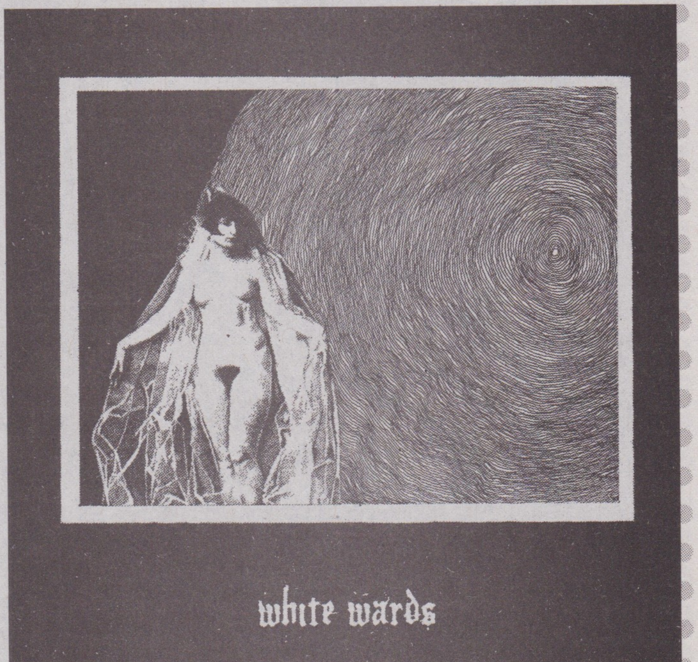
MRR: So, yeah, I'm not too familiar with that release, but it seemed like your other first couple of releases were geared more towards hardcore and powerviolence, but then quickly shifted…
Jensen: In a way…not really, actually. LORDS OF LIGHT, that was kind of a more pop record for them. It was songs they had left over from other sessions that I thought were so good and they weren't going to do anything with them. I thought it needed to get released because "Dividing Up" is one of my favorite LORDS OF LIGHT songs to this day. Then, we did a WALLS record next because I was playing in the band at the time and that was our first single. Everything was new. Then, we did an IRON LUNG single. The first few releases were all these two song singles and I thought it would be cool to just put out two-song singles that all had a uniform look but sounded completely different. From the get-go, we had decided to release something more than just hardcore records. The EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING single was after that. From IRON LUNG to EDDY CURRENT is vastly different sounding, but that was the intention. It's generally punk and hardcore stuff, but…sometimes not.

MRR: So, having diversity on your label is important for you?
Jensen: For me, certainly.
Jon: Definitely.

MRR: The new releases you have coming out this year range from TOTAL CONTROL to GAG to FLESH WORLD to TRTRKMMR to LEBENDEN TOTEN, which are all wildly varying styles of punk…
Jensen: Oh yeah! I'm really excited about this next batch of records that are coming out because they're so different sounding. TOTAL CONTROL is the one that people are really excited about. It's kind of a no brainer. Then, at the same time, the WHITE WARDS LP is going to come out. Also, the GAS CHAMBER LP. I can't imagine someone who just takes the blind chance of ordering a TOTAL CONTROL album as well as the GAS CHAMBER album at the same time. I wish I could watch what happens to their face. They'll put on TOTAL CONTROL and say, "This is great! I love this! This is exactly what I wanted." Then they'll listen to GAS CHAMBER and be like "What the fuck did I just buy with my money?!" The thing is, both records are totally great in their own way. They're completely original and so hard to classify in any way. I think that's what really makes those records stand out amidst a sea of mediocrity. They're coming from the same place too, attitude-wise. That's a big thing with the label

too. A lot of the bands have to have…well, it's not a rule, but the bands we work with tend to work hard and have a good attitude about their music. They're clearly into what it is that they do and they put enough thought into it to make it sound different. I always appreciate a band that is willing to push themselves to sound a little bit different. Not like, "This is gonna be a progressive rock album"…or "We're gonna make it different by putting a kazoo on it" or some stupid shit like that. Like intentionally different but still retaining that punk energy and having an undercurrent of… progress….that's one way to say that, I guess.

MRR: In maintaining this vision of progress and seeking out bands who are pushing themselves to sound different, do you ever try to influence the way that a band presents their music or artwork through your label?



Jensen: We don't interject our opinions on that stuff at all. I mean, I'll make suggestions if I think something can be improved. If I see a weak spot somewhere, I'll definitely mention it, but if it's part of their vision, it's part of their vision. I'm not gonna mess with that at all because that's the integrity we look for in a band in the first place. It's never really an issue. People know what they like…and what they don't like. And so do we.

MRR: I was asking that because all of your releases *look* really good and sound really good. Even though all of the bands are so diverse, it feels like there is a certain level of quality control that is maintained within the label.
Jensen: Absolutely! I can't stand pixilated artwork. I will immediately refuse it if a band sends something that looks bad. It's not because I don't like the image…well, that's happened a couple of times too. A band will send the artwork and I think "Well, I don't *love* this…Is this something that could be done better?" And maybe they'll come up with something better or they'll stick to it because they like it. The craft of it has to be top-notch. I refuse to put out something that looks bad, because they scanned it poorly or just used a low-resolution photo that looks like crap or something. It needs to be good. It rarely comes up that bands will submit something that just looks like shit. Or if it does look like shit, they paid somebody a lot of money to do that and it still looks like shit because that's the guy's style.

MRR: Do you strive to have an identity for your label?
Jensen: Yeah, like Charles Dude…he likes long walks on the beach, good music…No. The honest answer to that is no. We just want to put out records that are good. If people want to attach more to the label than that, that's fine.

MRR: Do you find it difficult to operate a label in a world where people expect free downloads and just don't buy records the way that they used to?
Jensen: Yeah. Definitely. We're pretty guarded with a lot of our releases, especially just before it's released. In the past, every band has friends and those friends get advance copies of the songs and it circulates like that, but once the record was out, people would always buy the record because that's what you want to have anyway. Now, it's gotten to the point where people are just happy to have the download, even if it's not finished being mixed or it's missing one of the songs or the song cuts off 20 seconds before it ends. People are just fine with that now. I think it's really sad that they're willing to settle for some half-assed product because they got it first. That being said, I get excited when I hear things before they're out too. Everybody does. That's why you want it. It's hard to convince someone to spend $5-10 on a record when they can just get it for free and not have to have a physical thing in their house if they don't want it there. Getting people to buy a digital download is something I never, ever thought would be a possibility, but some people do. I'm not sure if they do it out of a sense of supporting something that they believe in, which makes sense to me. I feel like that's the only reason we ever sell anything, is because somebody wants to support what we're doing. Most people just want it for free though and be done with it, and move on to the next thing.

I think that another hardship for trying to sell records these days is that *so many records come out* that it's just hard to keep up with what's going on. I know there was a time when everything coming out was super, super limited and so you had to be constantly watching all of these different outlets and be ready to pull the trigger or otherwise you'd miss it. I think that has led to people being comfortable with settling with the digital version of something limited if they're never gonna get it anyway. It's like window-shopping.

PEOPLE DON'T HANG OUT IN THEIR HOUSES AND LISTEN TO RECORDS TOGETHER. EVERYONE JUST HOARDS ALL THE THINGS THAT THEY BUY, SITTING ALONE IN THEIR ROOM SAYING "I HAVE ALL THESE RECORDS"

I see this thing in the window and I really want it and if I can just touch the window, then I have it. It's mine. It satisfies the need of shopping in a way. When I was a kid, I'd go to the record store every Friday and just buy a tape. Didn't matter what it was. I'd just buy one. It could be METALLICA or EXPLOITED. Whatever was there. I just wanted to buy a new thing.There's always that drive…not to be a collector, but to get something new. I think even getting the mp3s for a recording satisfies the same need. Once you satisfy that need, you move on to the next thing. I think a lot of younger kids are that way. It's just how it is because they grew up with that idea. So, yeah, it can be hard to sell a physical record at times.

MRR: What are your thoughts on Bandcamp?
Jensen: I think it's great.

MRR: Blogs?
Jensen: Ha! Blogs…Things like Bandcamp are really cool because the majority of the money goes directly to the bands. If you have a Bandcamp for your own band and people decide to buy a download from you, then you get all the money and that's great. You don't have to share it with anybody and you don't have to give 30% back to iTunes. That's a huge cut. I mean, what did they do? They just hosted it. That's a heavy premium. Bandcamp takes 15%, I think, but still that's better than what you're gonna get from iTunes. Things like that are really cool because then you have total control over what you're releasing too. In the same regard, we've always tried to make our downloads a little more deluxe than if someone just got it from a blog or something.

The WHITE WARDS LP…I'm not sure how this happened, but it leaked out to Soulseek or something. Some Russian dude had it up on his blog immediately. The record is still not out at this point and I'm getting emails from people asking if they can get the track listing for it. I'm like, "What do you need the track listing for?" and they respond with "Oh, I downloaded it from this Russian site and I just want to know what the songs are." No! I'm not gonna fuckin' tell you that. You stole the record…for free! Why am I going to help you with that? I still gotta try and release that thing and recoup some of the money I spent making these goddamn records! I'm not going to give you anything. Wait 'til it comes out and you can have the track listing or copy it from somewhere else off the internet. At the same time, we'll put it up on our Bandcamp page and put a lot of extra stuff with it. We'll make our version of it the best version that's out there. Our version of *White Glove Test* (IRON LUNG's 2013 double LP) has so much extra stuff. It's insane. People question why you would buy a download, but if you buy the download, you get the album, the noise album, the merged tracks of both albums. I don't know. It's like 60 songs. Well, I guess the noise album is just one track. It's a lot. Plus, all the artwork and extra shit that comes with it. If you're going to buy a digital thing, it might as well be super deluxe like that.

MRR: Yeah, I don't have two turntables to play both of your records at the same time.
Jensen: Most people don't but a rad thing happened that I did not anticipate. Friends would buy the double LP version when it was available…and most people only have one turntable, myself included. So, one friend would bring their whole stereo over, set it all up in their friend's house and then hang out and listen to both records together. I think that's so fucking cool! I did not expect for that to bring people together. That's just a thing that doesn't really happen anymore. People don't hang out in their houses and listen to records together. Everyone just hoards all the things that they buy, sitting alone in their room saying "I have all these records". This was rad. It was a weird social thing that just happened and I thought it was the best. People would send us photos of their crazy turntable set-ups that they cobbled together. One guy had a record player upstairs and a record player downstairs. He'd have to have two people positioned by the stereo and on the count of three, they'd start the records and then just it blast it throughout the house. It would just be this insanity. If they had pets, they'd probably be going crazy. Yet another good reason to own a physical thing. I mean, I guess some guy could've done that alone, threw it together on Garageband and then posted it on his blog so that all the other people sitting alone in their little rooms can read about the thing he or she did alone so they could also enjoy it alone…

MRR: Was there ever a band or record that you wanted to release that got away from you?
Jensen: For a while, I had an easy answer for that question, but then we ended up releasing it. For the longest time, there was an unreleased MENTALLY CHALLENGED LP sent to me for objective listening purposes and it just bowled me over from the very first note. I don't know if you're familiar with their first 7"s and the first batch of stuff that they did…but, it is incredibly original hardcore, "weird-punk" as they call it, and absolutely the kind of music we look for. A real showcase of singular vision coupled with the skill and drive to document it. MENTALLY CHALLENGED was the coolest, most original thing that I had heard in quite a long time. CC recorded the album, mixed, remixed, remixed again and then decided to not release it, but since I had the recording and thought, "This is fucking amazing. I love this!" I pushed him for Iron Lung to do it. He was just not really that into it. He sorta never wanted to hear it again and I understand what that's like. You spend a lot of time recording something. You listen to it a million times and then just decide that you hate it. That sucks, but it happens. Finally, I was like "Hey, what if we just don't put a name on it and it'll be a total mystery?" I know what it is and Jon knows what it is. He would know what it is and that's all people would need to know about it. Just that it's fucking good and it doesn't have to associate with anything. It can just be a thing with no identity. I thought it was the coolest thing and it totally worked. He was into it and we got to release it. I'm super stoked about it. There are other records that come out and I think, "Man, I wish I had gotten to release that," but at least it still came out. All the stuff that we do, I love it. I don't get jealous or anything…or crazy about shit. "Why didn't we get to do the fucking GAS RAG 7"?!! That was supposed to be ours!" Everybody's got their own thing and I can respect that. Who the fuck are we to take a release away from someone? We're just some guys.

MRR: Do the two of you have jobs outside of the label?
Jensen: [sighing heavily] Yes, absolutely.
Jon: The label does not support us.
Jensen: No support to be had. I manage a video store. It takes up a lot of my time that I could use to be doing label things…that I

need to do. I used to have more jobs, but I've been slowly getting rid of them, which is fantastic. I fucking hate working.... at least for someone else. If I worked for myself, I'd probably work a hundred hours a week, at least. I spend a lot of time doing things I like, but you gotta have something to make money with and that's certainly not a punk record label.

MRR: What are your thoughts on people making a living off of their art or band or record label?

Jensen: If it's possible, go for it. If that's the thing you love to do, you should do it. There should be nothing holding anyone back from doing that. It's sad that it's not easier. We were talking about it earlier today. If you want to be a filmmaker, it takes a lot time to make a film. It's a very involved process. It's highly creative and virtually impossible to make money from. You have to spend so much money and so much time to get virtually nothing back from it, usually. Punk, in general, is that way. You spend all of your own money and your own time doing this thing. You go out there and kill yourself forever…You might get ten people at a show and they're like "yeah, that's cool". Or "Dude, I bought that record. It's pretty good!" Or "Thanks for putting that out". That's the best that it gets and that's fucking cool, but that does not pay bills. Not by any means. So, if you have the ability to do it, if enough people like your art to make a living off of it, then fucking do it. Definitely. Life's too short to spend it working for the man.

MRR: Typically, a lot of punk labels don't get much recognition or interest outside of the "punk bubble," but it seems that increasingly bands on your label (for example, TOTAL CONTROL, EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, IRON LUNG) are being courted by more mainstream publications and interests. Do you think there's a reason for this, other than the bands just being good?

Jensen: Like I said earlier, press can be purchased and that goes a long way to making something popular. I think in the case of our band, we work really hard and play a lot of shows. We tour a lot and when we play, we try to do it well. We try to do something that people actually want to watch…not just go out there and slug it out and go through the motions. EDDY CURRENT and TOTAL CONTROL…as a person who doesn't play in those bands, when I watch them, I can see that there is something special about them. They have that thing. I don't know how to explain what that thing is, but some bands just have a thing. You watch it and you think "Whatever is going on here is not obvious to me, but it's amazing to watch." In the case of EDDY CURRENT, the first time I ever saw them, I was completely floored and they just have a basic band set-up…pretty basic song structures…but it's just so well done. They have a chemistry. You can't manufacture that and I think people catch on to that. That's how popularity works and it's really, really hard to do that on a natural level because just not that many bands have that immediate chemistry that people catch on to. I think in the case of IRON LUNG shows, I tend to talk a lot between songs, saying a lot of ridiculous things. I'm not sure why. I think it's just because I'm tired and wasting time 'til I catch my breath.

MRR: I knew it!

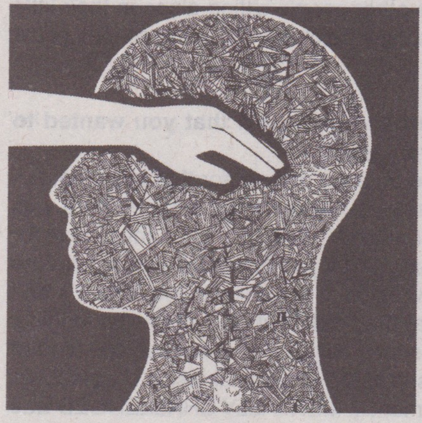
Jensen: You just have to *engage* people and bands don't do that too much. I don't script anything. It just happens in the moment. I'll go back and listen to live tapes. I'll think "Man, that thing that happened at that one show was fuckin' hilarious" and then, I'll listen to it and realize that it was totally stupid. Just dumb. I'd probably never say it again. But it was a time and a place. I've seen write-ups for IRON LUNG where they'll say like, "I went to see IRON LUNG and they were great and they played all of their songs really well, but they didn't talk. I was bummed." I'm like "Oh no… Is that what people wanna see?" They just want to see me make a fool out of myself instead of, say, play the drums well?

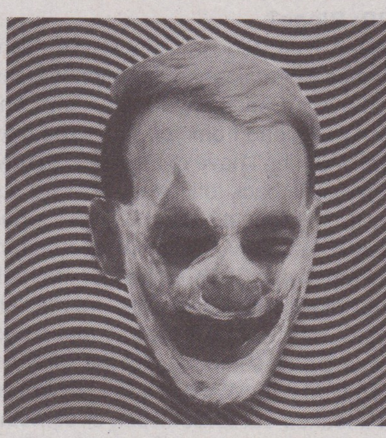
MRR: That's why people put out comedy tapes. (Referring to a cassette release entitled *Iron Lung Comedy Hour*)

Jensen: I never intentionally put out a comedy tape. That was all William's deal. He was like, "We gotta do this comedy hour thing." I mean, it's kinda funny and now I know there's an edit of it floating around on the internet with all the music taken out. It's *just the talking.* It's funny. I like it.

Jon: If you hear it out of context, it's really not that funny.

Jensen: No, it's not funny at all. You had to be there to understand the humor. But going back, bands getting recognized on a bigger sphere other than the DIY punk world, it happens all the time. If a band plays enough and more people see the band play…if they're *good,* the word travels. But also, there's these amazing bands that the world will never care about. LORDS OF LIGHT is a perfect example. Fucking incredible band and their shows were always good. I don't think I ever watched them miss a note. No one gave a fuck about them. People just don't get it. They don't get the music or the humor. GAS CHAMBER is another one. They're an amazing band. I watch them and I want to quit playing music because they're so fucking good! Nine out of ten of the people who have heard their music just don't understand it. There's just something about it that people can't





grasp onto immediately, so they just move on to the next thing and I think that's criminal. I don't know if I answered your original question.

MRR: I think that's fine. I was visiting some friends in Massachusetts a while back and we were watching *Superman 4*. We were all talking when a commercial came on and I heard EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING in the background…
Jensen: The AT&T commercial…

MRR: Yeah! My jaw just dropped and I said, "What the fuck is this?" None of my friends were familiar with it, so they were confused. It just blew my mind in the moment that I was hearing them on a corporate ad.
Jon: I had the same reaction. My jaw dropped and I was on the phone immediately saying, "What the fuck did I just see?"
Jensen: That was weird because we released a record by them and I was like, "Oh my god! That band is on an AT&T commercial! That's fucked up. That's insane." There was like a weird fall-out that happened from that. All of these people were like, "Fuck those guys". They were just done with EDDY CURRENT, but that band was kind of done at that point anyway. They were on the way out, so they licensed a song to a commercial and got paid a few bucks. That's a thing that happens. That, weirdly enough, led to some interesting conversations about licensing and using your songs for things that you didn't intend for them to be used for. That brings the integrity of the band into question also. Like, "Did they make these songs with intentions to sell them to AT&T or did they make the songs because they love the songs?" In EDDY CURRENT's case, they made those songs because those are the kinds of songs that they make. That's just what they do and other people happen to like it. What probably happened is that some young kid who's an intern at music school was like "I love this band and you should use this for your commercial because this song would be great for eating ice cream or calling your mom." The company was probably like "Youth market, blah, blah, blah…" They tried to justify using it in one way or another and that's how these things work. That whole realm is confusing and weird. Most DIY people don't ever worry about that because it's not like most of our music is ever going to go anywhere like that anyway, because it's too extreme for mainstream people to like. With punk and hardcore, it's just too aggressive to be used in any sort of commercial way, which is one of the things that makes it cool. It's inaccessible. Then again, the way that the music industry is set up these days, it's so hard to make any money playing music and there's a lot of money in licensing. A lot of bands do it. What do you fucking do? Like, there's a RORSCHACH song in *Zero Dark Thirty*… Did you see it?

MRR: Nah…
Jensen: The movie is amazing. I love it, but there's a RORSCHACH song in it during a torture scene. I felt like there's integrity to the film that doesn't go against what RORSCHACH's deal is. I love RORSCHACH. When I heard the song in the movie, I thought that, contextually, it works. It doesn't make their band seem stupid…at least not in my mind. I'm sure some people thought, "Ugh, what's this crazy racket? It makes perfect sense to torture someone to that." It's weird to hear bands that you know, or bands you've seen or your friend's bands in a commercially viable outlet…whether it's a commercial on TV or a song in a movie. This shit happens all the time. I know KIM PHUC licensed a song to a movie. I don't remember who it was. I never heard it or saw the movie, but they did it and no one seemed to get on their case about that.
Jon: Maybe no one knows yet…
Jensen: Possible!
Jon: Until now!
Jensen: We have friends who are filmmakers and want to use songs for their movies and that's fine. As long as it's something that you can stand behind as a product, then I think it's fine to let your music be used for it, if it works in context. Doing it for the money is kind of weird.

MRR: Do you have any advice for anyone who might want to start their own record label?
Jensen: Yeah. Don't do it. I'm just kidding. The best advice that I can offer to anyone is if you're going to do something like that, make it something that you would want. If you want it to be a piece of shit, then make it the best piece of shit possible. If you want it to be a shiny motherfucker, then shine the fuck out of it. There's no other reason to make things unless you can be proud of it, so take the time to make it right. That's all I want out of anything. Also, if you're going to start a record label, don't be afraid to ask questions. I think that really fucks a lot of people up. Like people will think, "Well, I got this done at the printer and I think it looks weird and I don't know why… but, I already spent the money on it, so I'll just put it out." Don't be afraid to ask the printer why it looks like that. It's okay. Those guys are willing to answer questions. Ask other labels. Some people get kind of weird about it though. I've definitely asked labels about where they got certain things made or where they were able to get a certain type of plastic sleeve and they've gotten all cagey. Like, they don't want you to step on their specific thing or whatever. It's not only your thing…it's a plastic sleeve. I can find it. I'm just asking them first. Don't wanna tell me? Whatever…

MRR: What are you excited about in the future of your record label?
Jensen: Me? The PIG HEART TRANSPLANT record…

MRR: Me too!
Jensen: That one is gonna be a real jam. IRON LUNG has a new 7" coming out soon. That's pretty exciting. The mixes are almost done. Obviously, all the shit that's almost out because it's great. We talked about those earlier. There're things on the table that may or may not happen, that I don't even want to talk about because I don't want to jinx them. If it happens, it'll be great. I'm always excited about everything that we're doing. I really like the bands that we get to work with and I like that they want to work with us.
Jon: I'm really excited about all of the new upcoming stuff. That's all I can say. It's not any one more than another. I think they're all equally great.

MRR: That's what I expected.
Jensen: It's not the most exciting answer in the world…

MRR: But it's great to be excited about the records you're putting out into the world.
Jensen: Exactly.

MRR: Any final words?
Jon: Thank you.
Jensen: It's not over yet. It's never over.

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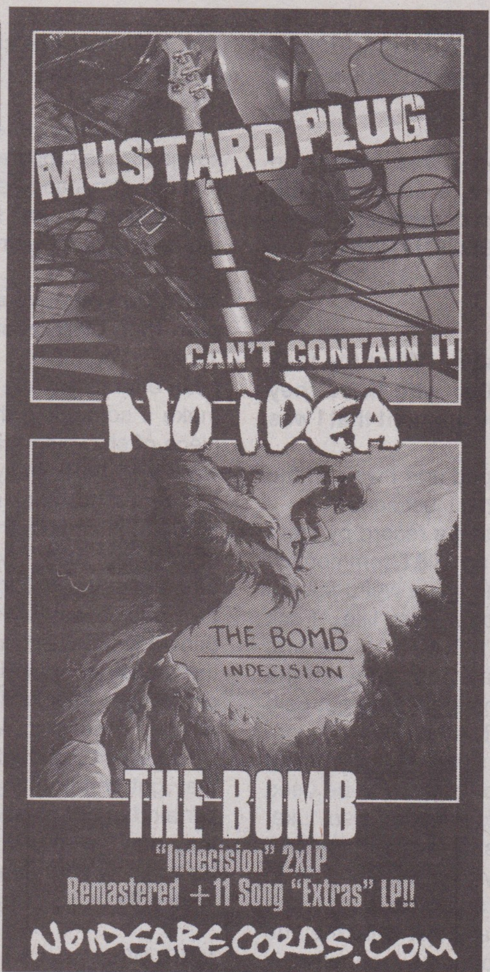

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BANDS:

Kuudes Silmä:
Alisa - drums
Jere - guitar / vokes,
Matti - bass
Pinni - synths

Maailmanloppu:
Aleksi - guitar
Jasse - vokes
Pude - bass
Tumppi - drums

This summer two of Finland's current and more distinguishable bands of punks will thaw themselves out and travel to the United States to make some noise, lose some sleep, lose some weight and sweat their asses off. Maailmanloppu are from Kouvola, which is about 85 miles northeast of Helsinki, the capital and home of Kuudes Silmä. Separated by only a few miles, the bands are similarly separated by distinct styles, but they manage to bridge these narrow divides by latching on to what they have in common; an upbringing in the frozen darkness and a method for making that world auditory. No strangers to one another, shared venues at home, a recent split EP and this combined interview demonstrate how well they fit together and how a cooperative spirit tends to permeate the Finland's punk society. Interview by Jouni Parkku (Ajatuksen Valo zine, JPAR Records, Finland) and Larry Nance (2nd grade public school teacher, Bad Hair Life Records, Texas)

MRR: Hey, what's up?

Aleksi: Nothing too special. I'm at my workplace drinking coffee, listening to some punk, answering these questions—and getting paid for it!

Jere: I'm also at work, blasting Criminal Damage through the stereo! Let's give this e-mail interview a try.

MRR: So, how did these two bands form?

Aleksi: Our drummer Tumppi and I wanted to form a band together. The idea was just to make some good hardcore punk sung in Finnish. We went to the practice place a few times together to try some songs out. It worked out really well so we asked Jasse to sing and Pude to play bass. They were a natural choice because they were already our friends and very talented in what they do. And so we had a band. This happened in Kouvola during winter 2010/2011.

Jere: I think Aleksi is a better person to answer this question since he was actually there when Kuudes Silmä was formed. I joined the band a lot later.

Aleksi: Yeah that's actually true! Though I have never played in the band, I was one of the founding members. It was a drunken night in Berlin with three friends. We talked the whole night about this new cool band we were gonna do when we got back to Finland. We even came up with the name Kuudes Silmä and all. I don't know why I wasn't called to the practice when things started rolling. Maybe I'm too good looking and the others would have to stay in my shadow or something! Anyway, their bass player Matti is the only original member from that trip who's still in the band.

Jere: That was around late 2009. During the next summer the original singer Marko, who also screams in Kylmä Sota, asked me to join the band as a drummer at first, but when the first practice took place a few months later, I was asked to play guitar instead. Jukka from Silent Scream was our first drummer before Alisa replaced him. By the time we were ready to play our first gig in the summer of 2012 Marko had left the band and Anne, our first keyboardist, followed him after the gig. Pinni, who was Alisa's flatmate at the time, replaced Anne soon after. Pretty confusing, huh? The only lineup change after that happened this spring when it became clear that Pinni wouldn't be able to take part in the US Tour. Sirkku was an obvious choice to replace her since she had been our driver for quite some time, knew the songs and is a talented musician.

MRR: Do you think you have any common influences? Your music has their clear influences (with Maailmanloppu being specialized in Finnish classic hardcore and Kuudes Silmä with a post-punk orientation), but neither of the bands are copycats. You both have a sound of your own.

Aleksi: Yeah I think we do. We are a hardcore punk band with some post-punk and anarcho-punk influences. And Kuudes Silmä does it vice versa.

Jere: We've played in lots of different hardcore and punk bands before Kuudes Silmä, so it's only natural that we have a certain punk edge in our sound. We have a lot in common when it comes to influences, but I think Maailmanloppu's post-punk leans more towards Finnish classics while we're more influenced by the old UK stuff. But of course bands like Musta Paraati and Lama are a huge influence and I'd like to think we have some of that spirit in our music.

MRR: We'll continue with tough questions. What do you think you have in common or, on the contrary, what certainly tears you apart from each other?

Aleksi: We have a lot in common if you look deep. After all, we are two DIY punk bands who love punk, post-punk, hardcore, etc. We just blend the influences differently in our songs. And because we are all friends, maybe it's love that will tear us apart?

Jere: I think we have fewer rules than the guys in Maailmanloppu, although Matti wasn't too happy when I wore camo shorts for gigs last summer. Apparently you can't do shit like that if you play goth punk? Punk rules are meant to be broken!

Aleksi: Rules are important. For example in our band: Number 1. No shorts on the stage, you must have long trousers. Number 2. No eyeglasses on the stage, but with an exception that I can wear them—I made that rule hence the privilege!

MRR: What are some of the major themes in your songwriting?

Aleksi: Music-wise to not to sound too modern, but also not to sound just like a pale copy of the great Finnish bands from the '80s. Same goes with the lyrics too—to approach punk topics, but to have something of your own to say also.

Jere: Well, we don't really have any restrictions when it comes to songwriting and lyrical themes, but somehow we always tend to write more or less about anxiety and depression—basic observations on human nature. Those are easy themes to write about when you can't go to a commuter train without eating some sedatives. Even though the themes are pretty dark, we don't take ourselves too seriously and there's a lot of dark humor between the lines...blah blah blah.

Aleksi: Most of our lyrics are quite dark too, but they are not just visions of the end. There's some hope there also—although the name Maailmanloppu means "the end of the world" so I guess that tells you something!

MRR: Both of you have released records on Combat Rock Industry, although Maailmanloppu has released records on Kämäset Levyt, Bad Hair Life and Passing Bells too. How's it been working with these labels?

Aleksi: The guys behind these labels are our friends and everything has worked out really well. Jukkeli from Kämäset released our very first record and he sings backing vocals on some of our records. And Jallu who runs Passing Bells has made all of our artwork, every record cover, shirt design etc.—they both are an essential part of this band! Jani's Combat Rock Industry is very cool too and we are happy to be on the label.

Jere: Combat Rock Industry was a natural choice for us when we were looking for people to release our music, but

it could have been Kämäset as well. We all know each other and it would be easy to work with any of these labels. CRI is located in Helsinki and it's always easy to pop in to Jani's shop for a cup of coffee and talk about stuff face to face, especially now that I work for him in CRI's record store.

MRR: Now you are heading to the United States for a tour there. What do you expect from that tour? Whose idea was it to organize the whole tour? What does it take to organize a tour like this?

Jere: I think the seeds were planted about a year ago at a festival we played together with Maailmanloppu. Aleksi? I had been messaging with Arctic Flowers' Stan Wright and we talked about touring the States. It would've been a lot more difficult to arrange the tour by ourselves but fortunately Pude contacted Mr. Larry Nance who had organized a tour for Pahaa Verta a few years back and he happily agreed to book the tour for us. Stan has also helped us out with a few Northwest shows. Last time I toured the States with my old band our guitar player booked most of the shows by himself with almost zero contacts, sending hundreds of e-mails and so on. It wasn't an easy job and I'm grateful we have someone like Larry doing this for us. We're gonna play cool venues with amazing bands like Arctic Flowers, Criaturas and Crimson Scarlet. Can you ask for more?

Aleksi: Yeah, we had been talking about touring in the States. So when we heard Kuudes Silmä had similar plans it was a natural thing to unite our forces!

MRR: Touring is increasingly expensive and the cost of attending punk shows remains about the same as it did thirty years ago. In your opinion, what can others do to help bands make an international tour possible?

Aleksi: Any help is good. Organize gigs, spread the word about touring bands and so on. And the most important thing: Go and see the bands even if they aren't the most hyped thing at the moment. And if you like the band, maybe buy their record or shirt or something.

Jere: Of course merchandise sales are important for touring bands. So kids, please buy records and T-shirts!

MRR: Many American cities seem to lack dedicated and reliable spaces to host all ages shows. Is this a problem in Finland? Do you believe this is an important concern?

Aleksi: Most shows in Finland happen in bars. So yeah, usually you have to be eighteen to get in. Fortunately there are some all ages shows too, but I think there should be more. People in the Finnish punk scene are getting older and it would be great to see more new blood coming to the gigs and maybe bringing some new bright ideas and enthusiasm with them. And of course it's great to get to play to younger punks 'cause they haven't already seen hundreds of gigs, unlike the older punks. But I know that for organizers it's usually a lot easier to set up a show in a bar.

Jere: The Union of Conscientious Objectors hosts great all ages punk shows every other month in Helsinki. But yeah, I'm almost 30 years old and I still feel like a youngster in the scene so hopefully there will be a new generation of kids into DIY punk in the future.

MRR: Punk is international. There should be no boundaries here, but still language seems to create a barrier for some, whether consciously or not. Do you think it is necessary for audiences to know the language or song topics to appreciate the show? Is it important to you that the audience knows?

Aleksi: If you have something to say then it's important. We don't talk too much on stage 'cause we try to keep the mayhem going on without stopping, but we are happy if someone wants to know more, for example after the show.

MRR: Are there any other bands that you are currently involved with? If so, what is your role?

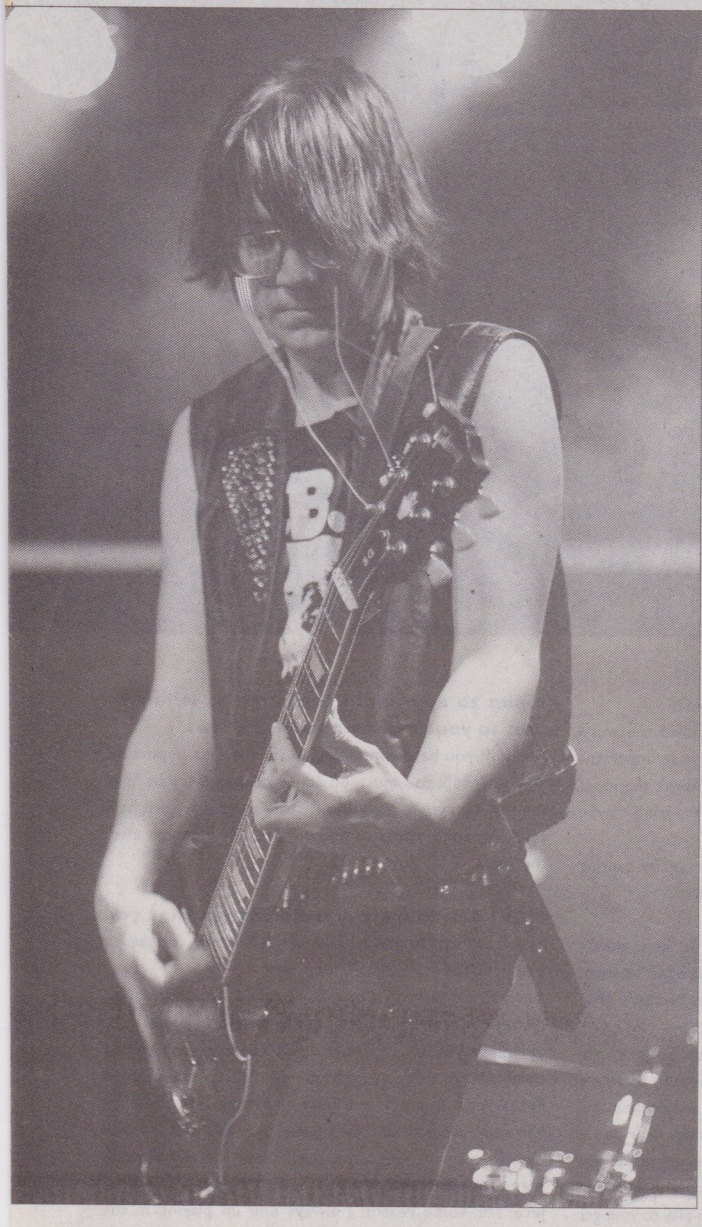
Aleksi: I play bass in a new band called Kohti Tuhoa. It's heavily distorted hardcore punk with female vocals sung in Finnish. We have a 7" out on Svart Records. All other three Maailmanloppu guys play in the aforementioned Pahaa Verta. Tumppi and Pude also have a band called Nervous System and they have two EPs out already. Tumppi plays in few other bands too—he is Kouvola's own drum machine!

Jere: For some reason I always end up playing in the same bands with Alisa. At the moment we play in a heavy hardcore band called Idiocracy. Hanna from Ydinperhe is our singer and I guess one could describe it as a mix between Sacrilege and Nausea. We also have this new punk rock band called Apathetics. Alisa also plays guitar in Vendida and recently played drums for Palace Beautiful. Sirkku was their singer. At the moment, she sings in a new punk band and Matti plays bass for them. Hmm... what else... I think there are too many old bands to mention here.

MRR: During the past few years there's been a slight rise in the popularity of post-punk, at least within the Finnish punk scene. I mean,

no one played this kind of music, let's say five years ago. Not that there weren't any post-punk bands, but most of those band seemed to come out from the gothic scene. What do you think of this?

Jere: I wouldn't necessarily go that far. Most of my friends have been listening to these bands for ages and I think people just didn't think of playing that kind of stuff in punk circles before. I mean for instance I had a very Chameleons/the Cure influenced "indie band" like ten years ago but we hardly got anything recorded except for some shitty practice tapes. It was a lot easier to just stick with the hardcore punk thing I guess.



Aleksi: I want to hear those tapes!

MRR: What does Kuudes Silmä mean in English?

Jere: Kuudes Silmä can be translated as Sixth Eye. It's a stupid wordplay between two classic goth bands from Finland; Kuudes Tunti and Silmät.

MRR: Without limiting yourself to punk rock, who are some of your favorite bands?

Jere: Leatherface, Rudimentary Peni, Lama, Void, the Mob, Wipers, Joy Division and New Order, Suede, the Smiths and Morrissey, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, the Cure, 1981, Maailmanloppu, Prince, and Roxette.

Aleksi: There are so many good bands. Here are some of my favorites: Discharge, Amebix, Crucifix, Kaaos, Varaus, Lama, Mellakka, Musta Paraati, Nolla Nolla Nolla, Kuro, Poison Arts, Gauze, Death Side, Iconoclast, Joy Division, the Sound, the Mob, Rudimentary Peni, Crass, 1981, Kuudes Silmä and Skizophrenia. Too many to mention!

MRR: Outside of music, what are some other inspirations for what you are doing?

Jere: Beer, books and B-movies!

Aleksi: Same things basically. Sitting in a bar drinking a few beers or staying home reading a book or watching a movie.

MRR: Would you describe your bands as serious bands or something just for fun?

Jere: I think it can be both. We try to channel all the negative things in life through our music, but besides that I would say it's all about fun. Being in a band is fucking awesome and you get to tour all over, write cool music and drink lots of beer with your best friends.

MRR: You are from two different cities and probably have two different perspectives about punk in Finland. What are punk shows like there? How are they organized? What is the environment like at these shows?

Aleksi: I'm from a small town called Kouvola. When I was a teenager there nothing was happening, so I, and almost all of my friends, moved to bigger cities. The town felt so dead. After that, the next punk generation rose up there and instead of moving away they formed new bands and started organizing gigs. The other Maailmanloppu members still live there and have organized hundreds of shows already and that's really cool. Now I live in Helsinki, the capital of Finland and there's a lot happening here. Many people organize gigs in different kinds of venues. Most of those are bars, but there are a few different places too. The atmosphere is usually good and most people actually watch the bands, but we still need a real punk place, a venue run by punks. I guess then we would be doing fine. Here in Helsinki there is a cooperative called Osuuskunta82 and they are working to make it happen. Hopefully it happens soon! There are gigs around the year, but summer is more about festivals, like Puntala-rock, Hässäkkäpäivät and LPRHC Fest—the places to be!

MRR: Are there many non-Finnish bands that play in Finland? Which cities would be best for a band from another country to land a show in?

Jere: Compared to other European countries, I would say not that many. We're kinda isolated, mostly because if a band travels from Sweden they'll miss a whole day on a ferry to Finland and not that many bands want to come from the east through the Baltics and Russia. But if you decide to play in Finland, which is highly recommended, good cities for punk bands would be Helsinki, Tampere, Turku, Oulu and maybe Kouvola(?).

Aleksi: And Jyväskylä.

MRR: How do you feel about tags or labels on music, such as hardcore, post-punk, goth, death rock, crust, synth, garage, etc.? Do you think they can be divisive?

Jere: Obviously there has to be a way to describe your musical style to someone who hasn't heard of you, but whether it's hardcore, post-punk, or crust... it's all just punk to me. The Finnish punk scene isn't that big so there's room for all the sub-genres. Crossover gigs including, let's say, garage, goth rock, speed metal and NY style hardcore are actually pretty common these days. As long as you're anti-fascist, you'll fit in just fine.

Aleksi: Yeah, mixing things up a bit is good thing. Like our tour now. The bands are different from each other, but the similarities make it work together.

MRR: Outside of punk rock, what do you do to pay the bills?

Aleksi: I work in the Finnish TV-news. Not too punk, or what do you think?! Jasse makes bread and Tumppi and Pude help mentally ill people.

Jere: I sell punk rock records via the Combat Rock Shop so punk rock pays my bills in a way, ha ha! Alisa is a university student, Sirkku is a hairdresser and Matti just quit his job to concentrate on more important stuff in life.

Aleksi: Matti is making a career out of beer and punk now?

Jere: As a professional beer drinking man!

MRR: Are you able to swim in cold water without getting hypothermia? Jasse?

Aleksi: I hate cold water and I would never do that. I asked if Jasse has something to say about it because he actually does it regularly every winter. This is what he answered: "Ice swimming is a popular hobby in Finland and a wonderful way to enjoy winter!"—I think the Finnish government is paying him for lobbying this insanity to get more tourists here or something!

MRR: Is it true that in Finland everyone knows one another?

Aleksi: In the punk scene: yes! Well, at least almost all the people who play in bands know each other.

MRR: Do you have anything else in mind?

Aleksi: We are really looking forward to the gigs in the States. Hopefully we will meet many punks and see some cool local bands. Stay punk!

Jere: There's only one nation and that's the rock'n'roll nation!

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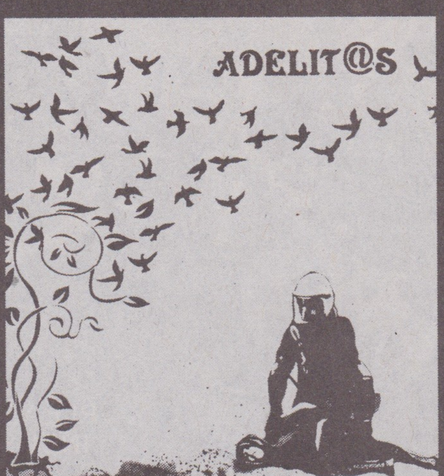

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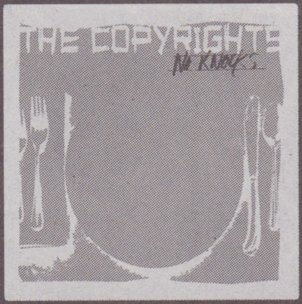

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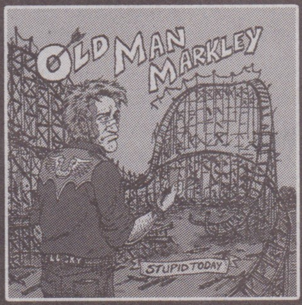

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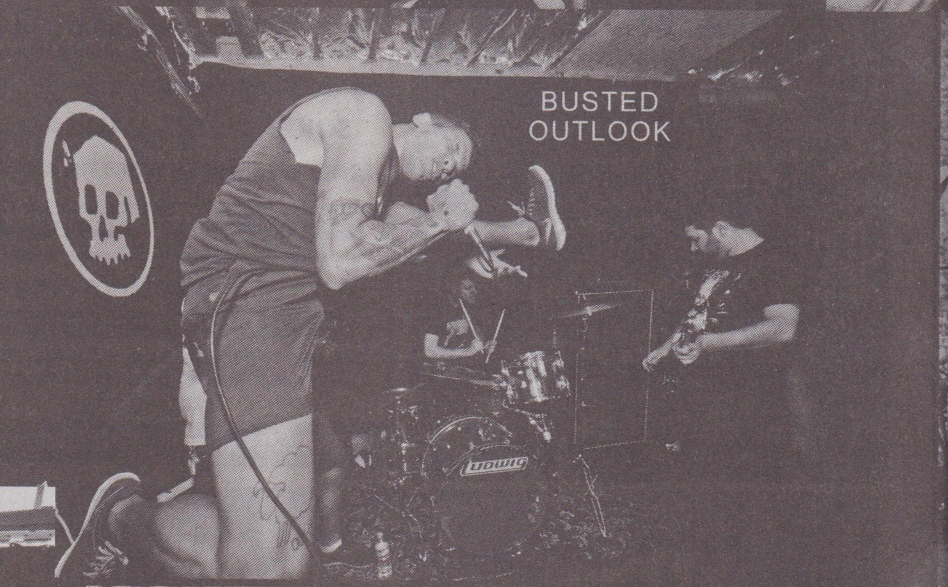
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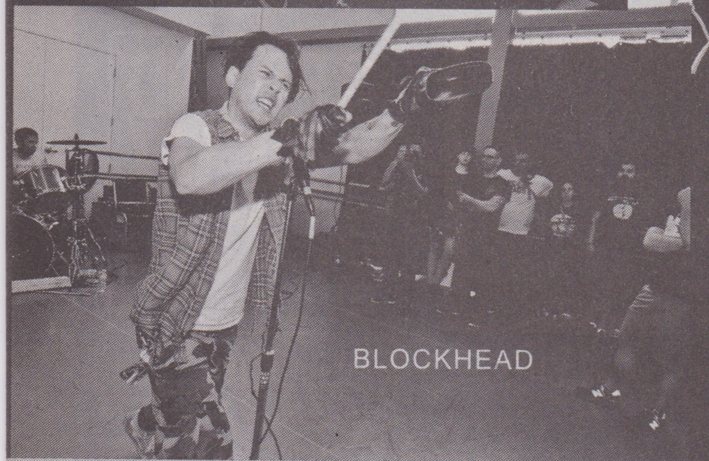
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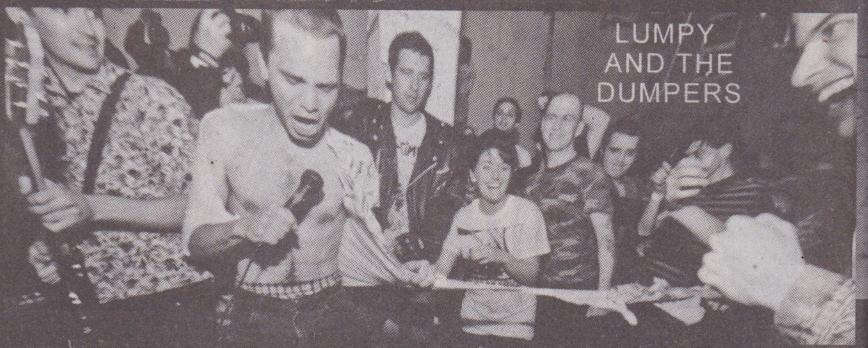
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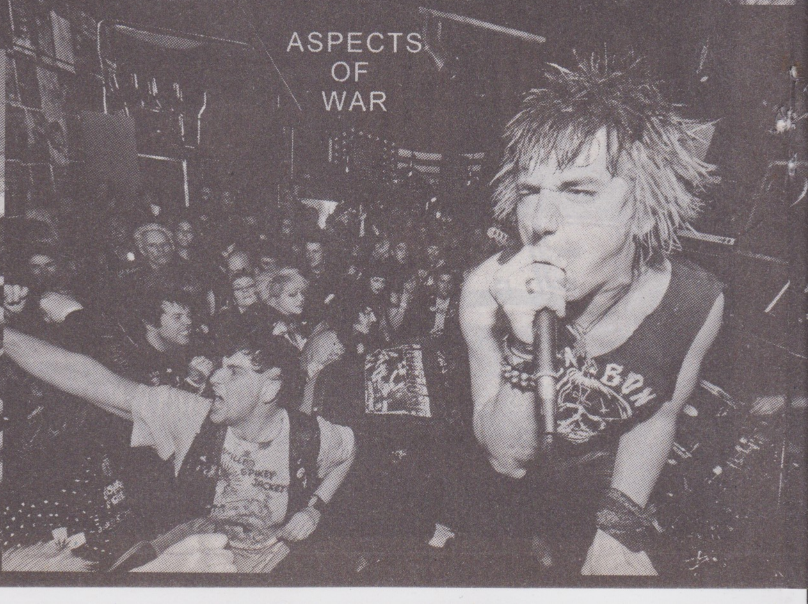
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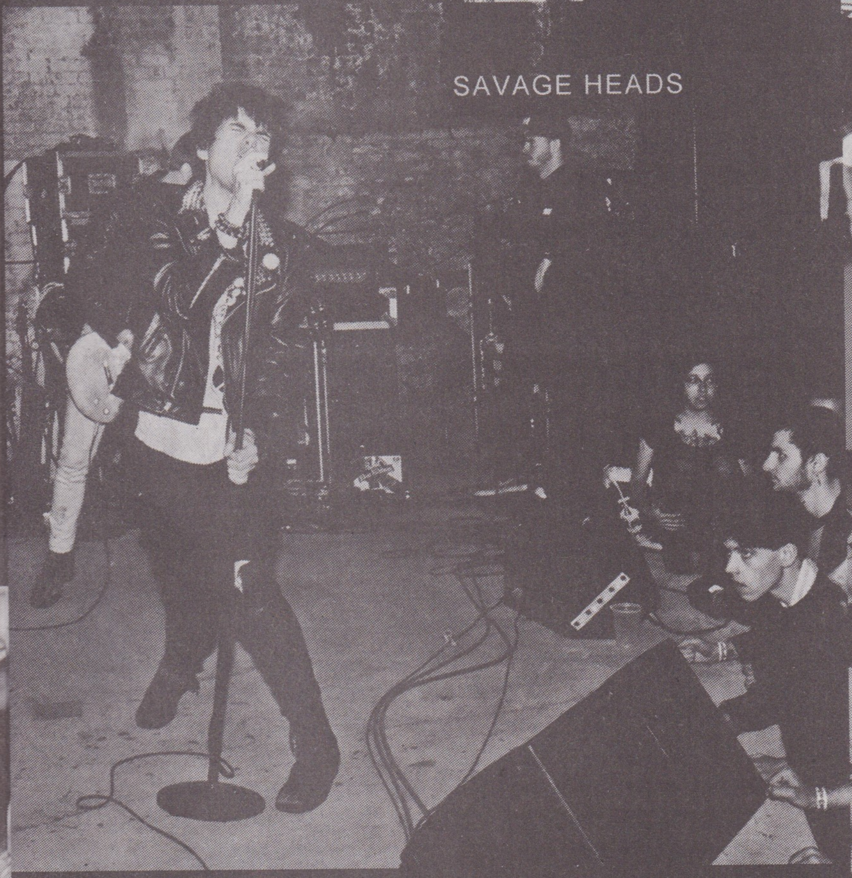
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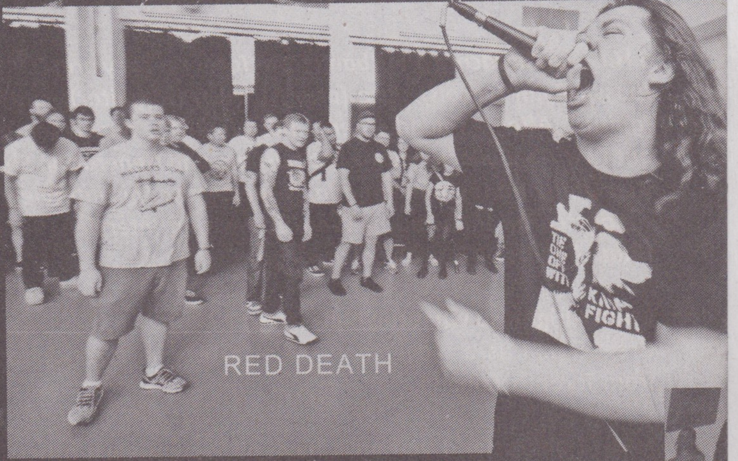
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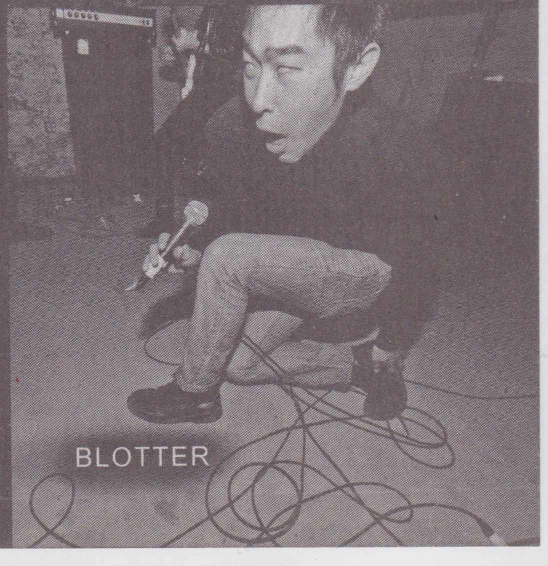
BLOTTER

SHIT

S.H.I.T. is a hardcore punk band from Toronto. They are: DeMarco (bass), Ryan (vocals), Jose (drums), Warren (guitar), and Greg (guitar). After a splendid demo back in 2012, they recently put out two 7"s, Collective Unconsciousness and Generation Shit, on Iron Lung and Lengua Armada, respectively. This interview was conducted on their recent West Coast tour. Interview by Jason Halal. Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy.

MRR: Alright, so what the hell is S.H.I.T.?
Greg: S.H.I.T. is a movement. We're a five-piece rock'n'roll act from Toronto, Canada.

MRR: I understand you guys have all known each other for a long time.
Greg: Much longer than the band has existed.
Ryan: That's kinda what the band means to me, it's like...
DeMarco: Friendship?
Ryan: Yeah, I mean I met all these people through music and we're still friends and now we're getting together to make something and contribute back to what brought us together.
Jose: These aren't my friends.
Greg: And now we're a roving gang of idiots.

MRR: OK, so your demo was very well received and now, two years later, you've put out these two 7"s. Why did it take so long?
Greg: A lot of reasons. These two 7"s were both recorded a year ago and they just kinda took their time to get out. We wrote and recorded them over a series of time, and then we were slow to mix it, slow to do artwork. The second one got delayed because of artwork, and so it was just this never-ending process of slowness. There was no immediacy to it.

MRR: Was there any anxiety about living up to the demo?
Greg: For me absolutely not. I still find it surprising that people like the demo. There were no personal expectations.
Ryan: Well, we started the band with the lowest expectations possible.
Greg: The band's called S.H.I.T. [laughs]
Ryan: We got together for fun pretty much.

MRR: When did it become a serious thing?
Greg: It's still not a serious thing.

MRR: Well, when did it become what it is now?
Greg: You mean how did we end up on the West Coast? Well, we just thought, "Hey can we do this and not lose a lot of money?" and that's about it. We're just doing the things that manage to be possible for us. To me, it hasn't really changed between then and now.

MRR: So talking specifically about the record, what's new and what's the same?
Ryan: The recordings haven't been heard before, but they're not that new.
Greg: We've been playing these songs for over a year-and-a-half. The recordings are new to people. I think finally there's a bit more cohesiveness to what the band is. I think there's finally a distinct visual style, but other than that...

MRR: Speaking of which, we talked a bit about art earlier and what you were shooting for. Tell us about who did it and they kinds of ideas you were working with.
Greg: I think it was a combination of a bunch of different perspectives. Personally, I think it's smart to take your influences and put your own spin on them. When I look at that record I think of Pushead and Crass. But that's separate from what influenced the artwork and Ryan is probably better to speak about that. I like the illustrative style and we did that style to stand out from a lot of what everyone else is doing.
Ryan: I think the original intention was to collaborate with Jaybo just based on the music and the lyrics. The hope was to have him interpret the music and lyrics because we really like the work he's done before and he's a friend of ours. We also chose him because his work is distinct and it's not typical of a lot of punk stuff.

MRR: Did you give him a lot of visual cues?
Ryan: On the second record we did. With the first he was more in control of what he wanted to play with. We gave him the lyrics and the tracks and discussed the subject matter with him. So the first was more of a collaboration, we had more discussions and used his ideas to build a picture.

MRR: Are you happy with the way it turned out?
Ryan: Yeah, absolutely. It looks amazing.
Greg: And on the inside of the second record, the artworks is done by Matt Belosi from Philly. And that was just another idea related

to one of the songs on the record. We originally did it for a shirt and then realized that would be a cool poster.

MRR: That gets to another thing we discussed the other day, Greg. The idea of being part of a hardcore continuum, a tradition, but at the same time either trying to break some new ground or explore some territory that isn't totally predictable or already been done to death. Tell us about that.

Greg: Well I think this comes from the idea that punk is probably more prone to be repetitive than anything else. To me at least, punk was never supposed to be something you could just dress up for and then when you're done with it, just piss off. It was supposed to be more than fashion, more than music, it was supposed to be a way of life. And a lot of times as you get older you learn that's not the case for a lot of people who come through it. It is a lot of dressing up. It's a lot of appropriating something as opposed to doing something. We are a hardcore punk band, we are indebted to the history of punk, but I'm not necessarily interested in what the word punk embodies in 2014 in terms of Fat Wreck Chords or Warped Tour or any of what that more mainstream punk represents. Even the micro-cliques in punk just seem to be a rehash of something. I'm far more interested in community and politics and I think that part of being a hardcore punk band is being representative of what punk was at its roots, that being a community of individuals looking to create something that actually works together to confront the status quo. It shouldn't be about the tropes that have been carried on for the last however many years.

MRR: OK, so I wanna talk about Toronto. Tell me about the state of punk and DIY music in your hometown.

Jose: Could be worse.

DeMarco: I think it's in a cool state, and I feel like there are younger bands coming out, but none of the kids our age are still doing stuff. And maybe I just don't hear it... I mean, there's FARANG, they're doing stuff, but I feel like a lot of those guys have just faded away.

Greg: There're a lot of young kids and they're all doing stuff to the point where, if I did a show and neglected to put a younger band on the show, none of those kids would come. They're becoming the life's blood of the scene in terms of attendance and supporting the scene. There are mainstays like FARANG, COLUMN OF HEAVEN, SEVERE, but the crowd is younger and newer these days.

MRR: So let's talk about the venue then. Greg, you've been doing the majority of shows in town for a few years now and you just opened a venue. Talk about it and what you're trying to do with it.

Greg: I guess the goal is... well, as Andy from Column of Heaven once said to me, punk music is about taking space. If this is something that is not the societal norm, the first thing you need to do is to find a space for it to grow. I always found that when I was booking shows elsewhere that, while there are venues that are hospitable to punk and hardcore in Toronto, there hasn't been a consistent DIY venue for any more than a year and a half. And I was always looking for a space. I stumbled across a space on Craigslist and went by and saw it and it's literally a cinderblock basement and it sorta became this harebrained scheme. So Warren and I chased the guy for like six weeks to get a lease and he finally gave it to us. The landlord is super cool, he's a young guy into Burning Man, into partying, just super chill. He's cool about us tagging up the place because he knows he can't really rent it to anyone. He's even told me about knowing people who intended to come to a show. So it's basically a basement we're using for shows. And so most shows I do go there. I basically book it and deal with the money side of things and make sure we're not losing a ton of money, but there's a whole crew of us making this thing work, be it bar tending, watching out for cops out front, cleaning the place, crushing empties, doing sound. There's a ton of people that have been cycling through and helping out.

MRR: All of you guys help out there, right?

Greg: Yeah, Bobo's got a tiki bar there called Bobo's Reprise. Our friend Andy Weaver has kinda taken the de facto role of super, making sure things get done. For example, he had an ulcer or something the other day and said, "I can't do it, I can't go by there, I can't bend over" and then four hours later I got a message saying, "Yeah I cleaned up the whole place." [Laughs] And Sarde's helped bartend a bunch and helps me with the books.

MRR: Who are some of the bands that have played there?

Greg: DAWN OF HUMANS, HANK WOOD, DESTRUCTION UNIT, BREAKOUT, INSTITUTE, CRIMINAL CODE, NIGHT BIRDS, the WANKYS, ASPECTS OF WAR, KONTRAVOID, PHARMAKON...

MRR: Is S.H.I.T. the official house band?

Greg: We've only played there once before.

MRR: Well, let's remind people, the name of the venue is...

Greg: S.H.I.B.G.B.'s

MRR: There are some alternative acronyms too, right?

Greg: S.H.I.B.G.B.'s and O.M.G.F.U. because that's what people say when they hear it's called S.H.I.B.G.B.'s, "Oh my god. Fuck you." That's

I think that part of being a hardcore punk band is being representative of what punk was at its roots, that being a community of individuals looking to create something that actually works together to confront the status quo.

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the gag. It's just like the band name; it's a pretentiousness detector. It's like people who go, "Oh that band's called S.H.I.T.?" or "Oh, that venue's called S.H.I.B.G.B.'s?" Anybody who has that reaction to the band, we don't want them around anyway. They probably have an awful attitude.

MRR: What's been difficult about the place?
Greg: Everything.
Jose: Dealing with Greg is probably most difficult. [Laughs]

MRR: Drunk little kids?
Greg: Yeah, it's sort of this place with no rules other than be yourself.
Warren: Isn't Burning Man?
Ryan: Trying to keep it going while keeping it on the down low as well.
Greg: Yeah, I'm prone to stress and I freak out every time the cops drive by.

MRR: Have the cops visited?
Greg: They have not been inside; they haven't stopped or gotten out of the car either.

MRR: Do you let people outside?
Greg: We try to keep it to a minimum but it's hard to do. We don't have a strict no re-entry policy. Kids in Toronto expect a lot of freedoms and complain when they're not given them. So I think it'll last as long as it lasts and maybe it'll be something more or maybe it'll end next month. The whole idea is it's there now and it will be there until it's not.

MRR: OK, so getting back to the band, you guys have done some one-off things like S.H.I.T.M.A.S.. Tell us about that.
Ryan: Well we threw a show between Christmas and New Years, it was a pretty stacked gig and we wanted to make it a celebration so we had all this special stuff. We tried to make this over the top, sensational event. We gave away free things we made stupid merch...
Greg: We had a bunch of band money sitting in a closet basically. I don't remember where the idea came up with but we just spent all this money printing shirts and making a zine and pins and—what else was there?
Ryan: The S.H.I.T. guy photo booth.
DeMarco: The Feast of Shame.

MRR: What's that?
Ryan: It was all this really gross food bought from the dollar store, like Vienna sausages and canned fish, it was pretty disgusting.
Greg: I think it's hilarious for a band to have a holiday.
Ryan: It's a celebration.
Greg: A gathering of a community.
MRR: Festivus for the rest of us.
Warren: Gathering of the Juggalos.
Greg: I was shocked at how many people came out. It was like the night before New Year's Eve and we had about 200 people come. I think a lot of people didn't know

about the free stuff because it was in this back room.
DeMarco: Also, a lot of people didn't come out for New Year. I didn't see a lot of people out the next night.
Ryan: We ruined New Year.
Greg: But there will be a S.H.I.T.M.A.S. this year. If S.H.I.B.G.B.s still exists in December it will be there. We've played bar shows, we're not opposed to it, but I think it's important that S.H.I.T.M.A.S. happens in an alternative space. But how cool would that be if S.H.I.T. has its own holiday at its own space?

MRR: OK, we're almost done here. Do you guys think that the stuff you're doing here—as friends who are also a little bit older than the new generation of kids we've been talking about—is this an attempt to build something for future generations? Because it does seem inherently optimistic.
DeMarco: I hope so.
Greg: Yeah, the whole point of this is to keep it going. It's not ours. The music is not inherently optimistic whatsoever, but the whole idea of the band's existence needs to be born of some optimism. Building a community is about spreading that optimism as much as it is about the literal message of the music. It's more than music, it's a way of life! [Laughs]

MRR: So what's next?
Greg: We had a band meeting. It was the week after S.H.I.T.M.A.S. We went out to a cheap Italian restaurant. Everyone gets really excited when the band can afford to pay for a meal. And we talked about what we're gonna do for the next year. We said, "Let's write a LP" and everyone was like, "Yeah let's do it!" And we haven't practiced since! [Big laughs] So the plan, I dunno... Maybe you'll see a dance remix, a DJ 12". We want to do a record and go to

Europe. We're playing London in the fall, and I think we want to actually do a proper tour but we want to have something more than what we have now to go do that.

MRR: Last question. This is because I know that Montreal and Toronto have a very friendly and sometimes jovially contentious rivalry. I know about the Shitty Hipsters in Toronto acronym (thanks, Spoiler). So this is your chance, let's have at it.
Greg: About Montreal?
Ryan: We love Montreal.
Greg: If I can slag the city and not the people I'm friends with...

MRR: Come on, just do it.
Greg: Montreal to me suffers from what a lot of other big cities suffer from. There're so many punks that the scene just schisms. So while there are significantly more punks in Montreal, and less in Toronto or Ottawa, it seems like those cities will always have a bigger show because everyone works together a little bit more. It's easy in Montreal to say, "this is our venue, this is our space, you're not welcome here," or "I'm not going 'cause it's at that venue," whereas in Toronto we're always struggling through something, like no real venue options, and everyone has to depend on each other.
Ryan: I don't think that's what Jason was looking for.
Greg: I don't have anything bad to say about Montreal!
DeMarco: Well, fuck the Canadiens.
All: Yeah!

MRR: Alright, well done, boys. Over and out.

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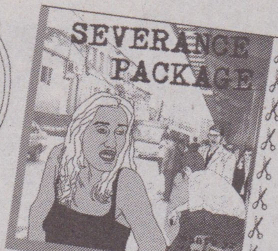

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PAUL BIRNBAUM

is not only a former drummer of Septic Death, he is especially a great, communicative person, living through music and having an enormous passion for hardcore punk. I am really pleased to be in touch with him, to listen to the bands he played in, and still plays in, and now also to find out about how he thinks and looks at issues that interest me, or just to listen to a story of one punk's way through life...

Personally, what I love about hardcore punk the most is the creativity, spontaneity and desire to do things one's own way. And it does not matter whether you're 20 or 50. It's just you, here and now, creating and living a life for yourself that cannot be lived by anybody else. Interview by Marek Gasmask. Photos provided by Paul.

MRR: Isn't it boring, to hear only about Septic Death all the time? (A little bickering for the start.)
It's not boring for me to hear about Septic Death still today. It's something that I did with some friends and I'm very proud of it. It has also enabled me to meet a lot of people all over the world—some of whom I've become really great friends with. I don't like when people think of Septic Death as just Pushead. Pushead was/is the artwork, but Septic Death was all of us. We all worked really hard to do what we did.

MRR: Who is Paul Birnbaum? Please introduce yourself...
Hello, My name is Paul. I was/am the drummer of Septic Death. I love music. I love punk record collecting. I love traveling. I live in Boise, Idaho USA. I'm a friendly guy—if you see me, don't be afraid to talk to me!

MRR: How did you get into punk/ hardcore? Is it love for a lifetime?
I grew up in Southern California in the late '70s and started to hear about punk rock. But I was still very young. I also skateboarded since a very young age. My family moved to Boise, Idaho in 1979. Boise was stuck in the past compared to Southern California—so it was very easy for me to recognize other people who were also from California. I made some friends quickly and we were all into skateboarding. Through those friends and skateboarding I got into punk rock. The fast, aggressive music was perfect for skateboarding.

MRR: You play drums, guitar and sing. Did I forget anything? Is there any other instrument that you'd want to learn to play? When did you start playing?
I started playing drums when I was ten in a school band. When I was thirteen, my parents bought me my first drum set—this was spring 1981. This is when Septic Death started. During Septic Death rehearsals I would watch Onj play guitar and when we would take breaks I would try playing his guitar. I eventually taught myself to play guitar and bass from just watching Onj. I love playing music and always want to learn new instruments. I took piano lessons when I was swix years old. I think everything comes from that early learning.

MRR: You often quote the Buddha; are you a Buddhist? What does it mean to you? Does anarchy stand in contrast with Buddhism?
I would not say that I'm a Buddhist, but I try to live my life this way. For me it's acting with kindness and compassion. It's not worrying about what happened yesterday (because yesterday is over) or what might happen tomorrow (because tomorrow isn't hear yet). I do think anarchy is contrary to Buddhism… but there are many definitions of "anarchy". For me, "anarchy" has always been lawlessness. A lack of order and structure. I think this is what happens in countries that are ruled by war-lords, or that are committing racial genocide. It is very difficult to get all people to be kind and compassionate to each other. There always seems to be selfish, or violent people and they cause problems without rules. Buddhism can be very structured whereas anarchy is not.

MRR: What do you think about vegetarianism, is that a way to turn mankind towards more spiritual and respectful ways?
I think it can be. I think in cultures that don't eat animals it's a spiritual thing. But I think in America it is not such a spiritual thing. There are a lot of vegetarians and vegans who support animal rights—but I don't think it's a spiritual thing. I have

been a vegetarian since 1990—but it's mostly because I don't like meat and I think it is healthier to not eat meat. Also, trying to act as a Buddhist I think it is wrong to kill another life.

MRR: Is there anything that you really hate?
I don't like the word "hate". I try not to hate anything. I really dislike ignorance and inconsideration. I really dislike hate and racism. But, with all of these things I try to put myself in their position and try to understand why people act like this. I think understanding why is a great step in compassion; understanding, and education.

MRR: Music. You played and you still play in many bands. Tell us a short story about each one of them. Septic Death is one of the essential bands of '80s hardcore punk. Is Septic Death only a collector's item? Attitude (ex-Attitude Adjustment) originally Condemned Attitude. I guess you recorded one album with Attitude, which was released on We Bite ... (so I thought it was a band from Germany ha, ha)
Attitude was the guys from Attitude Adjustment (*American Paranoia* LP lineup) except the drummer, plus Keith from Condemned to Death. Keith moved to Australia for a while and did a band there called Condemned. He moved back to San Francisco and got together with those Attitude Adjustment guys and they called the band Condemned Attitude. Originally, they had a different drummer—but they didn't like him and kicked him out of the band after only a few shows. I played with them for quite a long time. I am on their first five-song 12" on We Bite Records. The band was wanting to head in a more "metal" direction and I didn't like it very much… then, We Bite Records wanted to bring the band to Europe for a tour but I was not able to go. So the band offered to get a drummer for Europe and when they get back to the USA I would still play drums—but I told them that they might as well keep the new drummer when they get back. Well, the went to Europe and toured and recorded their second 12" while in Europe—but they hated their new drummer—so when they got back to the USA they kicked him out and asked if I would play until they found someone else… so I played more shows with them and they eventually got the drummer from DRI to join them.

MRR: Little Miss and No-Names. Two 7"s out. I guess the second 7" was a limited edition to only 100 copies. Did you make a LP too? But maybe I am mistaken.
LMNN existed 2010-2013. I played guitar in this band, and Onj played bass. We released a demo tape, and two 7"s. The first 7" is limited to 500 copies. The seconnd 7" was released by No Balls Records in Germany and is limited to only 100 copies. LMNN recorded a whole LP worth of material—but it remains unreleased.

MRR: Raid. Apparently the newest band. Demo or 7" on the way? I guess you were just in the studio?
Raid started at the same time as Little Miss and the No-Names and is still going. I play drums in Raid and Onj plays guitar. Raid is a lot more like old school hardcore punk/skate rock—but not quite as fast as Septic Death. Raid has a couple of songs on a cassette compilation called *What We've Done is Secret*. We are going to be on a split 7" with Hummingbird of Death (another band from Boise), and we just finished recording five more songs which we hope to release as a 7" soon.

MRR: Haggis. For me a big unknown… I saw a video of the show, but I only remember a cover song from Anti Sect.
I was in Haggis 1991–1993. I played guitar and sang. I quit the band and they continued for a couple years after that. I play on the first two 7"s by Haggis. But they released more after that. Yes, we used to cover an Anti-Sect song. We also covered "Just Like Your Mom" by Vox Pop, and "Harmony in My Head" by the Buzzcocks, and "Dancing Queen" by Abba! I also played Drums in The Skulldiggers (1984) who released a demo tape and had some songs on some compilation tapes. Skull Diggers were a Misfits-influenced punk band. I played bass in the Pugs (1985) who were a punky/rockabillyish/rock band. The Pugs released a demo tape—but I joined after they recorded it. I played drums in Potato Potato (1993) which was a slower/mid tempo punk band. We released a two-song cassette. I played guitar in the Gordie Howe Trio Unit (1997-2003). We released a demo tape and CD. I am also currently playing guitar in a band based out of Holland called Dirty Protest. I will

be traveling to Europe to play some shows with them in 2014. I think we'll be playing in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France.

MRR: Was there a reunion concert of Septic Death?
There has never been a Septic Death reunion. I really don't think there ever will be. I know there has been talk that the only way it would ever happen is if we had a friend with some medical problems that needed money—then we would do a show to raise money. But, for me it would need to be the original band members, and I don't think that Mike (bassist) would ever do it. I think it would be a lot of fun and a great way to travel the world—but I don't think it will ever happen.

MRR: Raid is the main thing now. Who writes the lyrics and what are their topics? Is there any preferred topic?
The vocalist for Raid (Matt) writes all the lyrics. His lyrics seem to be mostly about society and people. The music for Raid is written by the whole band. We each will write parts and help to arrange them.

MRR: Is artwork important to you? Can graphics express all other ideas which music cannot?
I think artwork has some importance—but is not the most important thing. I think creating a nice "package" for people to own is great—but it does not always depend on masterful artwork. I think as long as a band is putting its heart into its release and creating something for people to enjoy, this is the most important thing. If a band just throws something together and doesn't care so much what it looks like, I think this reflects poorly on the band. This is also a big reason why I will always love actual releases (records, tapes, CDs) over mp3s.

MRR: What motivates you to play with so many bands and play gigs, sleep on the floor after the show and travel many kilometers to make some noise? Is it not demotivating after so many years?
I really love music. I love the opportunity to travel and meet new people and see other bands play. It gets harder when you're older because I really want to go to bed early and sleep in my comfortable bed—but it's no so bad a few nights here and there.

MRR: I noticed that you're a big collector of vinyl records. Can you share your personal Top 10? Do you only collect vinyl records or demos too? CDs? What do you think about collecting mp3s?
I love collecting records! I love the music and I love learning about new bands! A Top 10 is very difficult! I was raised on Southern California punk rock—so this will always be my favorite stuff! The Dangerhouse releases. The What? Records releases. The early Posh Boy releases. The early Frontier Records releases, etc. But I also love the early '80s Finnish hardcore stuff. I love '70/early '80s Dutch punk! I love bands like 999 and the Damned and ythe Buzzcocks. So, it would be very difficult to narrow down to a Top 10! I also collect demo tapes. I don't buy them as much as I trade copies or dubs of them with tape traders. I have a lot of old original demo tapes just from buying them back in the '80s when the were released.. I own a lot of CDs, but I don't like CDs that much. I love mp3s! I have a huge mp3 collection because I love music and like to put them on my iPod. I listen to my iPod all day at work or when I travel by car or by plane.

MRR: Do you still read printed fanzines? I think a lot of people search information on the internet and the interest in printed media has declined.
I do believe the internet is hurting printed media—and I read a lot on the internet. But I really like to be able to hold an item in my hands instead of just viewing it online. I think today's generation is really missing out on a lot because they don't do this. It is sad to think that today's young punk rockers won't have stacks of fanzines that they can look back through in 20 years. Instead it will be empty links to dead blogs. Oh well. This is also why I will always love records/tapes over mp3s. I like to have the mp3s to listen to on my iPod, but it can never replace holding that record or tape in your hand. Looking at the layout and artwork. Reading the lyrics or anything the band has written on the cover and insert.

MRR: What do you think about the Internet?
Positives and negatives please. Overall, I think the internet is great! I've learned about so many bands and records through the internet. I've met a lot of people all over the world (you included!) because of the internet. I am able to be in a band with people from Holland thanks to the internet! As a record collector I think the internet has destroyed the days of being able to walk into a record store and find a super rare or valuable record for super cheap. Anybody can look up anything now and see exactly what it is and what it's worth. Oh well. I guess the good outweighs the bad.

MRR: Is there anything you like about the American way of life? Do you live in a big or small town? What is your hardcore punk scene there like? Can you try to give a short scene report?
I guess I like the American way of life—I don't really know anything different. Boise is considered a small city. Including the surrounding towns there is half a million people here. I think the Boise punk scene is like a lot of punk scenes in America—too many shows and not enough people to go to them. I think the internet has hurt the punk scene. It's too easy for a band to record and upload their music and contact people for shows out of town. But they don't go through the work it takes to actually build a fan base. So, we have all these shows constantly happening with bands that no one has heard of and no one goes to the shows. I think rather than three or four shows per week it would be a lot better if there were only a few a month. Then each show would be more special and people would look forward to it and want to go. But it's just constant shows and people stop caring about them. When Little Miss and the No-Names was playing—and with Raid—we would only play one show per month, at the very most. We felt that would keep people interested in us and wanting to see us, rather than thinking we play all the time and they can see us any time. In fact, Raid has not played a show since December 2013. It is now already 2014 and we still don't have a show lined up. But, I guarantee when we play our next show there will be a lot of people who really want to see us!

MRR: OK, thank you for this interview and your time. The followings space is only for you. Say anything you want to say...
Thank you very much for the opportunity for this interview. Again, I am a friendly person; I enjoy meeting new people. So, feel free to contact me or talk with me if you see me, or I'm on facebook as Paulie Unsaturated.

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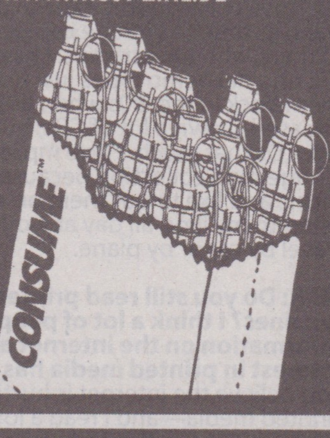

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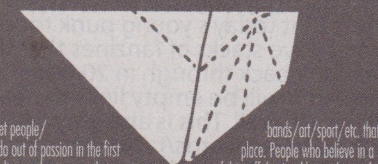

We like to meet people/bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

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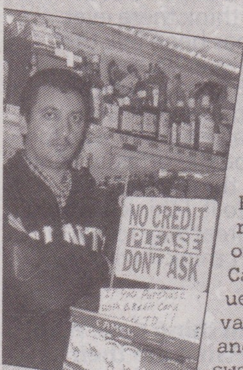

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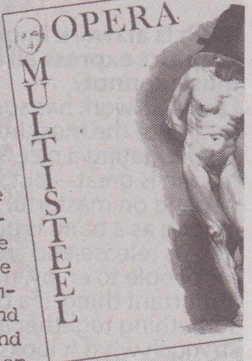

Deluxe reissue of classic French cold wave / synth band's 1984 debut 12-inch. The jacket is a die-cut replica of the original sleeve using master templates the band created in 1984 and offset printed on heavy card stock. Fast and bright new wave material and slower, brooding dark wave ballads like "Faith"-era Cure.

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DISHRAGS

Punk rock began to emerge in Western Canada in 1976 with two groups: Dee Dee and the Dishrags from the rural outskirts of Victoria, and the Furies from Vancouver. The leaders of each group were interestingly related to each other; they were cousins. The two groups hosted what is considered the first real punk rock "gig" in Vancouver, at the Japanese Hall on July 30th, 1977.

Dee Dee and the Dishrags consisted of three fourteen and fifteen year old girls assuming the stage names Dale Powers (bass/vocals), Scout (drums/vocals), and Jade Blade (guitar/vocals). Their hometown presence was brief and miniscule, playing only two uncomfortable gigs in Victoria before moving to Vancouver, promptly dropping the "Dee Dee" from their name and becoming an essential factor in the rapid eruption of the 1978 punk rock scene.

In their mere three years of activity, the Dishrags outlived every first-wave punk group in Western Canada, opened for the Clash and the Ramones, released two 7" EPs over two distinct incarnations, and left behind a small archive of recorded material. They were Victoria's first, Vancouver's most prolific, and arguably North America's premiere all-women punk rock group.

In 2008, a unique collection of live tapes resurfaced containing clear soundboard recordings of the Dishrags, one from 1978 and another from 1979 opening for The Clash. Supreme Echo has now released an 2014 archival 12" LP & booklet entitled "Three" containing twenty songs (fourteen unreleased), recorded from 1978-79 by the original trio. A second 12" LP containing the quartet recordings from 1979-80 is to follow in late 2015.

This extensive interview features the original lineup, in which the three members recall their earliest attempts at becoming musicians, forming a band, migrating to Vancouver, and provides an insight into how their presence in the scene helped create a lasting legacy.

Initial introduction by Jason Flower. Photo by Bob Stazicich

Interview and following introduction by Colin Griffiths.

Jill Hemy-Bain: guitar, vocals
Dale Luxford: bass, vocals
Scout Upex: drums, vocals

35 years vaporize in a blast of "Past is Past"—a killer anthem charting her decision to refute the looming abyss of boredom and the familiar.

These Dishrags were born of resistance to social entropy, that mundane passivity that inevitably drains the energy from a culture. Immersed in the galvanizing force of a raw and cryptic music, coupled with a robust independence and innate understanding that scared the crap out of their parochial Island homeland, three young girls generated a fierce bond that endures to this day.

I had the good fortune to hail their arrival in Vancouver in 1977, as I too had migrated from Victoria the previous year, stumbling headfirst into a nascent music scene whose audience literally leapt onto the stage, forming myriad bands to unleash a core intelligence, nihilist freedom, and a knowing sneer.

The Dishrags' insertion into a DIY culture was perfectly imperfect — blunt, surly, potent. Instantly fascinated, I glommed to their side to share what that was... and am still their number one fan!

MRR: So... I'm curious to hear a brief initial history of before you guys started playing as a band; how did you hook up with each other. You know, early days before it all turned into a music thing.

Dale: Well, we went to a tiny school, so we couldn't help but know each other. We'd all been in the same class since Grade three, or even Grade two...

MRR: Wow, so it's been a real sisterhood...

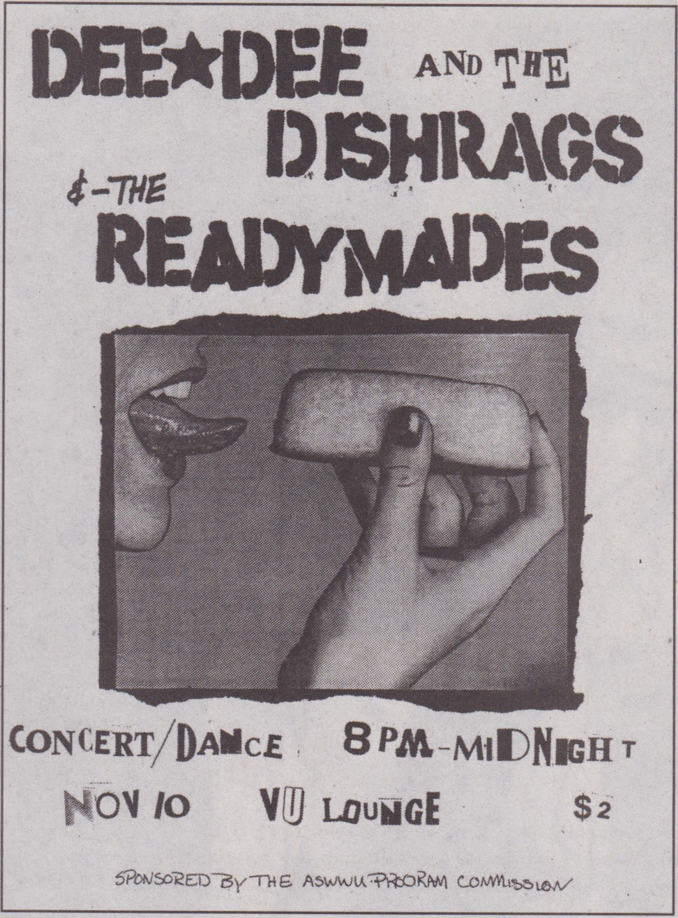
Dale: Yeah, and it was just a tiny rural school on the outskirts of Victoria.

MRR: What school?

Dale: Keating Elementary.

MRR: Ah, right - at Keating Cross Roads. Yeah, they have a beautiful gravel pit out there.

Jade: Yeah, yeah, that was right by our High School. One of the things we had to do for



gym class was run the gravel pit—the Pit Run.
Dale: Yeah, that's right - run around the Pit. We never *did* that.

MRR: Did you fall in?
Dale: Well no, we never did it because if you opted out of running the Pit you could choose Garbage Detail, which is what we would do.

MRR: Oh—so you guys were more into garbage than running?
Jade: Well, I recall us sitting and smoking by the side of the road instead...
Dale: instead of picking up the garbage...

MRR: So you must have been, what, about twelve then? By the time you started smoking?
Dale: uhm... maybe thirteen.
Jade: Grade eight, probably. Scout? Would you say thirteen? I think we've known each other since Grade ONE, really.

MRR: Amazing.
Jade: And Scout and my older sisters were good pals too. I think even before I got to know Scout—isn't that right, Scout? Like we sort of met through our sisters in a way, too?
Scout: I think our sisters got to know each other and then they said "oh, she's got a little sister," cause Jade was in the grade below us, and they lived nearby and we went to visit one day, yeah.

MRR: So you're the elder Dishrag?
Jade: No, Dale is...

MRR: So you're the baby of the group then.
Jade: Yeah... I *am*.
Scout: "Yeah... I ammm..."
Jade: So much younger.

MRR: Well, suck it up girls!
Dale: We're all within six to twelve months of each other...

MRR: So ok, so you got into the era of your teenhood—and then when did you actually encounter something that motivated you to play—like... get your hands on instruments?
Scout: Well, we did play music together but in a school setting; the district choir and the band at school. We did have music in common that way, so it was natural that we would form a band.
Jade: In band, Dale and I played flute and Scout played clarinet, so it wasn't.... well, we never did that when we got in the Dishrags, as you may have noticed! It was just that exposure to music—it wasn't as though it was a natural path for us into the band.
Scout: Yep, that's true.

MRR: When did you encounter the Ramones?
Dale: Well, we had a band before the Ramones.
Jade: Oh, absolutely—we had a rock band before that. Probably about a year—I'd say more of a... pop band.
Dale: We definitely had a band before we became a punk rock band.

MRR: So what was the name of *that* band?
...Long pause
Jade: We don't know. What *did* we call ourselves?

MRR: This is for the record. You are definitely hedging on the name...
Dale: We did play. We played a New Year's Eve party.
Jade: That's right. They passed the hat around. At my parents' house.
Dale: I think that was the only "gig" we played... and we would have been very *very* young.
Scout: That's still one of the worst New Year's parties I've ever been too.
Dale: I would have been fourteen.
Jade: I would have been thirteen...
Dale: We were very mature.

MRR: But you won't divulge the name?
long pause
Scout: No.
Jade: ...No
Dale: NO!

MRR: Oh, I see. I was just going for consensus...
Scout: There has to be some mystery...
Jade: One name that we thought of was kinda good, The Eddys—after Eddy Match Company? We were sort of the Eddys for a little while.
Dale: The Eddys, that's right...
Jade: We don't mind that name. Because we didn't really have a name because we didn't play anywhere other than my parents' house. We didn't really need one but we toyed around with a lot of different names.

MRR: Were you actually playing in the garage at your parents' place?
Dale: No, we were in the living room.
Jade: Yeah we played in the living room, but we also played in Scout's basement—that was our main practice spot, so we were never a literal garage band.

MRR: but a basement band... for credibility purposes.
Dale: We played in my basement for a while too... didn't we? I remember that.
Jade: Oh yeah, that's right!
Scout: Then my parents knew we were smoking and so they made us practice at yours—there wasn't parental supervision.
Dale: Yeah, but your place was a lot better because you guys always had the frozen pizzas in the freezer, whereas there was not a lot of food at my place. But there was always instant coffee, and never any parents around, so that was the attraction.
Scout: Yeah, I liked your place better!

MRR: Oh, that's excellent—no adult supervision. I like that.
Jade: Yeah, I always liked Dale's place.

MRR: Scout, how did you decide to play drums? What made you become a drummer?
Scout: Because we couldn't find a drummer.
Dale: Did we look?
Jade: I don't think so...
Scout: I didn't intend to; I didn't mind playing drums, but I didn't intend to play drums. I was going to be playing guitar too.

MRR: Did you draw straws or something?
Scout: No, do you remember, Jade? I don't know if we even tried anybody out but we advertised for a drummer, or something?
Jade: Not in Victoria.
Scout: Well, I'm kind of convinced that we did.
Jade: Yeah, this kinda rings a bell, 'cause Scout you started out on drums and I remember you wanted to switch to guitar and *then* we were gonna try to find a drummer. And we never did. So you switched back.
Scout: This is why we have to do interviews together, because...
Jade: Yes! But I'm pretty sure that before we actually even did a gig we went through this transition where Scout wanted to play guitar and we were going to get a drummer but nobody worked out.
Scout: Yeah, so I switched back to drums.
Dale: She just didn't even want to include anyone else!
Jade: Yeah well exactly!
Scout: It wasn't a hard decision!
Jade: ...how could you fit in with *us*?!

MRR: God knows I try. Dale, you decided you were going to be the bass player?
Dale: Actually, I honestly don't remember how it was decided that I would play bass.

MRR: You came to Vancouver when you were fifteen the first time, right?
Jade: We played when we were fifteen, but we didn't move there until we were sixteen.

Jade by Craig Neeland

Scout by Ian Lindsay

Dale by Craig Neeland

MRR: And Jade, did you buy an SG as your first guitar?
Jade: I bought an SG copy called a Marlin. Still have it too. I remember going back to the music store after I'd bought it and asking if they had a case for an SG? No—a case for an MG. And they said, "We don't know of a guitar called an MG..." And I'm like, "Um... maybe its *another* letter. You know, those other guitars with letters?" "You mean, an SG?" YEAH! That's it! It was really embarrassing...

MRR: Did you guys all have jobs around the same time to make money to buy your stuff?
Dale: Before we moved to Vancouver we all worked at a place called Oakland Fisheries, which is how we got a little cash in order to make the move.

MRR: So you were on the fish line?
Dale: We were on the fish line, yeah, and we would work the night shift and we would work from 8:00 at night until 6:00 in the morning, something like that, and then we would go to school the next day. And at that time I did have a car, so I was driving us all to work.
Jade: I just remember us doing that in the summer... I don't remember going to school.
Dale: We definitely did. Because we did two seasons there, we did the herring season.
Scout: We didn't do too many shifts before we quit—remember that party Colin had?
Jade: Yeah! We quit because you guys came to Victoria to record the Dayglo Abortions—you and Nick (Editor's note: Nick Jones / singer for Pointed Sticks).
Jade: And so we quit our job the same night because we wanted to come and party with you guys!
Jade: And so we said "we can't come in" and they said...
Dale: "...then don't come back!" We called in sick! All three of us called in sick!

MRR: *That* is my contribution to punk rock!
Jade: There we go! So there's a good Victoria connection. This was *really* early, this was before we moved.

MRR: So you got your instruments, you got your amps, you had jobs, you blew those off. I love the fact that you were on the fish line together... and you went right to school after work, right?
Dale: We did two different seasons there; we did herring season and the salmon. One of them was in the summertime but one of them would have been in the spring just before the end of school. That would have been the herring run, right?
Jade: Yeah, there were a few days when we went to school. We stopped at McDonalds and had breakfast—that was when McDonalds first started serving its breakfast—and then went straight to school.

MRR: You must have been so stinky.
Jade: As soon as we walked into McDonalds I remember the employees all kind of going *"Ohhh..."*
Dale: Us walking in the door, and them backing up. Away from the counter. And we're like ...what?

MRR: So you would gut the fish, behead them.
Jade: Pull out the roe.
Dale: The herring was for the roe—we tossed the fish basically in the garbage. The herring were caught just strictly for the roe.
Jade: The rest would go into feed, or something like that.
Dale: Fish fertilizer.
Jade: But the salmon gig was way better—it didn't smell. And that's the one we quit for you guys! You should be very flattered.

MRR: I'm totally flattered—'cause I LOVE my salmon. So now you've quit your jobs and you're not finished school yet, right?
Dale: Well, that was summer time.
Jade: That was in summer, so we'd finished Grade eleven.
Dale: Well it seems to me that before the end of Grade eleven we had a pretty good idea that we weren't going back.
Scout: Yeah, I was just going to say that too. The last day of school, we knew we weren't going back; nobody else knew, but we knew.
Dale: Cause I can even remember talking to some teachers about plans for the next year and just shaking my head and going "You know... I won't put anything down here 'cause I'm never coming back."

MRR: So you all failed.
ALL: mmhmm. Yep.

MRR: And who here got their high school credit? Did you all get it eventually?
Scout: No, I didn't.
Jade: No.

MRR: Just for the record, Jade is now a doctor?
Jade: No, actually I didn't finish that either!
ALL: much laughter
Jade: I'm really good at dropping out... I have four years worth.

MRR: You did four years on your PhD?
Jade: Yeah.

MRR: So you've got, what—one more to go? If you were to crank it up?
Jade: I've got a thesis sitting in a drawer...

MRR: Oh, chronic. That's very reassuring. But you got your Masters in Art History.
Jade: mmhmm. PhD is not gonna happen.

MRR: Specialty in Florentine?
Jade: No, Italian Medieval. Romanesque and

photo: Bob Strazicich

painting. 13th Century, although I moved into the 14th Century for my PhD.

MRR: OK, so let me just backtrack here: that summer was the last summer for school - you all bailed—what happened in September? Had you come to Vancouver in the summer?
ALL: We moved in August.
Dale: We moved right into Bill's place, that we called the Cedar Palace (Editor's note: Bill Napier-Hemy / guitar player for Pointed Sticks). And the whole plan, the whole reason that we chose the date that we chose was because Bill said his parents were leaving to go to Europe for a month, so the plan was that the house would have no parents and we'd move right into the CP! We got there, and we were partying... the parents left, we showed up at Bill's with a truckload of stuff, we were partying and that night around 11:00 the door opens and the parents came in and said their flight had been delayed! So we're like, "Whoa what now, there's parents here!"

MRR: And there's like three fifteen year-olds running around...

Dale: Yeah! And they were so *cool*—I remember the next morning getting up going "Oh, what's going to happen... what's going to happen?" and Bill's mom Amy was in the kitchen making blueberry pancakes. It was just awesome, they never said a word. Never said a word to us about what we were doing there or anything. They were just so amazing.
Jade: We were used to thinking of parents in a rather different way.
Dale: Oh yeah, this is it! Whoa—the gigs up! We're busted. We're getting on the next ferry home, but no! They were just so cool; they didn't even ask us what we were doing there.
Jade: We didn't explain we were going to there for a while...
Dale: Maybe Bill did that sort of thing all the time!
ALL: much laughter
Dale: So we moved into the CP. We were there and we stayed there until probably the day before they got home from Europe.

MRR: Right, so you were basically in Vancouver for that month. But had you already come to AV Manor prior?
(Editor's note: AV Manor was a giant house that Colin, Bill and Tim Ray had rented, and rehearsed there as the band known as AV)

Jade: Oh yeah, we spent a zillion nights at AV Manor.
Dale: That was where we would come and spend the weekends.

MRR: That was the refuge.
Jade: We did a couple of gigs and I think ended up at AV Manor.
Dale: Lots of times. We were at quite a few parties at AV Manor. I can remember Tim Ray making oatmeal for us, and he set up a big table just like it was Thanksgiving and there were probably about fifteen people all sitting around the table, and Tim made this *giant* pot of oatmeal, but instead of cinnamon, he put in chili powder?

MRR: And Tim was working at the Keg, and he would come home with big black garbage bags full of salad that nobody had eaten.
Jade: Oh god, that reminds me of what we used to eat—anything.

MRR: And Bill and I and Tim invented this mung bean fried concoction we called Squonk, and we would eat that with the salad that Tim would bring in from the Keg.
Dale: I don't know how long after that I got the job at the Food Fair in Pacific Center and I would bring home cabbage rolls and tacos...
Jade: and there was ground beef that was about to go off?
Dale: and I would bring home ice cream buckets full of ground beef that they could no longer use for the tacos and the cores of the cabbages that were too small to make cabbage rolls, and we ate cabbage and ground beef.
Jade: We loved it.
Dale: We ate a lot of it.
Jade: We were so grateful that Dale had a job—we all would survive!
Dale: Yeah, they were all like... when's Dale getting off work?! We're *hungry*!

MRR: Yeah we'd be saying the same thing about Tim, "Ah, come on, it's gotta be closed by now... where *is* that guy?"
Jade: Scout and I would stay at home as I recall... Scout would watch game shows. Dale would

come home with raw food.

MRR: OK, here's a question: you guys had heard the Sex Pistols?
ALL: oh yeah - we were well versed in all that.

MRR: How did you get that information... in Victoria?
Jade: *Creem Magazine*, and *Circus*. You know, they'd have their little odd spots about what was going on in those days.
Dale: What was the record store that was downtown that we would to in to? And we asked them to bring this stuff in—what was the name of that record store?

MRR: Richard's Records.
Dale: Yeah - we would go in and say just bring in punk. The first time, we went home with Blondie, the Stranglers, and the Ramones. And we said OK, but we want the Clash, and we want the Pistols, and all that stuff and we had to wait for it to come in.
Jade: But that first Ramones album I had got in Seattle. I drove down with my parents because it wasn't even available in Canada, so that very first Ramones album I remember we got separately and that sort of was something that had a big influence because of the three chord songs and stuff. Then after that we started ordering in the States and I think we got *Leave Home* along with the second Ramones album.

MRR: So you're actually responsible in a weird sort of way for bringing that material into the Victoria area.
Dale: Absolutely.
Scout: I hadn't thought of it that way but yeah, that's right.

MRR: That was a public service!
Dale: But we should mention the connection that was the whole reason we even got turned on to this was because long before we moved to Vancouver, we came over to see the Runaways. This was when we were *in* a band but we weren't a punk band yet.
Jade: We came to see the Runaways?
Dale: We came over to see the Runaways play with Alice Cooper.
Jade: Did we see them?
Dale: No - because it got cancelled! So we went over to Chris Arnett's, the Furies place.
Jade: That was what got everything rolling... so that was the summer when we were fifteen, then.
Jade: I was fourteen.
Dale: It was after the New Year's gig—after our first gig at your parents' place and then we came over to see, well, what are these all girl bands *doing*?
Jade: So at New Year's we were wearing satin pants... and kimonos, and then in the summer, all of a sudden it was OH! Let's get some jeans and tear them up and get some black clothes...

MRR: Just out of mere curiosity, with no attempt at blackmail whatsoever - do you have any photos of that?
Jade: oh, we do... Scout has some.
Dale: I have some too.

MRR: Scout, you remember all that?
Scout: oh yeah...
Jade: yeah - are you mad at us for saying this?
ALL: laughter
Scout: No - 'cause I have the pictures, so...
Dale: and Scout had the aviator sunglasses too - and you had that wild haircut...
Jade: It was an afro?
Dale: No, it wasn't an afro, it wasn't an afro then, was it?
Scout: Yes, I *remember*, Dale.
ALL: much laughter

MRR: So then you went through a sea change once you had the material in your hot little hands?
Dale: That's right, it was like a light bulb went on. It was like, whoa, this is good, this is something we can really get our teeth into.
Jade: I should mention to that Chris is the reason I wanted to play guitar. He was sort of my role model.

MRR: Yeah, and he was your cousin, and the family thing.
Dale: And it was because of Chris that we even got the first show in Vancouver.

MRR: That was my next question—I knew that connection was there, but I'm not quite clear on the situation.
Jade: So that was the summer of '77 that we played, so when did we come over for the show then? It would have been even earlier.
Dale: It would have been about spring of that year.
Scout: I think it was pretty short notice.
Dale: It was—we went berserk and had about a month of every day after school practicing.
Jade: It was less than a month, even.
Scout: We didn't have a lot of material yet.
Dale: We played a lot of songs *twice* at that show.

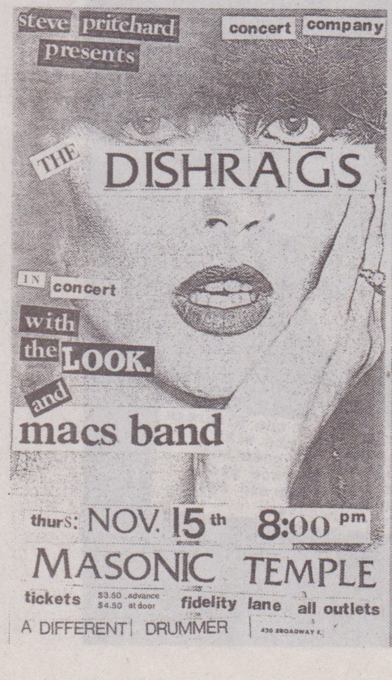
MRR: Were they primarily Ramones songs?
Jade: Mostly Ramones, we also did...
Dale: Some Clash.
Scout: We did Eddy and the Hot Rods, we did Blondie.

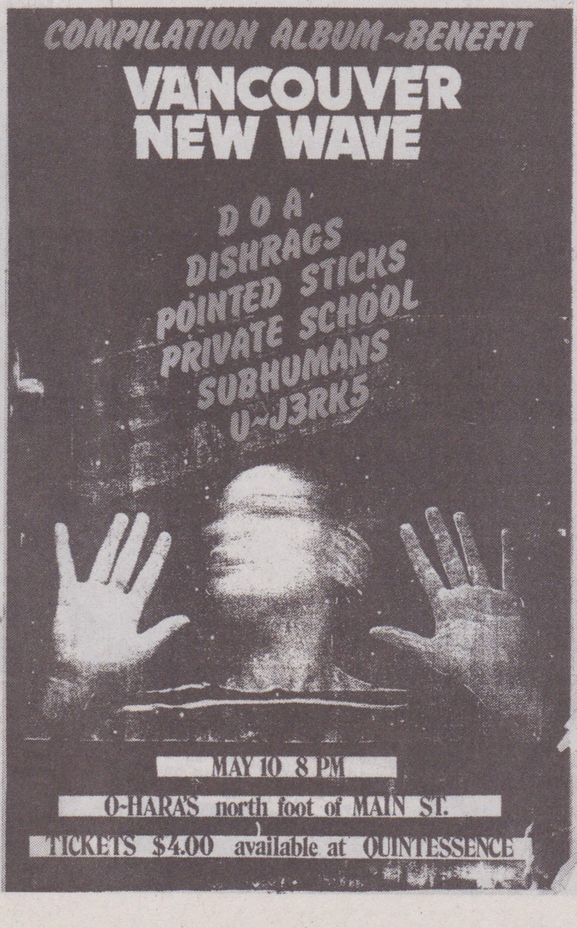
photo: Bob Strazicich

Jade: Saints? Did we do Saints by then?
Dale: Yeah.
Jade: Did we have some Chris Arnett songs then? No— he was playing his own stuff... It was very convenient when the Furies broke up, 'cause we could use their material!
Dale: It was mostly Ramones.
Jade: and Blondie; we did Rip Her To Shreds, and we did Gloria.
Dale: That's right, we did Gloria!

MRR: So you had about ten songs by that time...
Jade: Yeah, I think our set was like fifteen minutes!
Dale: I can remember as soon as we finished playing one song—do you remember what song it was, Scout? Someone walked up to the stage and said, "Play that one again!" So we said "Sure!" and we played it again! Twice in a row, we were like, "yeah!"

MRR: And what venue was this?
Dale: The Japanese Hall.
Jade: Vancouver's first punk show.
Dale: Canada's first punk show!
Jade: It was billed as Vancouver's first punk show; it said it on the poster!
Dale: And a *lot* of people came, it seemed to me the place was *packed*.
Jade: See, I remember it being pretty deserted!
Dale: Really? Because I thought it was packed! What do you think, Scout? The first show at the Japanese Hall—do you think it was full?
Scout: No, I don't think so.
Jade: Yeah, I thought it was maybe 100 people gathered at the front, and I remember seeing a big gap and seeing my parents standing at the back... hesitantly at the doorway.
Dale: For a quick escape!
Scout: There were a lot of looky-loos; just checking it out to see what the hell it was about. Not too many punks, right?
Dale: Cat Hammond, who was our manager, came up with the name of the band.





MRR: Oh, well *this* is interesting, so how did that work?
Dale: Because she had called us up about this show and we were like yeah *yeah*, we're gonna do it—and she kept calling us and saying "OK, well I need the name for the poster" and we still couldn't agree on a name... and she was like "well, I'm putting it out!" and she put out the poster with this name, and we're going "that's *us*?" Without any input from us at all!

MRR: She came up with the Dee Dee, as well?
Jade: Yep.
Dale: Dee Dee and the Dishrags!
Scout: I'll never forget the call, 'cause she phoned my house, and she said "Scout, I had to do the posters," and I said "Oh?", and she said "Yeah, so you're Dee Dee and the Dishrags" and I'm sure my jaw dropped... Right away I got on the phone with the girls and said, "Well, she's named us!"

MRR: How did Cat connect with you guys initially?
Jade: Through Chris. Everyone had a manager then, even though they didn't have gigs? So Cat was the Furies' manager, and so she was there at the practice space when we went there because of the cancelled Runaways show. We were there watching the Furies and we all started chatting and she said, "Oh, I hear you have a band?" We had Cat in Vancouver and then after we played that first show, we were trying to get shows in Victoria. We got one gig at Surfside Cabaret...

MRR: Oh my god!
Jade: Yeah, that was right after we played Vancouver. The audience, oh, they hated us.
Dale: Did we even finish our set?
Jade: I don't think so.
Dale: I think we had to leave the stage.

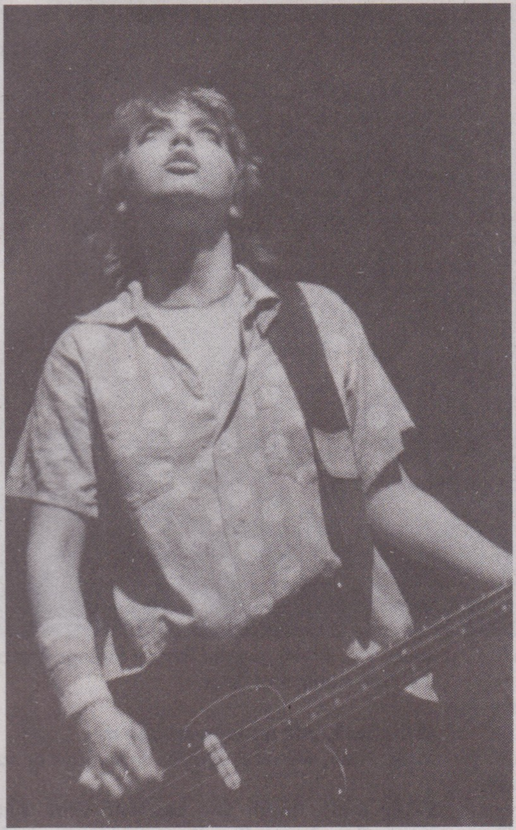
MRR: Were they throwing stuff?
Dale: They might have been...
Jade: I think they were booing.
Dale: They were definitely booing.

MRR: Were you upset by that?
Jade: No! No way—we *loved* it!
Dale: We thought they were just morons.

MRR: Did you play anywhere else during that period?
Dale: Yes, we played the Old Age Pensioners hall.
Jade: And the Dominion Hall—that was the one we did with DOA and AV, right?
Dale: and Rabid.
Jade: Were you in AV at that time?

MRR: I would have been.
Jade: At the Dominion Hall in Esquimalt, I think that was our next Victoria show, wasn't it? I think we did the OAP after we'd moved to Vancouver.
Dale: Oh, that's right, we went back. That was definitely before we moved over to Vancouver, because we were still in Grade 11.
Jade: That was when Joe came to the school, and we were throwing out pamphlets and stuff...
Dale: Yeah, that was funthat's a really good story... 'cause we were in class, and they were coming over to do the soundcheck, and they found our school which was out in the middle of a potato field out in Central Saanich, and Joe and I think it was Randy came into the school and they were throwing open the doors of the classrooms and tossing in pamphlets and calling out, "Hey, where's the Dishrags? Where are the Dishrags?"

MRR: Wow!
Dale: Yeah, it was pretty wild—and no one called the cops. When we found out they were there, when we heard them, we just got up and



walked out of the classroom, and left.
Jade: It was almost like a script from *Rock and Roll High School*!
Dale: Yep, and we got up and left, and no one phoned our parents!
Jade: We got up and left the school - I think they were just glad to see us go!
Scout: Mine would have been freaking out.
Jade: That was a great thing that they just had to let it happen—they probably would have been in shit too!
Scout: Yeah, just under the rug!
Jade: Yeah! You're right—just like hope that everything was just forgotten about...
Dale: Another funny thing that happened in Grade eleven was that the three of us were just walking down the hall one day, and the principal said "You three—in my office", and it was right after the Battle of the Bands in Vancouver. We're like, whoa, what now? We go in, and he's got the *Vancouver Sun* spread out on his table and there's a picture of Scout... and he said "is this you?" and we say "Yeah" and he says "Oh—that's kinda cool!"
Jade: He said it very proudly!
Dale: and we're like, "Oh! OK! Thanks! Great!" Yeah, and off we went!
Jade: Best ever visit to the Principal's office! And then DOA visited—he probably wasn't so proud!
Dale: Oh yeah! Not so proud...

MRR: At least he had the context for the mayhem! So you finally came over for good on your third visit to Vancouver?
Dale: No, we did a few shows before we moved over; we did the Battle of the Bands, we played a show with the Avengers, which was in a warehouse in Gastown. Those are the two shows I remember coming over for...
Jade: Yeah, I think that was it.
Dale: And those would have been in the Spring of '78, and then we moved over in the Summer... you remember that, Scout—is that right?
Scout: Yep!

MRR: It's nice that the collective memory spans three brains...
Jade: It's really only one brain!

MRR: So, by that time you've made the decision that you're staying...
Jade: Yeah, by the end of Grade eleven.

MRR: Was there a rupture in the family when you just said, well, goodbye? We're moving—and we're not going back to school... and we'll be in touch!
Dale: All three of us handled it quite differently. I had to leave a note...

MRR: Huh... and Scout, what about you? When you left for good, at that young impressionable age...
Scout: Well, my family... they were all very upset, but there wasn't much they could do about it, and they gradually got used to it. I remember that August going home for my birthday, so it couldn't have been that bad. My mom made me a cake in the shape of a drum, so...
Dale: Wow.
Scout: When they came over to Vancouver to go on through to Portland or wherever, they'd bring us stuff—I remember they brought us a little TV and they'd bring us pots and pans or whatever we needed. I think they thought I was going to come back home in September, which we obviously didn't do. They were not happy with it—they were really worried. They were worried about where we were living, and what we were getting into, and the people we were hanging out with.
Jade: I think all our families were pretty worried. When you think we were sixteen years old and leaving home and all of that. They were amazingly kind of tolerant, and I guess they all realized that, well, we can't really do much about this, so we'll just wait and see how it goes. But I do remember, Scout, your parents bringing us food too; we had a freezer full of salmon, which Scout wouldn't eat, and I didn't know how to cook and I remember putting a whole salmon in a frying pan and wondering: why isn't this thing cooking?

MRR: This is great, we've covered a lot of turf. What about your interest in Lou Reed at the time?
Jade: Yeah, that was another cover that we did... Chris Arnett, as you probably know, is a huge Velvet Underground fan, so even before the Ramones we were into Lou Reed and the Velvets and stuff, so it just kind of happened through that. Chris would always bring over albums and say "you should hear this" and certain things clicked.

MRR: But your number one influence was the Ramones, obviously.
Jade: Yeah, in terms of what we played, and the way we wrote songs. Short and sweet, and...
Dale: Easy to play, and fun, and...
Jade: They just had that rock and roll spirit. The Velvets were always kind of dark, but the Ramones were just, you know... Rock and Roll High School!

MRR: And how were duties doled out in terms of singing responsibilities? How did you decide on who was going to sing what song?
Jade: I think I started singing more just after I started songwriting, but before that I don't remember how we decided who would sing what covers... do you remember that, Scout?
Scout: Yeah, I think if we liked the song we'd say, "Hey, I wouldn't mind singing this one" and we had a lot of great material to pick from, so mostly we kind of decided what we liked.
Jade: Yeah, I don't remember it ever being a problem, just whatever, we didn't really care.
Dale: We'd go "You sang the last one, I'll sing the next one..."

MRR: And when did you first start songwriting?
Jade: Well, I remember in your basement—so that was before we went to Scout's basement—I remember we wrote "High Society Snob," so that was pretty early.
Dale: That was really early on... so that was the first song?
Jade: Unless we were just there writing—maybe we weren't practicing.
Dale: Maybe we were...
Jade: But that was the first song we wrote.
Dale: We were probably supposed to be doing homework...
Jade: Well, in fact, we handed in the lyrics to that to my English professor! We got really good grades in creative writing! Some of it was lyric writing, and some of it was directly stolen from somewhere else... our teacher was a bit of a nut case—she really liked us!
Scout: We also handed in Ramones lyrics for our homework too...
ALL: much laughter

MRR: Let's talk about the Battle of the Bands at the Body Shop. You were just kind of added to the bill?
Jade: We warmed up for the Battle; they

wouldn't let us *be* in the Battle!

MRR: Do you know why?
Jade: I don't think we were considered contenders.
Dale: I think April was the gig with the Avengers, and the Battle was after that.

MRR: So you basically overwintered...
Dale: Yes, that's right.
Jade: That was for a month.

MRR: And you were initially living at Bill's parents...
Dale: And then we got that place that was on Fourth Avenue; in that three-storey walkup—we only stayed there for a month.
Jade: That was horrible—you know, a rooming house full of drunks; that was really nasty, and then we moved to Cameo Manor. You know, it was really difficult to find anywhere that would rent to three teenage girls.
Dale: That was when the Windmill was going, 'cause it was so convenient to the Windmill. And how long were we there for? It seems like we were there for quite a while...
Jade: At least four months! Because we were still there when the Clash played, which was in January.

MRR: Let's talk about the *Vancouver Complication* **recording sessions. Your songs were all recorded in the one day, right? You must have just showed up and blasted them out and that was that.**
Jade: I think it must have been, it was *very* fast... you know what I remember most about that session? Was it Chris Cuttress or Jay Leslie; one of them had a White Spot credit card and they took us out for burgers afterwards, and that was like the highlight of the day, because, you know, we were hungry all the time!
Dale: Yeah I remember eating as well—I don't remember recording, I remember eating.

MRR: And how did you guys meet the Clash? I recall we all partied at the Windmill after their gig... was that the first time you met them?
Dale: Yes, we met them then.
Jade: It was definitely the first time, we were so excited, and nervous!
Dale: I know we were sitting backstage and we were eating—remember they had those steaks... we were sitting there and Joe Strummer came over and said "Can I join you?" and I was like... "Do you have too? OH JEEZ!"
Jade: I remember being too nervous to eat! We had this great dinner and we were hungry all the time...
Dale: I think I stopped eating!
Jade: I remember my fork going like this... and I thought "oh I've got to stop eating".

MRR: Yeah—I'm missing my mouth...
Scout: No kidding... I remember racking my brains, thinking, "What do I say? What do I say?" Of course I didn't say anything... He must have thought we were pretty damn dull!

MRR: And then you backed them up on a couple of occasions, right?
Dale: Twice.

MRR: I remember the Paramount in Seattle—that was amazing.
Jade: Yeah, that was the second tour.

MRR: Did you go out on tour on the first one?
Jade: No, we just did the Commodore. They were getting women bands to open on the whole tour.
Scout: Is that the second one you're talking about, Jade?
Jade: No, the first one. I don't know how we got the second one. That was in Seattle, and we also had Seattle management.
Scout: Why not get a Seattle band?
Jade: Because we were *better*!
ALL: much laughter
Scout: Oh yeah, I forgot...!
Jade: And Seattle didn't have any girl bands.

MRR: Plus they already knew you, so there was probably prior knowledge on that. And that was separate from the Triangle Sound / "Past is Past" recordings with me and Harry Cool—that wasn't exactly the same time, was it?

photo: Gayle Scott

Jade: No, I think we did the recordings first and the Paramount was later.

MRR: Yeah, and we all went down.
Jade: Yeah, we recorded for three days or so...

MRR: That's right. The sessions were really interesting. I wasn't quite sure why you asked me initially; I know I'd been doing some stuff out at Ocean Sound and we were all buddies, and I was really excited because I didn't know the studio and didn't know Harry, but we all got along so well.
Jade: Yeah, he was great.
Dale: And we had so much fun staying at their place.

MRR: And he had such a good time with the sensibility, and we were all friends anyway... The sessions were really articulate—the band really sounded like a band.
Jade: Well, I do think they were the best recordings we did.

MRR: Really?
Jade: Yeah—oh yeah; it captured us more than anything else, and I think that was at the point where we needed to be recorded, we were ready for it then and then things kind of disintegrated.

MRR: Yeah, the sessions were really straight up, and everybody was cool about it.
Jade: I remember the party afterwards. We were so proud of ourselves! That was really fun.

MRR: It was kind of a transformational moment - we had a lock on that material and that was truly great.
Jade: You know that Triangle was where Nirvana recorded?

MRR: I know, but we were there first!
Jade: We always liked Seattle. We loved the Vancouver scene, but Vancouver was kind of locked up with DOA and the Subhumans and all those guys, but in Seattle they loved us because we were better than most of the Seattle bands... (chuckle). Here there was a real quality scene.
Dale: We really felt like we were really well

liked in Seattle—I always thought that was where our fans were, especially near the end...
Jade: We could sell some tickets there! We played Seattle and San Francisco—that was it with the three-piece.

MRR: Where did you play San Francisco?
Jade: Mabuhay, it was two nights, I think.

MRR: You were just there on your own?
Jade: Yeah, we were on our own - we actually flew down.
Dale: Yeah, we flew down and slept on Pink Section's floor...
Jade: Yeah, I guess we blew our budget on those tickets!
Dale: Brad Kent was already down there with the Avengers...

MRR: Right, he'd already taken off. And how did you hook up with Pink Section?
Jade: I think just because we were on the bill. Seattle we did numerous times—more than we played Vancouver.
Dale: Near the end we played more in Seattle than in Vancouver, without a doubt.

Colin: For *Past is Past*, do you know how big the edition was? Was it 1000 that got printed?
Dale: 500, I thought.
Scout: It was 500.

MRR: And you guys did that music video at that point...
Dale: We did the one for Past is Past.

MRR: And then in '79, you split, right, Dale?
Dale: Yes. Was it '79?

MRR: Yeah, and can we get into that? I'm just kind of curious—I don't know if it was a rupture or tectonic...
Jade: More like a disintegration than a rupture. It was just kind of gradual, wasn't it? I honestly don't remember... did you quit?
Dale: Yeah, I... I... I don't remember quitting.
Jade: Did we kick you out?
ALL: much laughter
Jade: This could be kind of painful, Colin!
Dale: What's your take on that, Scout?
Scout: Hmm... I think when Jade says disintegration, I think we were sensing that you weren't happy and it almost seems like we came to the conclusion that it wasn't working out so well... Does that sound about right?
Dale: Well, that's not the way I remember it...

MRR: I think that that was a moment in the trajectory of the band, and it didn't seem like it was so **painful... it seemed like it was just something that occurred naturally.**
Dale: It couldn't have been all that painful, really, because later I came to see the new four-piece version, and Jade and Bill and I shared a place together afterwards; obviously there was no major falling out.
Jade: I'm really fuzzy about it—I honestly don't really remember how that all happened.
Dale: The way I remember it—and I could be completely wrong—I recall we sat down to talk. We didn't really talk about where the band was going, but I remember sitting down to talk about stuff, and I remember just being kind of shocked... that I wasn't going to be in the band anymore, and I was just like "Oh! ...OK."
Jade: So you think we kicked you out!
Dale: That's the way I remember it...
Jade: Did we do that Scout?
Scout: Really?? huh...

MRR: It sounds kind of more or less a mutual agreement of some sort...
Scout: You weren't very happy though, right?
Dale: I wasn't very happy about not being in the band!
ALL: much laughter
Jade: I remember all of us getting pretty grumpy with each other for a while there, but it wasn't a personal thing.
Dale: I think we were a little bit disappointed, you know what I think maybe happened is that there was some disagreement about where we should be—does this ring a bell? Because of course we were so much more popular in Seattle and the thought that maybe we should even be in San Francisco, and I think that that could have been a problem because in Vancouver we obviously weren't going anywhere, and we were getting left behind... and I think some of us thought we needed to make a move in order for us to actually do anything with the band.
Scout: Yeah, that kind of does ring a bell... I'm hoping it's not me that didn't want to move! I don't remember! Because I should be kicking myself in the ass if I was! But this may be a bit of a link too, in that maybe it was just time that Jade and I went off to do some stuff with Kim and Sue, which was really great stuff, but that ended pretty shortly too. And we had a pretty intense relationship for many, many years, and maybe we just got to a place where it just wasn't happening the way we wanted originally. Does that sort of make sense?
Dale: It does—it does, yep.

MRR: It's so interesting because you guys are, to this day, still such a unit, because of the shared history and all the various crossovers with your husbands or whatevers... and that's really, really, really *rare*. **You don't run across that very often. There's this generosity of spirit in this situation, so I never really read it as... tragic.**
Dale: It could well have been that they needed me out of the band, because I wasn't really a musician! You know, I wasn't contributing as a songwriter... if you're going to grow as a band you need musicians, and I wasn't, and I don't think there was any denying that. I do what I do, but very well!
Jade: Yeah, that's what I'm thinking now, is that at the time there was this idea about getting serious...

MRR: In terms of the songwriting itself, I'm always curious about what motivates the writing; "Love is Shit," for example!
ALL: chuckles
MRR: From a craft perspective...
Jade: I don't think there's any craft involved in that!

MRR: I'm trying to be nice here! But you know, the impulse to write; OK I'm going to write a song, and maybe I have a topic, or maybe there's something that's motivating me, or if its even that personal, or maybe it's more objective, or somewhere in between... but in terms of we need the songs, so I'd better write something...
Dale: Well, I think that was a lot of it, I mean there was a pressure to be having our own material...
Jade: We had to have original music... in terms of lyrics—I mean, we were sixteen at the time, so just keep that in mind, in terms of framing this, but also it was a reaction to pop music at that time. All the big radio hits were all love songs, and I think we were trying to do an anti-anything, so we had anti love songs, we had anti friendship songs, anti this and anti that, it was just this idea of kind of turning things on their head. It wasn't necessarily intended to be negative; it was just intended to counterpoint the popular trends at the time. It kind of snowballed from that; it just became kind of a habit of writing... you know, what can I rail against today!
Dale: Well, when I look at that footage of what's on YouTube now, that I'd never seen before, I don't know where we're playing, but man, we look *angry*!
Jade: But "Love is Shit" is actually a love song!
Dale: We're not smiling at anyone! We're not smiling between songs, we're angry...
Jade: We were anti friendly!

MRR: So you've played a few reunion gigs over the past few years now?
Dale: It was summer 2010 that we were in Japan.
Jade: I think that of all our reunion shows, that was the best one. We played five songs, and it was just really tight and really together.

MRR: And now? Do you have any gigs coming up?
Jade: It's way too hard for us to get together... but you know, if someone offers us a tour to somewhere far away and exotic and fun, we'll do it!

Colin Griffiths is a musician and artist who was deeply involved in the Vancouver music scene during the late '70s and early '80s. He played with numerous bands, including AV, Wasted Lives, UJ3RK5, and Buddy Selfish and His Saviours, and, as part of the early DIY ethos, also produced the first Subhumans release, Death to the Sickoids, the Dayglo Abortions first album Out of the Womb (with co-producer Nick Jones), the Modernettes' version of "Femme Fatale," and, with co-producer Harry Cool, the Dishrags' debut EP Past is Past.

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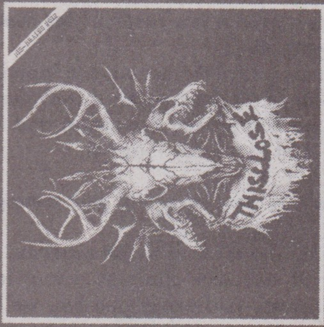

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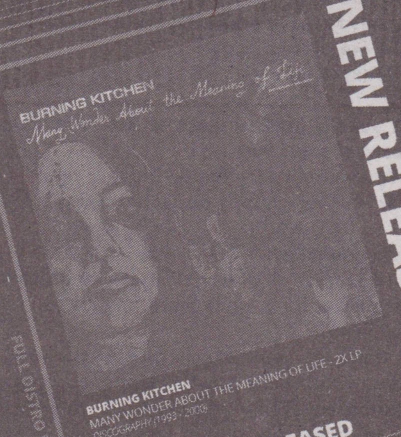

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– Maximum Rocknroll

TRACES IN THE SNOW

Siberia's Punk Scene in the '80s

Siberia. A remote stretch of forested, mountainous territory best known for its gulags and vicious winters. What's less known, but equally story worthy, is how in the early 1980s this isolated North Asian region of present-day Russia became the nerve center to the Soviet Union's fledgling punk scene, and all of this in spite of the systematic suppression of all things rock'n'roll by the Soviet government. And while the story of Siberian punk as it first appeared in the early '80s will undoubtedly appear (and sound) somewhat foreign to Western eyes and ears, at its core it is a story that is also strangely familiar; a parallel punk universe. Perhaps this is because Siberian punk sprang from the same sense of isolation and frustration with social and political hypocrisy from which all punk scenes around the world born. (Only arguably much more of it.) In fact, it's fair to argue that Siberia's extreme geographic isolation and political landscape can be credited (at least in part) with helping to shape the region's unique sound as defined by its plodding D-beat, fuzzed-out guitars, sing-songy vocals and characteristically Slavic lyrics aimed at mocking the Soviet system, polite society, and often even one's own self.

As proof that Siberia's punk scene in the '80s was a kind of extreme version of what was happening in the West, one need look no further than the Minutemen's bassist Mike Watt. Watt by his own admission was so isolated as a teen living in 1980s San Pedro, California that he recalls marveling at a bass guitar in a local guitar shop window. "I had never seen one. It blew my mind." In the same interview Watt goes on to describe how prior to seeing a real bass, he thought that a bass guitar was simply a tuned-down electric guitar with four strings, and that he accompanied D. Boon in this way (on a homemade "bass") for at least two years.

Yanka Dyagileva

Meanwhile, halfway around the world, Siberian punks were literally modifying cheap acoustic guitars into electric basses by rebuilding the tuning heads and bridges to fit four bass strings and wiring them with pickups for amplification. They also built their own guitars, pilfered outdated recording equipment from schools and recreation centers, and played underground apartment shows called *kvartirniks*, sometimes to "crowds" of two or three—and always under the very real threat of arrest. (Something Watt presumably didn't have to worry about.) Perhaps where Siberian punk becomes especially "exotic" (in relation to Western punk) is in its tone. While the typical American, Canadian or even Italian punk band had access to a professional studio, equipment and probably even a local indie record label, this was not the case in the USSR, where studios were state-run and there was only one label. Much of the Siberian sound can therefore be attributed to the fact that all punk made behind the Iron Curtain was home-recorded using subpar equipment, and then shared by way of *magnitizdat* (DIY tape-dubbing), a process that added tape bleed, trippy oscillation, and a hard-to-imitate natural distortion. For a sample of this amazing Siberian DIY tone, check out Yanka Dyagileva's song "Prodano."

Putti, circa 1985

Yegor Letov, 1989

The key to our borders has been broken in two
And Our Father Lenin has withered away—
He's decayed into mold and wild honey.
And Perestroika is still going and going according to plan.
And the mud has turned into bare ice.

And everything is going according to plan.
And everything is going according to plan.

Well, my destiny wants some rest.
I've promised it not to join the game of war.
But on my army cap, there is a hammer and a sickle and a star.
How touching—a hammer, a sickle and a star.
The wild lantern of anticipation is flailing.

But everything is going according to plan.
Everything is going according to plan.

Well, they fed my wife to the crowds.
With the fist of the world they pounded in her chest.
With worldwide liberty they tore her flesh.
So bury her in Christ!

But everything is going according to plan.
Everything is going according to plan.

Only our grandfather Lenin was a good leader.
All the other ones are such shit.
All the others are enemies and such fucking assholes.
Over the homeland, the land of our fathers,
an insane snow was falling.
I bought a magazine about Korea—they have it good too.
They have Comrade Kim Il-Sung they have the same as we do.
I am sure that they have the same thing
and everything is going according to plan.

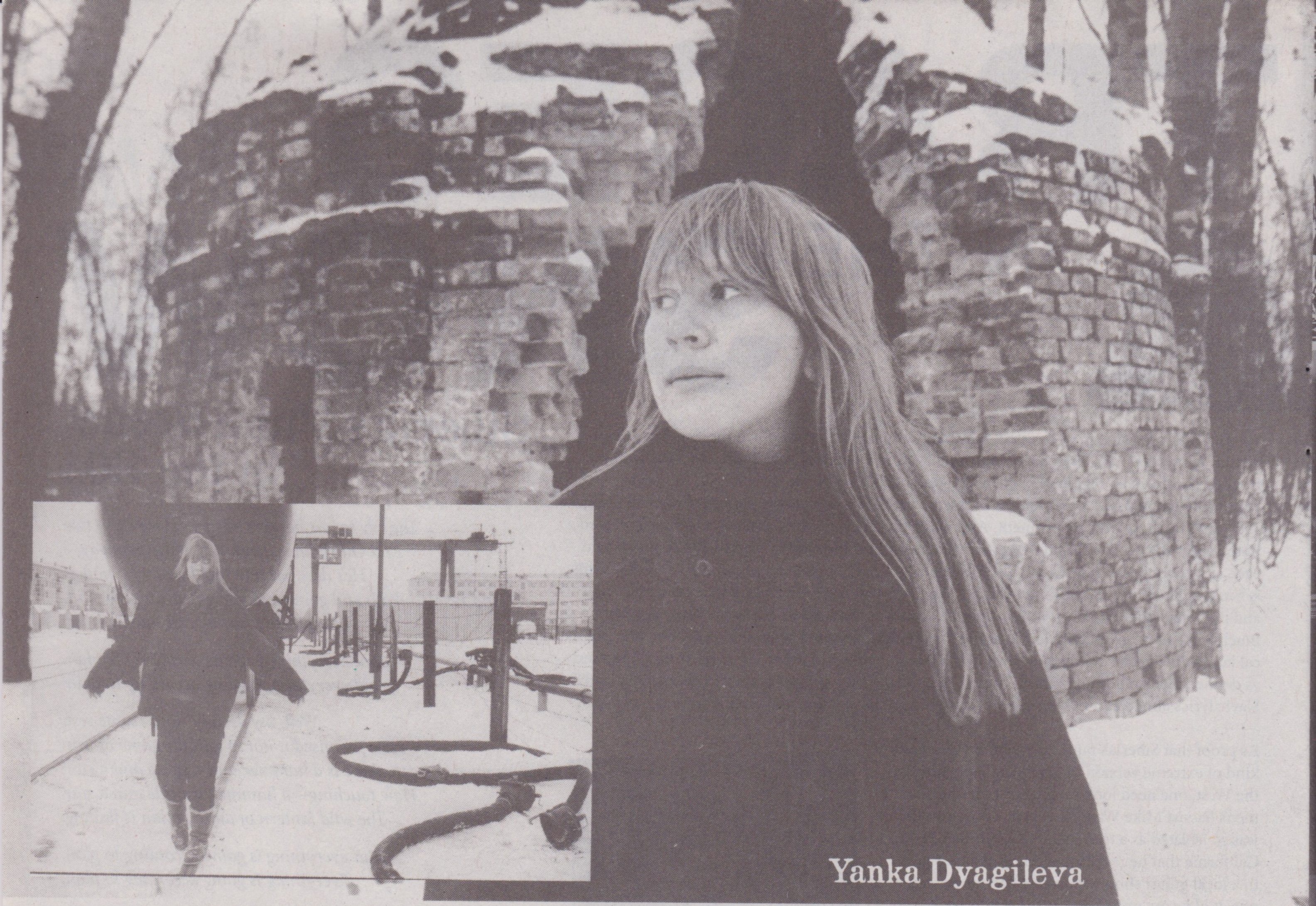
And everything is going according to plan.
Everything is going according to plan.

Well, when we get communism it'll all be fucking great.
It will come soon, we just have to wait.
Everything will be free there, everything will be an "upper".
We'll probably don't even have to die.
I woke up in the middle of the night and realized,

That everything is going according to plan.
Everything is going according to plan.

—Lyrics by Civil Defense,
from the song "Everything is Going According to Plan"

Article by Bozidar Brazda, with Vladimir Kozlov.
Pictures provided by the authors, from public domain archives.



Yanka Dyagileva

Punk has always thrived on having something to push up against. Crass could never have produced a song like "How Does It Feel to Be the Mother of a Thousand Dead?" were it not for their loathing of Margaret Thatcher. In America, Reagan became that same sort of nemesis for countless American punk and hardcore bands throughout the '80s. So while New York City's Reagan Youth were sarcastically intoning fans to "seig heil" the Gipper, Siberia's equally wise-ass Grazhdaskaya Oborona (Civil Defense) were laughing at "Lenin rotting in his mausoleum." In fact, it was lyrics like these that landed Yegor Letov, Civil Defense's perpetually controversial and at times overly contrarian founder, whose motto was "I will always be against", in hot water with the Soviet government [1]. In 1985 he was arrested and placed in a psychiatric ward where according to Letov's parents, a KGB major encouraged him to commit suicide. Such was the state's take on punk.

Meanwhile, a couple of thousand miles away in Moscow, the state's grip on censorship was beginning to loosen, just slightly, resulting in a mad grab for black market blue jeans and Beatles records. With Perestroika [the political movement for reformation within the Communist Party, largely led by Mikhail Gorbachev] in the air, bands in Moscow and Leningrad had slightly less to rally against—there was even a state sanctioned "rock club" in Leningrad where select bands could play—and it showed. The music scenes were relatively tame and lame in those bigger cities. So while Siberia was producing bands like Putti, the bastard children of Dead Kennedys and Motörhead, with their nasally vocals and repetitive, grinding riffs set to a crusty blast beat, Leningrad was churning out "Russkii rok" acts like Piknik…

The documentarian Vladimir Kozlov, who has produced an excellent new documentary on the topic entitled *Traces in the Snow* detailing the era up until 1991, goes as far as to describe Siberia as having had "the country's only real punk scene." Admittedly this scene, especially when compared to that of, say, Los Angeles (where punk and hardcore bands once practically grew on trees), was in fact comprised of only four or five bands, many with the same members recycled back and forth. Besides the aforementioned Civil Defense, Putti and others like Bomzh and Food Waste, Siberia (and specifically Novosibirsk) also produced the excellent singer-songwriter Yanka Dyagileva. A frequent collaborator and protégé of sorts of Letov's, Yanka although less "punk" in sound, was fearless in her willingness to reveal herself in the midst of the male dominated, hard drinking, rough and tumble early punk culture of Siberia. Unlike the West, where until recently the acoustic guitar epitomized folk music, acoustic sets in Siberia came to represent a badge of punk authenticity. And Dyagileva, whose draw lay in her voice and lyricism, excelled in the stripped down context of the acoustic apartment show. Dyagileva was quickly dubbed "Lady Punk" by her growing legion of fans in spite of her acoustic guitar and her poetic lyrics. On her track "Beware" Yanka sings:

I shall have to crawl away

From a declaration of war with all four strings

From narrow-headed
Spring at all four walls

From burnt food for all four disasters

From the generation of evil in four black numbers
To slip on an old threadbare uniform
I shall have to do without

Blue twilight birds

Multicolored eyelashes

And amend in the morning

What didn't work out yesterday

Leave the filthy train and keep on going

Riding a self-made broom over still-warm cinders
Open my arms in my sleep so I don't stumble in the dark
I shall have to exchange

A boring daily rite for a deadly bomb,

A creaky stool at the table for a child's scream around the corner,

A crown of tangled roses for a depressive psychosis,

To lock a psychedelic paradise inside an old shed.
Everybody's crying out to me, "Beware!"

Everybody's crying out to me, "Beware!"

[1] Ironically, Letov's "always against" motto carried on into post-Soviet Russia where it found him briefly playing pro-Bolshevik songs under a giant hammer-and -sickle flag. Letov later denounced this period as the missteps of a career "anarchist" and eventually swore off all political interests.

Yanka Dyileva

Yanka and Civil Defense, 1989

Sadly, Dyagileva died at about the same time that Russia began to open itself up. She drowned at the age of 24, presumably a suicide, and her death effectively brought the Siberian punk scene to a symbolic halt. "My documentary ends in 1991, with Yanka's death, which I think was a symbolic end to the Siberian punk era." says Kozlov. Fortunately, there is a treasure-trove of home recordings (arguably the best kind of recording anyhow), photographs, and even the odd video, to remind us that for a brief period Siberia had one of the most improbable, original, and raw punk scenes anywhere. East or West.

***A short interview with the Russian filmmaker and author Vladimir Kozlov on his upcoming documentary* Traces in the Snow.**

MRR: When did you start work on *Traces in The Snow*?
I started preparations and research a year ago, in the summer of 2013, but the idea had been around for years. Several years ago, when Yegor Letov, the late front man of Civil Defense, arguably, the most important band on the 1980s Siberian punk rock scene, was still alive, I had an idea of a documentary centered specifically on that band. I approached him, and he said he didn't agree with the structure I suggested, but didn't rule out the idea in principle. Unfortunately, he died soon after. When I again began thinking about that idea, I knew that a documentary on Civil Defense was already being made, so I decided to take a broader angle, focusing on the entire scene.

MRR: You are putting the finishing touches on an English subtitled version of the documentary for Western viewers. Why did you feel it was important to create a version of the documentary for Western viewers?
It may not be interesting to mainstream Western audiences, but it certainly can and, I hope, will be interesting to those who are into punk rock and are curious about how punk rock scenes developed in non-Western countries. The 1980s Siberian punk scene was very peculiar because it was basically the Soviet Union's only punk rock scene, and it emerged in Siberia, rather than Moscow or any other city in the country's European part. Plus, at a time when punk rock in the West had already been co-opted and integrated into the show business, that scene was absolutely non-commercial; there was no money or fame to be earned from that music. They had a very DIY attitude, not even knowing anything about DIY at the time. Moreover, playing punk in Siberia at the time put quite a lot of people into trouble.

MRR: You have a history of writing about and documenting Soviet and Russia punk and youth culture, what especially attracted you to making a documentary on the beginnings of Siberia's punk scene?
As I already said, I believe that the Siberian punk rock scene of the 1980s was the only punk rock scene in the Soviet Union. There were punk bands elsewhere as well, but there was no "scene," no community of likeminded people who played and recorded together—doing that deep in the underground—who exchanged ideas and gave support to each other. I also have a strong personal attachment to that music, which I began to listen to in the early 1990s, when I was still in my teens. For me, this documentary is in many ways homage to those musicians and their music.

MRR: Siberia was/is an isolated region of Russia. How did punk make its way out there? How did Siberian punks get access to Western punk and which Western punk bands were popular within Russia?
They made homespun records, which were then copied on reel-to-reels or tape recorders and travelled far outside Siberia. Saying that Siberia was isolated is probably an exaggeration. Train and air connection with the country's European part was pretty good, and people travelled, often bringing those underground records with them. Meanwhile, some Western LPs made it through the Iron Curtain, and they were available on the black market in various cities. That's how 1980s' Siberian punks were able to listen to the likes of Sex Pistols, the Clash and Stranglers.

MRR: How serious were the consequences for Russian youth playing punk during the 1980s? Was there a real risk of arrest?
Playing punk rock in the mid-1980s was viewed as spreading "bourgeois culture" at best and "anti-Soviet activity" at worst, especially if there were any subversive lyrics. There were no arrests, but Letov was forced to spend some time in a mental institution for his music activities, and other people were expelled from universities, lost their jobs and were brought in for questioning by KGB officials. Things began to improve later in the decade as Mikhail Gorbachev's glasnost and Perestroika reforms progressed.

MRR: The best known musicians of the early Siberian scene were Yegor Letov (Civil Defense) and Yanka Dygileva. How important are they to the overall history of Siberian and Russian punk? Why do you think that they were so influential? What made them special?
Right, they are the most important personalities in Siberian punk and Russian punk in general. I'd say that most of those who began playing punk rock in the late 1980s and early 1990s were in one way or another influenced by them. What made them special were their lyrics, which were true poetry, many notches above average lyrics in Russian punk or rock in general. Overall, Siberian rock stood out because of its powerful lyrics and an intellectual component to what people were doing. While the musical side might not always be impressive, the lyrics were.

MRR: Who were some of the other bands and musicians that were key to Siberia's scene in the early to late 1980s?
I was able to find and interview musicians from just about all-major 1980s Siberian punk acts—who are still alive, of course. Among them were Civil Defense's co-founder Konstantin Ryabinov; Roman Neumoyev, the front man of Survival Instruction, another important Siberian punk band; and Alexander Chirkin of Putti.

MRR: How was the Siberian scene different than that of Moscow of Leningrad? Why do you think that the Siberian scene was so much more original? Is there something in the Siberian character that meshed with punks inherently nihilistic, or dark, attitude?
As I said, there were basically no scenes in Moscow and Leningrad, just individual bands. And those bands were more about style than substance. In Siberia, on the contrary, punk rockers couldn't care less about style, and many of them didn't wear Mohawks or ripped jeans. The idea of punk as rebellion and non-conformist attitude was much more important to them. Why in Siberia? Probably, because Siberian people are, above all, more sincere and open, their life is harder than in bigger cities in the country's European part and they are not that spoiled.

MRR: Is the average Russian aware that Siberia had this raw, powerful moment during Communism, where this handful of punk bands defied the law and made their own brand of punk?

Not really. 1980s Siberian punk remains a pretty much underrated phenomenon, never embraced by either mainstream showbiz or mainstream media. I'd say that due to years of cultural isolation from the rest of the world, which are still felt more than 20 years after the collapse of the Soviet empire, the average Russian has a very limited and distorted understanding of what punk rock is. Over the last 20 years or so, Soviet-era ideological culture has been replaced with equally stupid commercial culture, and there's no part for the phenomena of Siberian punk rock in it.

MRR: It seems like the legacy of Siberia's early punk scene is growing by the day. How do you feel Yanka, who was notoriously press-shy, would feel about her increasing fame?
I'd say that Siberian punk rock's legacy still has a very limited reach and is only available to a limited audience of "those in the know." However, I'm glad to notice that there are young people, who were not even born in the 1980s, who listen to and appreciate Siberian punk. To certain extent, a lack of mainstream attention is good because most of those musicians never wanted a mainstream popularity. They had a very underground mindset. Had Yanka been still alive, most likely, she wouldn't have agreed to be even interviewed for this documentary. She hated publicity and never gave interviews and I don't think that would have changed.

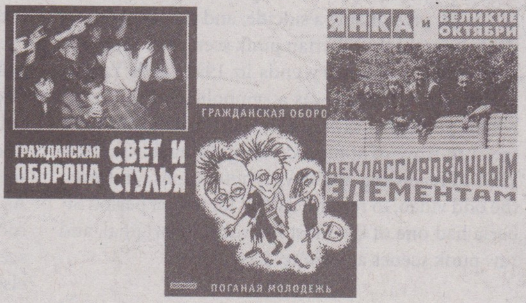
MRR: Who do you interview in the documentary and why?
Apart from the musicians, there are a few Samizdat journalists who helped spread the word about Siberian punk thanks to their underground magazines, and some people who just witnessed that scene without taking an active part in it.

MRR: How do you plan on getting your documentary seen? Where can readers of *Maximum Rocknroll* watch it and when?
I understand that it would be very difficult to get any theatrical distribution in the US for a Russian indie doc, especially one focused on such an obscure phenomenon as Siberian punk. But there will be some screenings in the US this coming fall—I'm currently talking to several universities about screening the documentary and giving a lecture on Siberian punk there. I'll also submit the film to some festivals. And, of course, I'm open to all kinds of suggestions and offers about screening the film anywhere outside Russia. Eventually, the documentary will be available online globally, but, if it is accepted to festivals, most of them require that films shouldn't be released online before the festival screening, so the online release could be early next year.

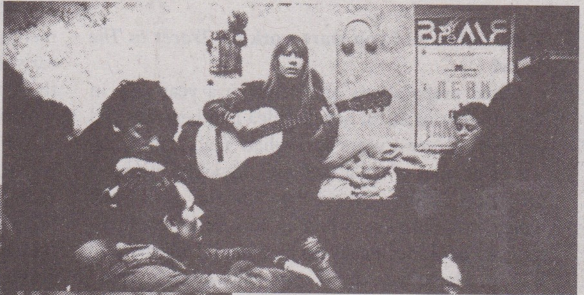
• Bozidar Brazda is an artist, writer and musician living in New York City.
• Vladimir Kozlov is an author and filmmaker living in Moscow. His documentary on Siberia's punk scene in the 1980s comes out this October.

Essential Siberian Punk Discography 1984-1991

Grazhdanskaya Oborona ~ Myshelovka (1987)
Grazhdanskaya Oborona ~ Vse Idet Po Planu (1988)
Grazhdanskaya Oborona ~ Instruktsiya po Vyzhivaniyu (1990)
(songs by Survival Instruction performed by Civil Defense)
Yanka ~ Domoy (1989)
Instruktsiya po vyzhivaniyu ~ Konfrontatsiya v Moskve (1988)



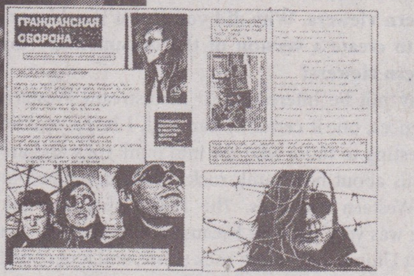
Mikhail Pozdnyakov (Putti), Yegor Letov (Civil Defense), Yanka Dyileva with police



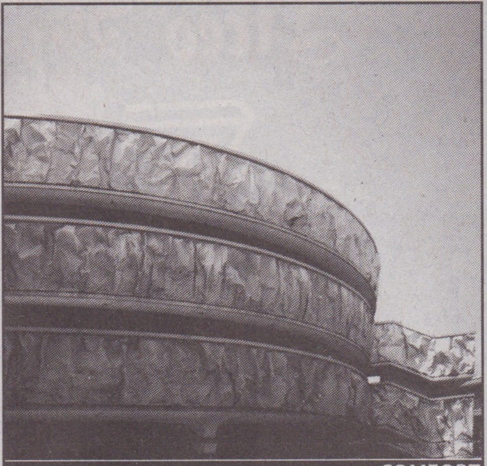
Yanka Dyileva

Yanka "kvartirnik" apartment show, 1989

Nick Rock 'n' Roll of Putti, Letov and Yanka live performance



Russian Punk Zine featuring Civil Defense circa 1991



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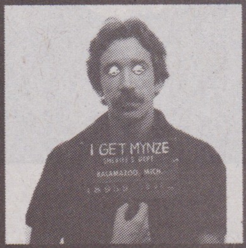

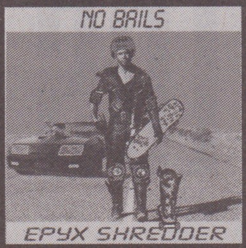

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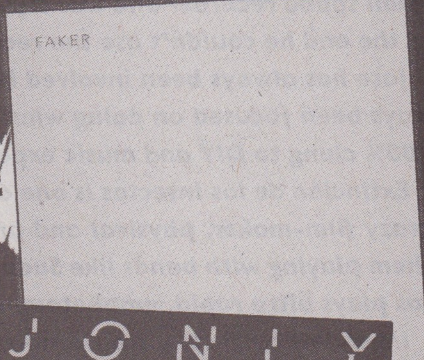

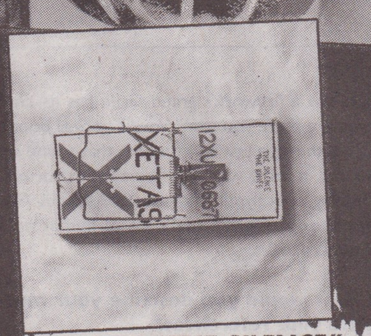

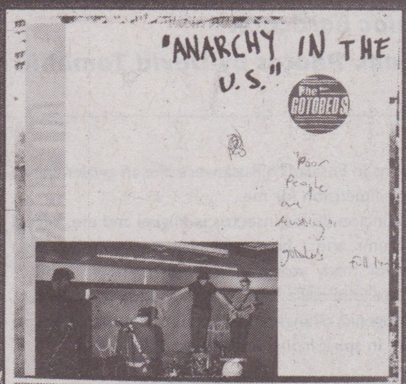

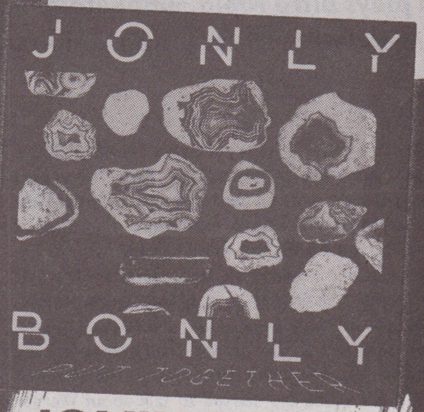

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EXTINCION DE LOS INSECTOS

I first met Jose—guitar in Extinción de los Insectos—at a Sudor/Firmeza 10 gig in Madrid. The guy had this small sound recorder and was trying to immortalize the moment and later release the gig on the label he runs. In the end he couldn't use the recording and had to repeat the whole thing at another gig of the Toledoans.

Jose has always been involved in punk in his own particular way, following no rules or patterns. He has always been focused on doing what he likes, expecting nothing in exchange, just letting his creativity run wild. 100% clung to DIY and music experimentation, his projects are always fresh, different and inspiring.

Extinción de los Insectos is one of the multiple extensions of his creativity, shared, in this case, with Miguel, crazy film-maker, physical and primitive drummer like few others. In Madrid, their hometown, you can see them playing with bands like Sudor, Silla Eléctrica, Nueva Autoridad Democrática, etc. Extinción de los Insectos plays ultra rapid, amphetaminic, maniac hardcore.

Interview by Frutos, translation by Miriam. Photos by David Tombilla and Fidel.

MRR: Tell us the story of the band. Where do you guys come from, how long have you been playing and so on? Whatever you feel like saying so readers can have an idea of what Extinción de los Insectos is.

Miguel: Jose and I met many, many years ago. The first time I saw him he was playing a gig in a Libertarian Ateneo in the middle of nowhere. Jose had earrings and the second shabbiest pair of trainers I had ever seen—the shabbiest ones were mine! After that, we ran into each other a few times and started to talk about Werner Herzog and John Cassavetes and some band called Naked City. I loved his band back then—A Room With a View. One day Jose came to me and said, "let's make a band." I supposed he wanted to make a band where we played at full speed, something like an amalgam made of screams and Beach Boys melodies, all together and all in ten seconds. We started Ensaladilla Rusa with Pablo and Jaime. All the coexistence, the music and the conversations in Ensaladilla Rusa were like an awakening to another dimension for me.

Jose: Extinción de los Insectos is Miguel and me. Miguel plays drums and I howl and play guitar. We've been friends for many years and played together in other bands, like Ensaladilla Rusa and Campamento Ñec Ñec!, hallucinogenic, strange, and wild punk bands that are no different in spirit from what we do now.

MRR: What's the story with the name of the band?

Miguel: We normally choose the band's name based on how they sound and what they can evoke. A world in which insects could be extinct is a dead world. Three years ago we thought the world was coming to its end, because we were seeing lots of very nasty signs around us. We had quite a tragic/comical vision. I see our music as a little tragicomedy. I don't know about Jose's feelings. I guess he doesn't feel the same way. A great final explosion, like a firework's grand finale has its charm. When you are there you say: "Wow! The final boom!"

Jose: for me they are just some words that sound good together and in some way they fit well with our music, full of fleeting, apocalyptic and insectoid sounds. About the tragicomedy aspect, I see a lot of humor in our music, but zero jokes.

MRR: How would you describe your music? What are your references?

Miguel: I'm not a big music expert. My references when I think in Extinción de los Insectos are all the things with vital energy and full of brightness. But not the macho energy. Nothing about angry warriors or anything like that. It's more like an arboreal energy. I don't know how the fuck I should express it, in fact. I think it's an energy that comes from the side of the vital comedy, but it doesn't have to do with jokes.

Jose: I think the music describes itself. I'm not good at

translating music into words and I don't think it would make any sense. I think there are a lot of references, and here I include music and personal life experiences. I get a lot of inspiration from people who create their own ways, worlds and universes, from Philip K. Dick to Madge Gill. To summarize and make this answer short: the most deranged hardcore punk, the free psicodelia, the free-jazz energy, and people who make things freely and out of necessity, outside industries, commerce, labels or systems.

MRR: You both play in a very particular and technical way. How did you start playing? Do you practice everyday? What musicians are inspiring for you? Do you control the instrument or does the instrument control you?

Miguel: I started playing when I was fifteen with some friends in the garage of a semidetached house, inspired by some punk bands which I would discover later were rubbish: NOFX, Green Day, RKL, Lagwagon, etc. I was (and still am) quite hard-of-hearing. I wasn't a genius learner, or skilled. I spent some time practicing almost every day with a mute drum kit made of plastic panels and I trained a lot in other sports. I received some classes that were useful too. In Ensaladilla Rusa and Mushiticians I discovered the key for playing: even if you play like shit you can chisel the instrument at your own image. Try for the instrument to be like you, don't try to play like something you are not, don't try to look like somebody who was born in Tahoe Lakes, or express an idea that is not yours. You weren't born in Arkansas, for god's sake! You were born in the countryside near the Villalba industrial state! I don't know if I am making myself clear. Even if you play awfully, eventually the instrument will be getting more humanized. And there is nothing better than a humanized instrument, because people often feel more comfortable among humans rather than among wooden sticks and metal things. You are not a magazine or a poster. This way, everything feels more familiar.

Jose: I've been playing since I was fifteen. I started with the only intention of playing AC/DC and Stooges tunes, but soon the instrument took up on me, turning into an obsession. Listening to people like Fred Frith, Skip James, Derek Bailey, Snakefinger, Dr. Know, the Ex or John Fahey opened up my mind into the infinite possibilities of the instrument, and most of all, led me into looking for my own voice. Playing guitar is my great passion, my balm, my primary way of expression. I try to play everyday, it's what I like to do most and I think it's almost everything I would do if I could.

MRR: I had the pleasure to spend enough time with you to realize that, at least among strangers, you both like to talk really a lot—like myself. But, in Extinción de los Insectos, you don't have any lyrics. Why is that? Do you want to communicate something with your music?

Jose: Voice is just another instrument for us, we don't feel the need of giving a verbal narrative to our music. There is no message we would want to transmit but the music itself.

MRR: You both say you make punk, but the punks seem not to have realized that yet. What kind of reception do you think you have in the punk scenes? Why do you say you make punk and not another kind of music?

Jose: I don't have any idea of what kind of reception we've got in the punk scene. We are generally pretty isolated and we tend to move outside scenes or movements. Even though, if I had to define myself, "punk" is the only label I feel comfortable with. Discovering DIY punk and the people involved there broke my molds when I was younger, and led me into making decisions that shaped my life in a decisive way. I love the energy that comes from the idealist punk, the self-management ability outside norms, laws and industries, and the glow when it comes into its purest form. I identify myself with that, and I would call Extinción de los Insectos punk, even if we played polonaise music.

MRR: You are from Madrid. Tell us briefly which bands you play with usually and how's the environment around you. A few lines about the punk scene there.

Jose: I don't know if I am the most indicated person to talk about the punk scene in Madrid, if there really exists such a thing here! I always felt of Madrid as a very individualistic place to live, which has its pros and cons. To put a familiar example, it lacks a big community strength that seems to exist in Barcelona for instance, but on the other hand there are a lot of people here who are not afraid of the crossing and free experimentation, which I think is very inspiring. There are people in Madrid that I like and I feel close to them: Los Caballos de Düsseldorf, Sudor, R.O.B.O, Prisma en llamas, J.L. Maire.

MRR: I know you are big music consumers. Recommend us something you've been listening to lately.

Miguel: Jose recommends me great music that I listen to for hours, as I spend lot of time at home. I'm lucky to have somebody like Jose next to me, so I don't have to waste my time getting online in music forums, or turning crazy with the right side bar in YouTube and risk myself to end up in ForoCoches. This past month I've been listening a lot to two of his suggestions: Jandek and *Solaris* OST, composed by Artemyev. I really liked the centerpiece—an electric version of the BVW 639 of Johann Sebastian Bach—so I started listening to all his compositions for small organ, where there are lot of melodies that teleport me.

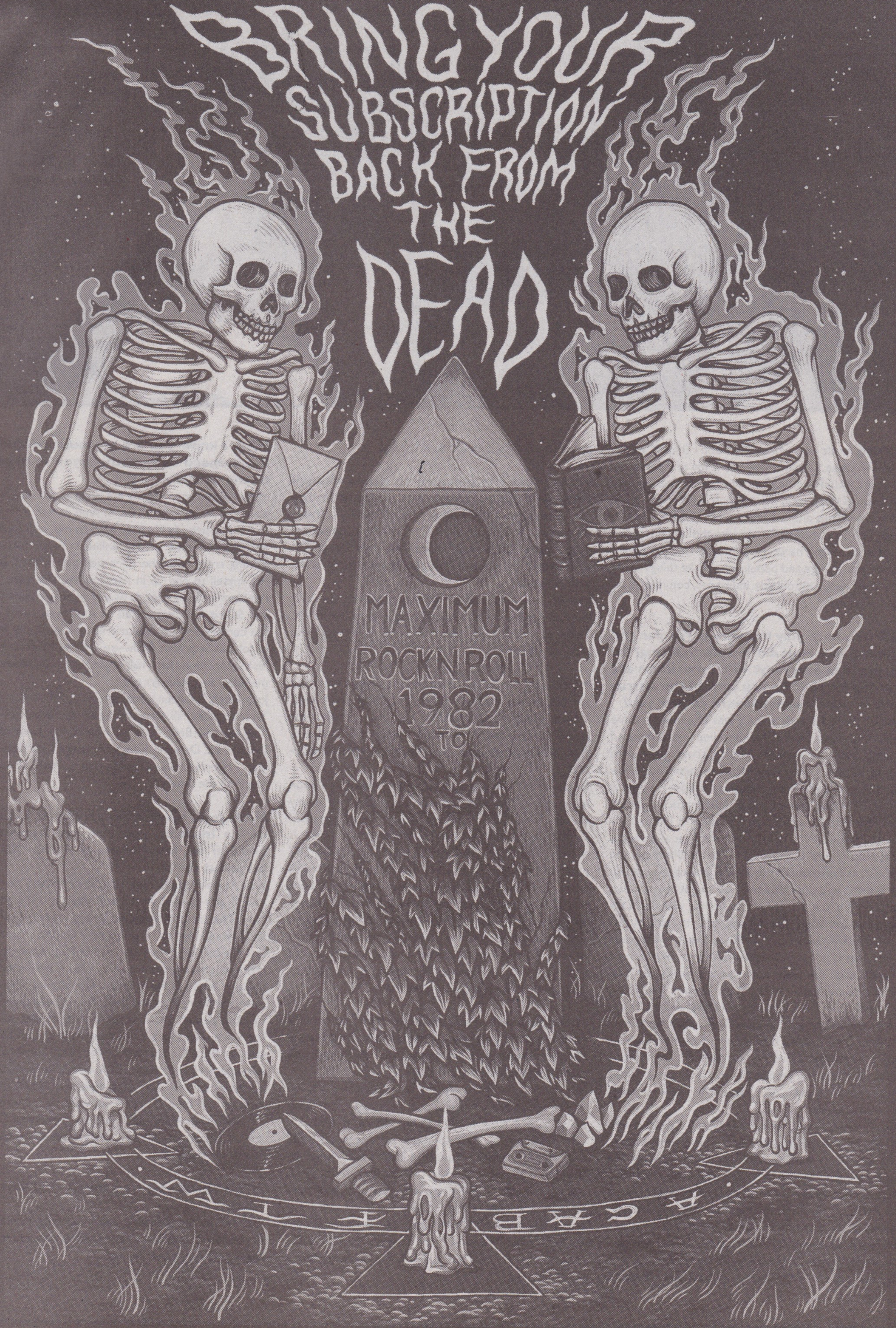
Jose: Lately I've been listening a lot to Sybille Baier, Bobb Trimble, Judee Sill, Croatian Amor, my favourites Eliane Radigue and Brian Eno, La Misma, Toy Love and Tall Dwarfs, F.E. Denning, Eduard Artemyev, Heldon, Prurient… I don't know... a million things, I need to listen to music all the time!

MRR: Jose, apart from playing in Extinción de los Insectos, you also are Atomizador and run the label Afeite al Perro. Tell us a bit about that.

Jose: Atomizador is how I call everything I do on my own. I play Spanish guitar and ukulele and I sing and howl. The truth is that I can't stop making new songs and I would love to release a new LP (the second after *Pop Radical*) for next summer, but I am totally technologically ignorant and I have to plan it well in order to make it. Afeite al Perro is a self-publishing micro-platform, and every now and then also releases things made by close people. The first release was twelve years ago and since then, I've put out records and tapes from Ensaladilla Rusa, Campamento Ñec Ñec!, Sudor, C-Utter, Akauzazte, Humor Vítreo, Culturcide, Burro Ácrata… a nonsense parade of styles and personalities. Upcoming releases will be a 7" from Extinción de los Insectos, a 12" split from Atomizador and the wonderful C-Utter, and a CD from my friend J.L. Maire, one of my favourite electronic musicians.

MRR: Thank you very much. Add what you want.

Jose: I hope the interview was interesting to someone. If you need anything: *afeitealperro@hotmail.com.* And thank you very much Frutos!



BRING YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION
BACK FROM
THE
DEAD
MAXIMUM
ROCK N ROLL
1982
TO

BOOKS

The Adventures of Blatz
Twig
60 pages • $5
self-published
3012 W. Rockwell Ave, Spokane, WA 99205

If you've been punk for any amount of time, you've had the uncomfortable experience, no doubt, of running into someone who fits under the punk umbrella, but for reasons unclear and in violation of your most basic values. You listen to the same bands; speak in the same sub-cultural tongue, and despite your clashing ethos you find yourself regrettably sharing the same space. *The Adventures of Blatz* brought back every one of those gut-check moments in my punk history where I couldn't call what I was witnessing "un-punk," but I was sure it was nothing I wanted to be associated with. This misappropriation of paper and staples is the worst cliché of train-hopping punx illustrated with the most basic box of Crayola Fat Markers and dollar store crayon packs. It's enough to make an angry fourteen-year-old pack away his Filth/Blatz *Shit Split* and consider rejoining the Cub Scouts.

Blatz is a talking dog that is the faithful companion of a young, beer obsessed train-hopper, and lover of the Nintendo Xbox. Predictably, they drink beer, kill cops, and spoil the corporate plot to replace alcohol with Alchomol, thanks to their all knowing, and also talking, laptop. The comic/zine is spliced with smaller comics about "Hobo Porn" (don't worry, it's just pictures of different kinds of trains), nine pages of frame-by-frames of dude hitting a bong, and many up-close shots of people and animals pooping. It is illustrated with crayons and markers. When the author messes up an illustration he is kind enough to draw, in bold, over his mistake, what he meant to originally convey, instead of starting over.

The author loves the inescapable clichés of hatred and fear of corporate overlords while worshiping those corporations that have been grandfathered into the hearts of the punk world. Half of this comic/zine reads like a Nintendo advertisement for the deranged. Beer companies, the manufacturers of his idols, are holy and beyond question, but evil corporations that want to replace alcohol with Alchomol surface his inner psychopath, in the most unforgiving ways. His bloodthirsty hound makes it clear that "All Cops Deserve To Die." Suffering through this comic/zine has opened my heart to the corner-of-the-mouth sarcasm of Jawbreaker in a way that I have never appreciated more.

Pre-teen back-of-the-notebook illustrations aside, what alienates me most about this comic is how thoroughly antisocial it is. It is not news to me that there are elements of punk that are entirely antisocial, hopelessly drug addicted, alcoholic and narcissist, but that isn't what punk has ever meant to me. I prefer the "punk saved my life" story over the "punk is a self-destructive ghetto" story. I prefer the Ian MacKaye's and Kathleen Hanna's to the Darby Crash's, and I can't stand the H-100's (and not just because the dudes from 9 Shocks Terror ate all of my roommate's vegetarian buffalo wings in the middle of the night). As a home-brewer, I appreciate beer, but I despise alcoholism. I'm allergic to authority, have swallowed more than my share of police pepper spray and tear gas, but am disturbed by the author's need to hunt people down and graphically murder them (and I am thankful for the times that good hearted police officers have stopped psychopaths from killing me.) While I chose not to go into the hobo life, I'm not unfamiliar with it, and happen to know a number of well-adjusted travelers, unlike our under-medicated author.

In 1998, I went to the 98th Hobo Convention in Britt, Iowa, where New York Slim was elected to the annual position of King of the Hobo's. New York Slim was an older man who spoke in tight, terse prose and had an accent that betrayed his East Cost upbringing. One of the only black hobos in the group, with graying hair, he had earned his nobility that year on his reputation of wizard-ship and obstinateness in regard to yard bulls. Rather than duck the officers, he was known to walk past them, tell them what train he would be hopping, avoid their chase, and wave at them as he pulled away. He seemed indifferent to being elected king, "What do I need to be king for? What is the king supposed to do? Ride trains? Well. Fuck. I was going to do that anyway." New York Slim was one of the punkest people I have ever met, on either side of a boxcar.

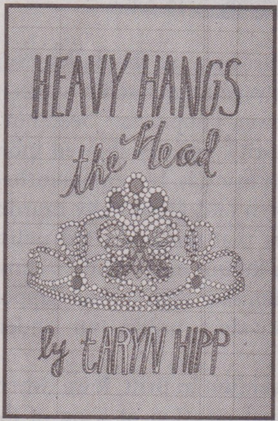
Veteran hoboes refer to our generation of train-hoppers as "Flintstones," with a hint of derision in their pronunciation. It was explained to me that the unflattering term is because they have "bones'n'shit in their ears and lips." In the summer of '98, it seemed like the generational gap couldn't get any stronger. Before we left, my friend Jesse cut the Conflict patch from his pants and handed it to New York Slim as, what I would like to think, a token of cooperation between our generations. Slim's eyes swelled and he thanked Jesse profusely. He then pulled out a Swiss Army Knife (the multi-tool of his generation) and cut one of the fancier embroidered train patches from his vest and handed it to Jesse. The two tribes had made an offering. The Flintstones and the pioneers of hobo culture had found common ground, the patches were exchanged, and I think much peace was created that day.

I'm glad New York Slim was given a Conflict patch instead of a copy of *The Adventures of Blatz*. I fear what would have happened had I been given a copy of this zine at my first punk show when I was 14, instead of the zine *Men Speaking Out About Violence Against Women*, and I hope kids in this generation are as lucky as I was. There has always been stupidity in the punk scene, and there probably always will be, but I don't have to be kind about it and I won't ever give it a pass. If you're looking for a great comic by the punkest people you know, skip *The Adventures of Blatz*. This month I highly recommend either Nate Powell's, *March*, or go check out comic artist Nicole Georges' blog post "Teen Punk Rebellion" at asknicolegeorges.blogspot.com, and then get a copy of her latest book, *Calling Dr. Laura.*

Maybe I'm just becoming an old curmudgeon, but there isn't time in my life for the tired celebration of alcoholism and illustrations of ritualistic cop murder. That's neither interesting, nor funny or punk

to me. It's boring, it's been done, and it's mindless. Pardon me while I wrap this up with bastardized Filth lyrics, but, if this is what punk is supposed to be about, then maybe this is the reason so many people decide it wasn't for them. Maybe this is what makes the list thousands long. Maybe there's something in these lines, you can tell we sold out. But maybe there's something more than thoughtless rebellion.

—Lowell Fletcher



Heavy Hangs the Head
Taryn Hipp
139 pages • $10.00
Sweet Candy Press
www.ladyteeth.com

Taryn Hipp writes the zine *Lady Teeth*. She used to make *Sub Rosa* (the zine, not to be confused with Amber Dawn's sex worker underworld novel by the same name.) She's a feminist with roots in punk and DIY and craft culture. She's the oldest of her siblings. She's spent some time in dive bars, and hit some rough low points. She's struggled with her mental health. She's overcome an addiction. She's been married and divorced. She's got a sweet donut background on her twitter page. And she's written a book.

The book, *Heavy Hangs the Head*, is published with Olympia's Sweet Candy Press—a great fit, as the press is also a zine distro and caters to the communities Hipp is already a part of. Also fitting as Hipp talks in the book's intro about having written about her mental health and experience getting sober before in zines, and this, in a sense, being a bound zine. The book tells the story of much of what is listed above (maybe not the Twitter bit), beginning before Hipp's birth and ending with the publication of her first book (the one we're talking about here.)

It also tells the story of coming of age in a particular American sub-cultural era. The references (I think) are the best, where finding Hole leads to finding Bikini Kill, and Crimpshrine could possibly be on the jukebox at the bar you're at. (It wasn't, for what it's worth, but it *could* have been.) It's on the mark of-my-generation/cultural moment to read Hipp comparing the care she first read Cometbus with to the care she'd put into studying her first *Sassy* years before. And it likewise fits towards the end of the book, where she talks about becoming a version of herself she would have hated years ago—as *so* many of us (smartly, as a means of survival) have. I was reminded of reading with Cindy Crabb and Jeff Miller on their book tour a few years back, being in a space with sober zinesters and punks, and glad for those spaces existing.

"My drinking didn't happen behind closed doors," Hipp writes, "I wasn't sitting under a single swaying lightbulb, alone in a run down motel room like some romanticized version of alcoholism. I drank for crowds, putting on rockstar-level shows of belligerence while somehow convincing myself that my shit-show was entertaining…I was stuck and I tried to create beauty somehow out of what I was doing." She goes on to list all the red flags she was prone to ignoring and bad ideas she was prone to indulging—random make outs and accepting drinks from people she knew would be bad news. And this is how it is for so many of us, whether we identify with the language of alcoholism or not. We've been there, whether it's been us ourselves or watching a friend spiral in it. We've convinced ourselves this is part of our scene, part of our shtick; ultimately, that we're not worth or capable of more. In some cases that's history, in some it's current. Hipp's story is as unique as it is not.

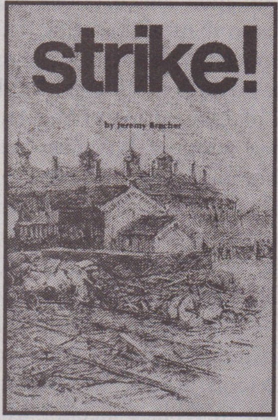
If I have a criticism, it's that she races through giant life events too rapidly. Having lived a whirlwind dramatic life, I know that can be honest to how things happened, but I felt like there was too much listing events chronologically and then the "a-ha" moments, whether that was finding Riot Grrrl or coming to identify as crazy. There was a lot of "this happened, and I learned…" when what I wanted was to be *in* it with her. I mean that kindly, as I wanted to be in it because I was interested and wanted to feel the highs and the pain with her. There were places I wanted to say, "Stop, wait, how did you *feel* leaving your siblings?" (So I have an internal therapist, or maybe residual guilt over leaving my own siblings when I was a teen.) Or, "But how were things between you and your boyfriend when they *were* good?"

The pace of the book meant for a lot of climaxes: getting into crafting, the beginning of the Internet, finding likeminded people in online chatrooms. This may be the worst example of climax—there were more obvious ones—but this stuff happened so gradually and was so huge in my memory.

It's a light criticism/recommendation only, though. Mostly I think it's brave and challenging to write out your story from beginning to now. I liked that she didn't try to uncomplicate things or make excuses for them or make them more digestible. I liked that not only was the later stuff relatable, but the young stuff too. There's a point where Hipp talks about eating pills in her youth, not even sure she was attempting suicide so much as believing she could disappear that way—only to throw them up. It was candid bits like this that I nodded through, sure I could have written the same of myself at that time, thought process and all.

If the self-help moment at the very end is a bit hokey, so be it—there's not much wrong with being glad to have overcome the version of yourself that was destroying you. Hipp writes, "*Heavy Hangs the Head* is the story of the first thirty-four years of my life which included losing a parent, losing myself, losing everything and fighting back with the help of a community I didn't realize I had." Readers should be proud to be even a tangential part of that community.

—Tara-Michelle Ziniuk



Strike!
Jeremy Brecher
462 pages • $24.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

Originally published in 1972, Brecher's history of labor struggles throughout the history of the US is nothing, if wildly impressive. This new edition includes a new chapter, "Beyond One-Sided Class War," which looks into what the author refers to as the "mini-revolts" of the 21st century. This book, while far from being a totally comprehensive look at labor, does an extremely good job at focusing on the idea of the labor strike as the ultimate tool against capitalism and, in some instances, the state itself. Brecher's style of writing is incredibly engaging and uses a great narrative voice to create an almost cinematic retelling of some of the most famous, infamous, and forgotten labor struggles that helped change the United States.

What is probably most effective in this book, as a work of history, is that the author manages to find an overreaching narrative of three centuries of labor struggles and can draw a direct line between the consequences of the strikes of the 1800s and the effects on 21st century labor and economy. The global recession we are living in now is shown as a cause of the labor battles fought, and lost, in the 1980s

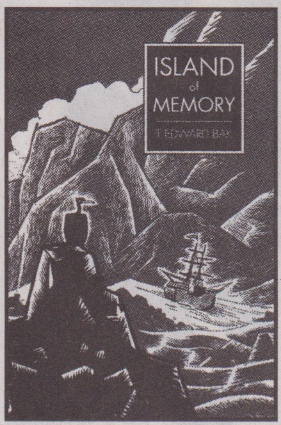
and 1990s. The rise of the militarized police in our current society can be seen as the 21st century equivalent to the implementation of National Guard Armories in the early 20th century as protection against insurrectionist Americans (read, laborers) seems to be a very real parallel. The author, in the original chapters speaks about how one of the greatest threats to American democracy in the early 20th century was the growing disparity between the rich and poor and how President Roosevelt understood that, and how the only way to save democracy from fascism was to implement a socialism-lite—beginning with labor and health. This piece of history and policy could be very well heeded today, if only American politicians read things besides poll numbers and corporate sponsored bills.

The only qualm I have with this book is some language choices in the new chapter. In the post-'60s radical and progressive communities there has seemed to be an almost fetishization of the labor struggles of the late 19th century and early 20th century. For some reason these battles were seen as purer and more of the people and the soil. Brecher uses the phrase "mini-revolts" to describe many of the labor and protest actions of the 21st century, which put them in the shadow of the people beforehand. The US is no longer an industrial based nation. More people work in service than in industry, and to call the fight for labor in those fields "mini-revolts" is to do them disservice. To call the protests surrounding HR 4437, (the bill which prohibited and penalized giving aid to undocumented immigrants) that occurred on May 1st, 2006 in which over a million people across the country (the author's numbers) marched in protest in cities across the US, a "mini-revolt" is to be downright insulting.

Outside of that semantic problem, the new chapter does a wonderful job of showing the changing face of strikes and mass protests in contemporary society. With more wildcat and leaderless protests emerging (the WTO protests of '99 and the NY Occupy protests being lynchpin examples) and less people unionizing and protesting on the job, or at the workplace, Brecher admits that while the face of the strike and the mass demonstration may have changed, the spirit remains all the same.

This book does a great job of balancing historical chronological facts with engaging, and sometimes downright thrilling and suspenseful narrative all while never once undermining the author's overall point, that capitalism only works if the people work. A very exciting, empowering, and informative read that is more important now that ever before.

—Ray Suburbia



Island of Memory: Volume one of Wild Man, The Natural History of Georg Wilhelm Steller
T Edward Bak
72 pages • $12
Floating World Comics
www.floatingworldcomics.com

If all history is only an amplification of biography, the history of science may be most instructively read in the life and work of the men by whom the realms of Nature have been successively won.
— Sir Archibald Geikie
The Founders of Geology (1905), 4.

It's the duty of science to present its findings in a frank, calculated, justified, and qualified manner, but the story of science should never be separated from the wonder and adventure from which it was born. Darwin's conclusions in the *Descent of Man* and *The Origin of Species* intrigue the mind but it would be a poverty of knowledge if we never heard of the *Voyage of the Beagle*. Biography, adventure, triumph, imagination, failure, and devastation are as important to the spirit of science as the discovery of the law of inverse squares or Bernoulli's principle. In the spirit of scientific biography, the beginning of a to-be four part biography, *Island of Memory, Wild Man (The Natural History of Georg Wilhelm Steller)*, may be the best way for the public to be exposed to the little known physician, explorer, zoologist and Alaska's first natural historian.

In the limbo between night and day there is no clear ending of the darkness and beginning of the light. For a while the two distinctly different realities mingle, entangling themselves with each other until enough time has crept through and the night has clearly passed. Between our primitive fears of the world, mired with superstition, and the light of reason and rationality, humanity has long been oscillating. It's at the dawn of modern science, where the darkness of superstition still weighs heavy, that the story of *Island of Memory* picks up, introducing the Bavarian naturalist, Georg Wilhelm Steller, on his historical journey into Alaska on the Second Kamchatka Expedition.

Our author, T Edward Bak, drops us into the life of Steller in the midst of his explorations of Alaska where the inhospitable natural world, undeveloped or tamed by European society, devastates and ravages the crew. Driven by their thirst for knowledge and need for exploration, the explorers push themselves beyond their limits. In 1741, enduring frigid temperatures, surrounded by rock and ice, attacked by arctic foxes, and plagued with scurvy, the explorer and his crew hike and camp throughout the wilderness as Steller carefully documents the natural world, as he finds it.

The storyline of Steller's documentation is the hazy backdrop on which the more colorful play of human existence is painted, on page after page. The infighting and despair of the group as they face uncertainty, death, hunger, and disease, touches on the unavoidable possibility of a William Golding reference. The reveries and memories of the easy, warm, love life that Steller had back at home keep his mind from falling into despair, telling us some of his back-story, and bring out a story within a story, about half way through the graphic novel. Steller and his crew's initial fear of the natives foreshadows, what I expect will play out in the future installments of this series, the two different cultures coming face to face as Steller unexpectedly finds his own humanism upon meeting the "savages". This will turn out to be helpful beyond a warm feeling of multiculturalism, as the natives eventually taught him a better cure for scurvy.

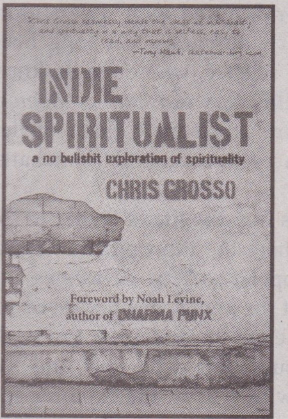
The interplay of dream, reality, and memory, as each frame is illustrated, are in sync with the score of the storyline where reality, science, and reason inevitably struggle with the dense fog of superstition, mostly driven by the dominating eighteenth century European Christian ethos of Steller and his gang. Terrorized by the natural world, uncertain why the foxes attack at night, or the winds whip as the sky cracks and snow falls, the imagination of Steller draws elaborate tales of horses in the sky, faces in the smoke of the fire, and an invisible god figure hidden behind the natural world. The unavoidable irony will play out as the same breadth of human imagination and need to explain the natural world leads the men to their discoveries and slowly brings some of the specter of demons to bay.

Quoted to the point of cliché, Einstein said "I have no special talents, I am only passionately curious." If there is one commonality amongst the majority of scientific greats, it's this incurable curiosity and creativity. One of the final illustrations in this first installment of *Island of Memory* is of a wonder-filled child, dreaming and starring at the birds outside of his window. A speech bubble hung behind his head reads, "What is so intriguing out there, Georg?" Looking

back at the child through his window, you can imagine him thinking, "What isn't?"

The first installment of *Island of Memory* is an aesthetical accomplishment, with both two-tone and colorful illustrations, some sharp and lucid, others whimsical and full of imagination. Bak aptly titled this series *Wild Man*, as Steller was both a man who broke free of the social confines of his environment and someone who cultivated much of who he was in the untamed nature of Alaska. This is an excellent, succinct, approachable, and enjoyable merging of biography, science and adventure. I am looking forward to the next volume, *Sea of Time*, when it is published.

—Lowell Fletcher



Indie Spiritualist: A No Bullshit Exploration of Spirituality
Chris Grosso
239 pages • $15.00
Beyond Words Publishing

This book manages to mix an incongruent cast of characters to help the reader take on their suffering in this world. On one hand it's name dropping Neurosis and Ian Mackaye to keep the interest of someone from the underground music scene while introducing them to the ideas and scene of established spiritual teachers. It is disparate realities that few people are aligning. I have looked into some of the shit Chris is imitating or telling people to check out. I like the Alan Watts, Thich Nat Han, and Krishna Murti writings better. But this is Chris' first outing as author of an enlightenment book and he just may improve his craft. (Punks are often the harshest with other punks' works.)

It is not entirely clear what spiritual tradition the book is advocating. The vibe seems to be Eastern while maintaining openness to the readers having their own belief system (it's not anti-Christian). Meditation is central to his practice of relieving pain and madness. There are times his rhetoric gets heavy on "Sober" culture with trace elements of the dreaded AA lurking nearby to recruit more slaves. It took a few minutes of holding my nose while first reading it because I don't identify with the recovery industrial complex system. But Chris's warmth is larger than the program of those robots as it spread to my hands and impregnated my heart.

This book is pretty accessible language wise—no collegiate dictionary moments. The writing is straightforward as if you're being talked to. I often felt what I was reading could be transcripts from an encounter group Chris went to or passages from a detox diary. The sections are rather brisk. Most of the chapters take five minutes to read and can be ingested without starting from the beginning of the book. Each chapter opens from a quote from an icon of either alternative music or the spiritual scene to help deliver each idea. Citing well-known gurus, often even in the body of the chapters, struck me to be a tactic to keep readers seated. Also there are plenty of lists here suggesting readers to go to for further studies; lists of websites, bands, albums, books, movies. This pattern will be familiar to a mass audience primed on being distracted even while reading, which includes the punk preference for short songs. I really got the feeling that the target audience must be someone who cannot concentrate or tolerate anything slow. But I am reminded that people in a desperate situation do not have the luxury for reflection.

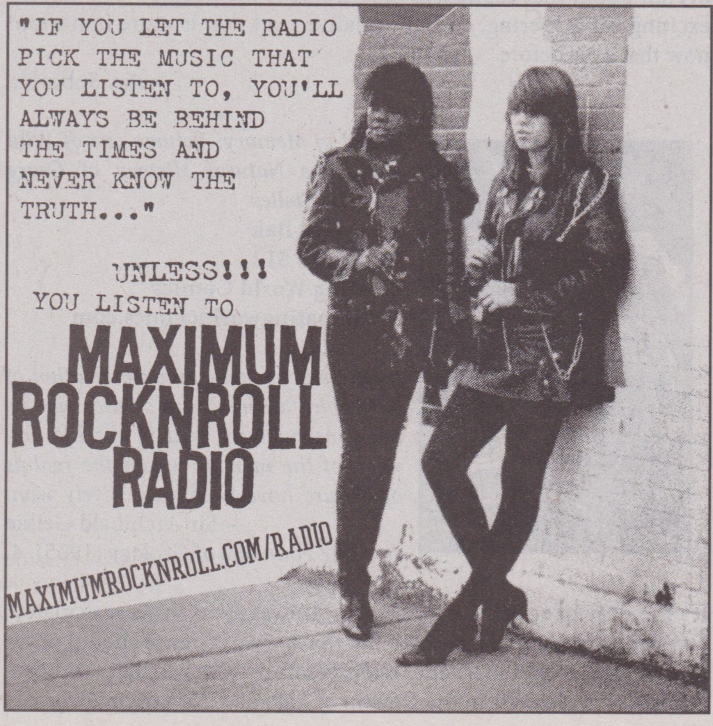
Mostly I couldn't relate to this work from not feeling the sort of existential pain this book will speak to. I would have been into reading more personal accounts from Chris to gauge why he was in such a bad space. He tends to declare how fucked up he was and only a couple times actually shows us the terror he brought to the world (mostly to his parents and loved ones). But I'm more of a story person than one mesmerized by declarations.

Also what I found missing was an expansive take on what "Indie Spirituality" could look like. This book is significantly motivated by Chris being a freaky looking dude replete with tattoos, arriving to the ho-hum tranquility of meditation centers. He was often not well received until he proved his gentleness and patience to the other, more restrained meditators. Chris' experiences and approach will be a bridge connecting two worlds that may have more in common in the coming years as punks start to invade Ashrams and Enlightenment retreats.

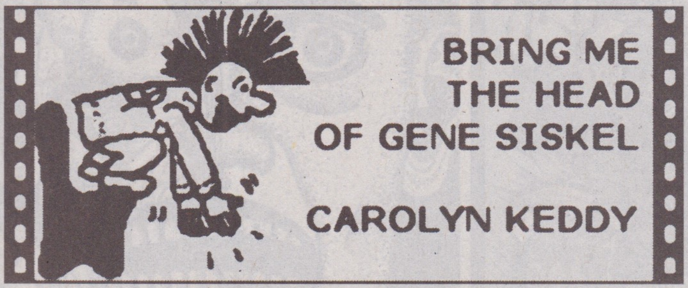
Indie Spiritualist notes a concert experience that was transcendental for Chris. An extended guitar solo gave him a spiritual moment that most readers can probably grasp. But it is really a lost opportunity. What is also needed with a book calling itself the *Indie Spiritualist* is a nuanced pronouncement of what it means to be punk and have a spiritual life. Many people have felt something move inside them at a show or in making themselves a visible target against conformity—and this is worth expanding upon. What of the other exalting moments we encounter as a counter culture? This book only hints at the unique experiences where outlaw culture touches the divine.

I like the blending of extremes most of the time. What you have here is a self help book, re-imagined for people into heavy music. When I was a kid it was practically fighting words for a punk to call another kid a "hippy." Now to see someone from the hardcore scene take New Age ideas seriously provided me some amusement. The strongest gesture of the *Indie Spiritualist* is how it is taking some of the verve of our scene and applying it to other areas of life outside the usual focus on starting a band: parenting, small business, traveling...in this case self realization. It is possible that a punk ethos and approach can transform more segments of the outside world. And in doing so punk itself changes—as it should.

—Robert Eggplant



MOVIES



YOU BETTER RUN

I reviewed Roy and the Devil's Motorcycle's soundtrack for the documentary **Tino – Frozen Angel** this month. Thoughtfully included with that was a code so I could also watch the documentary. The soundtrack is great so I was looking forward to the film.

Tino – Frozen Angel is the story of Martin Schippert, a biker from Zurich, Switzerland who goes on to infamy by forming the first European Hell's Angels club. He is nicknamed Tino – Frozen Angel when he drives through the snow to meet up with a girlfriend and arrives covered in frost. That is a nice picture to start the documentary. We know that Tino has a soft side even though he is the leader of a gang.

Tino – Frozen Angel is fortunate that Tino and his gang did a lot of interviews during the '60s. They also made a movie. In addition, Tino wrote a lot of letters while on the run later in life. His life in Switzerland and out is well documented. His brother, girlfriends and fellow gang members fill in the rest of the details.

All the interview subjects romanticize Tino. He was an intellectual who was admired by some famous Swiss writers of the time. They invited him to their parties. He was a great orator. The students of the 1968 demonstrations wanted him to represent them in government. He was well liked. I understand being an outsider and wanting to remain that way. However, the biker side of Tino is never fully explained. Especially when The Lone Stars decide they want to be Hell's Angels. They write to request permission to join. They travel to Oakland, CA to get vetted. This trip is played off as a vacation—staying at a house provided by the Hell's Angels, going to parties and drinking a lot. If any actual tryouts occurred the details are not discussed.

However, the newly formed Hell's Angels Switzerland are not law abiding. A bunch of them are jailed for rape. Tino was either not there at the time, or there but injured and in a cast, so he was not convicted with the rest. However, the law gets him on something else and he is sent to jail. He escapes and spends the rest of his life trying to settle down somewhere, eventually ending up in Bolivia, where he dies after a run in with the law and being sent to prison.

The filmmaker, Adrian Winkler, and Tino's family and friends try to pass Tino's story off as one of a misunderstood rebel. Yet, his story is pretty straightforward. It feels as if an important part of the story is missing. (vooodoorhythm.com)

After wasting time watching Jack Grisham tell "the story behind the band" **Vicious Circle** on DVD, I realize someone must have been playing a joke on me by putting this in my mailbox. This Vicious Circle, one of eighteen according to Discogs, is the precursor to TSOL and, if you are to believe Grisham, the band who introduced violence into the punk scene. Vicious Circle never released anything, but they made some recordings in their practice studio. Those tapes have been re-mastered and made into the album which includes this DVD as a bonus.

The **Vicious Circle** DVD is forty-two minutes of Grisham going off on tangents surrounding how the band formed and the few shows they played. Grisham comes off like that person you meet at a show or a party and, while he is rambling at you, all you are thinking about is how you can get away from this man. Grisham admits he never was into punk, which is somewhat revelatory from a guy who seems to have made it his career. He also comes off as a bored rich suburban kid, which I always assumed he was. He mentions having a wheel in the practice studio that the band would spin to decide what to do that day. Among the various delinquent type activities was "swim in Jack's mom's pool." I haven't heard the music of Vicious Circle and now I don't really have any desire to. I am amazed someone saw this finished interview and thought it was worth releasing. (tkorecords.com)

Rock N Roller Remote Controller – Episode 5 is an odd story. Perhaps I am a bit lost because I haven't seen episodes 1-4. The main character, Tabman, is being chased around Milwaukee. This is interspersed with another man who finds a remote control in a mine. The remote control disintegrates paper bags. In order to keep this power out of bad hands he gives it to an infant who proceeds to blast the man into outer space. He then has to deal with a *Star Wars* parody.

The highlight of **Rock N Roller Remote Controller – Episode 5** is the band segments. I assume that is intentional, since they are given a big plug on the back of the DVD. The bands are Uh Oh, Static Eyes, Big Eyes and Really Loud Hamburgers. The band's videos are worked somewhat into the storyline, but are really just stand-alone videos. The most entertaining is Really Loud Hamburgers' take on *King Kong*. It is campy and goofy. I also like the music for the end credits, which is Tweens "Be Mean". (rrrc.tv has the first four episodes. #5 is $9 ppd. from RRRCcelebration@gmail.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, % Maximum Rocknroll, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. No guest list necessary. www.carolynkeddy.com

13th ANNUAL ARSONFEST 2013: CANADA'S LONGEST RUNNING ODYSSEY OF NOISE VIOLENCE

Arsonfest in 2013 in Winnipeg, Canada had 20 bands, yet this DVD only shows you fourteen. I really wanted to see Cloud Rat and Rosa Reaper but instead they had to show SixBrewBantha at least five times, along with Headhitsconcrete about four different times—most of their grinding was OK at best but it mostly feels like "you had to be there".

Visually this looks and sounds good but there's just footage of bands playing live—no interviews, only two very brief and grainy-as-hell crowd shots. Hell, there's not even any parts of any band saying "this song is about___" I would've *really* preferred the organizers to do some interviews with the bands and explain what this fest is all about. Their Faceblarb site says it's "An annual Powwow is held to honour children who have died as a result of violence and to recognize those children who will build on a stronger community and to acknowledge those children of spirit and those in life." Now *this* is really interesting, so why leave that off the video? How about a history of this fest since it's their 13th year? Nope, we just get dudes and a few ladies playing guitars/bass/drums and singing guttural hymns into various microphones. So many questions, so few answers. —Justin Davisson (nasceny.productions@hotmail.com)

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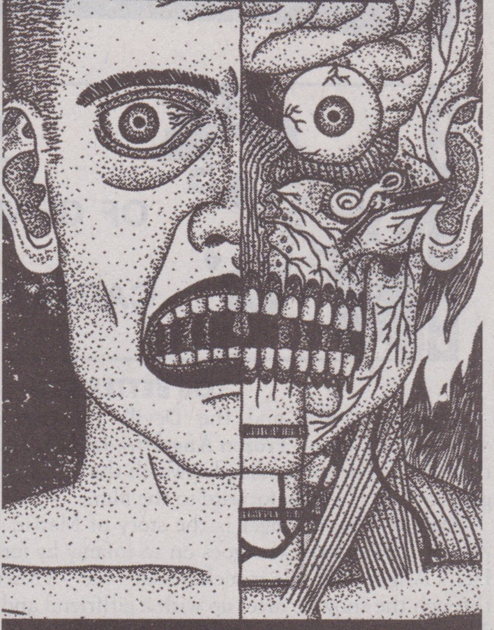

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Reviewers:

(PA) Pete Avery	(WN) Robert Collins	(KK) Kenny Kaos	(RM) Ryan Murphy	(KS) Ken Sanderson
(MA) Matt Badenhop	(JD) Justin Davisson	(CK) Carolyn Keddy	(AP) Ari Perezdiez	(FS) Fred Schrunk
(WB) Will Blomquist	(LG) Layla Gibbon	(RL) Ray Lujan	(LA) Lydia Phelps	(KR) Kat Smith
(GB) Graham Booth	(DG) Dan Goetz	(MM) Marissa Magic	(LP) Langford Poh	(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(MC) Mitch Cardwell	(GH) Greg Harvester	(JM) Jeff Mason	(RO) Rotten Ron Ready	(AU) Andrew Underwood
(KC) Kyle Canyon	(MH) Mike Howes	(AM) Allan McNaughton	(CR) Camylle Reynolds	(DV) Diana Vashti
	(RK) Ramsey Kanaan	(DZ) Ryan Modee	(JR) Jason Ryan	

ABOLITIONISTS / RUBRICS – split EP

Before I start to review this, let me just say that it took ten fucking labels to put out this tiny little record! What, did every band member and label work really hard for a day and chip in 20 bucks each? As soon as I put the needle on the ABOLITIONISTS side the guitar reminds me of MONSULA, and maybe there's some PHLEG CAMP worship going on with secretly peace punk lyrics screamed in a FUEL-like vein. I know, that's a lot of bands (and a lot of bands from the same era) for me to name drop, right? I have a love/hate relationship with bands that have the tendency to seriously rip off their influences, but this seems cool, and the lyrics are pretty great, so I roll with it like a champ. I flipped the record over and expected to hear something completely different, but it still seems like early '90s Lookout! worship. Right when I start thinking that these folks must love them the shit out of some CRIMPSHRINE, they steal a Jeff Ott solo, almost note for note and throw it in there! Great snotty/gruff vocals and both bands have lyrics printed on a super punk lyric sheet. Honestly, I fucking loved this split, but it seems like a rip and 25 years too late. One side on 33rpm and the other on 45rpm, and did I mention that it took ten fucking labels to put this out? (DZ)

(1859 / Bonfire Club / Different Kitchen / Drunken Sailor / Fly the Light / Get Better / Ha Ha Ha Cool / Lost Cat / Reality Is A Cult / Waterslide)

A-BONES – "Ears Wide Shut" CD

This record conjures up a very specific image in my mind, an image of maybe half a dozen middle-aged white people in high-wasted jeans getting sloppy off two beers apiece and dancing in ways that would embarrass their kids in front of the stage while the A-BONES lethargically grind away. This is great music for a bar in Rochester on a Tuesday, but is it really punk? Naw, this is blues rock for people who listen to that douche from the E STREET BAND's satellite radio show. Fucking pass. (AU)

(Norton)

THE ACHTUNGS – "Full of Hate/I Don't Wanna Talk About It"

European punk shitheads channeling the spirit of *Teenage Hate* and actually coming pretty goddamn close. "Full of Hate" manages to come off as infectious in spite of the antisocial, hopeless assholery it extols lyrically. "I Don't Wanna Talk About It" is a crunchier, more traditionally catchy tune, but the bleeding shit-fi sound ups the punk meter passed pop. A winner any way you slice it. (MC)

(Total Punk)

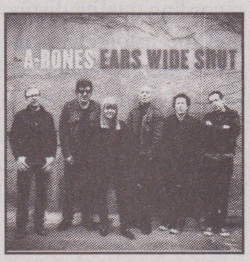
AHNA / CONTORTURE – split EP

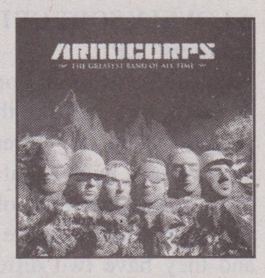
Handle with care, this is fuggin' *deadly*. Göteborg's CONTORTURE go straight for the jugular with their raging feminist kång, expertly toeing the raw/melodic line that has come to define Swedish crust in the last decade. Lyrics revisit familiar themes about autonomy, rape culture, and watching those around you age out of punk, but with a personalistic approach, and the lead vocals remind me of Kim from SCHIFOSI in all the best ways. On the flip, leading Canadian powerviolence freex AHNA lay out two more doses of their noisey blackened filth, sounding yet again like they've managed to record in one of the lesser pits of hell. This is actually a lot less blast-centric than their older material, with crusty rhythms offsetting the murky metalloid gloom, and the opening sludge of "Living in Fear" channels the headbanging glory of BOLT THROWER to perfection. Already a serious contender for my favorite split of 2014, this is nothing short of mandatory for all you metalpunx. (WB)

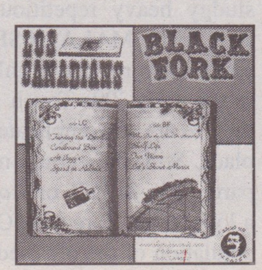
(Active Rebellion / Into the Abyss / Neanderthal Stench / What Is Making Us Sick)

ALERTA ROJA – "Algo Esta Cambiando…..Y Muy Violentamente" LP

A succinctly edited seventeen-track vinyl sampler of recordings of Buenos Ares' ALERTA ROJA, who had a more exhaustive 30-track *Historiko 81-87: La Otra Cara Del Punk* CD released in 2013. "Red Alert" existed from 1982 until 1986, and like fellow Argentin-







ian band LOS VIOLADORES, still leaned heavily on the 1977 song- and guitar- driven mid-tempo punk sound, rather than hardcore impact. Questionably the first punk band in Argentina to release a vinyl record (the über rare white whale and/or Loch Ness monster, *Hippie Japa/Desocupacion* 7" possibly produced in an edition of just 50 copies) the bulk of their discography was a self-released nineteen-song cassette from 1984. In addition to inventive, guitar-driven punkers, ALERTA ROJA incorporated a lot of moody, dark the CURE and repetitively bleak JOY DIVISION style influences into the basic punk template, though their experimental leans toward neo-ska guitar choppiness are largely left on the cutting room floor, which helps make this LP flow really solidly, even as it passes through different recording sessions and the band's nascent steps. A nice foldout newsprint poster includes a period interview in English and the lyrics are presented without translation. Without being able to understand the lyrics, these are really, really good…but just shy of great punk songs…But distance from their influences, time making their charmingly simply recording quality distinctive, nice presentation and the astounding historical significance of the difficulty under which these songs were produced during Argentina's military dictatorship sharpen the focus greatly, elevate this reissue to an absolutely mandatory purchase for fans of '80s international punk. Get this! (KS)
(Lengua Armada)

A LOVELY SORT OF DEATH – "New Beginnings" LP
So difficult; I can honestly say I've never heard anything like this. I mean, yeah, it sounds kind of like current day garage-y lo-fi armory rock, but it's real heavy and abrasive. Also makes me think of '90s groovy math rock, and post-hardcore Dischord Records, and they have two different singers so the songs can sound really different to each other. I dunno, at the end of the day, I'm going with modern day BUTTHOLE SURFERS. (GB)
(Water Under the Bridge)

APERIODIC / JOE 4 / KNIFE THE SYMPHONY / MALA IN SE – split 2xEP
The first band APERIODIC make noisy, sludgy heavy repetitious tunes. Sorta like JUICIFER. MALA IN SE are tricky, odd-metered noise rock, not unlike stuff you'd find in the early '90s Touch and Go catalog, but they're not so complicated that you lose your place. Still, they could make the soft "drift" parts (à la SLINT or *worse* like PELICAN) a lot shorter. Zargeb's JOE 4 create a perfect emulation of the oft-used JESUS LIZARD-y tone—not just the throbbing bass but they get the guitar tone down pat. Vocally and riff-wise it's more like SHELLAC all of which is fine by me. Cincy's KNIFE THE SYMPHONY also go in a very '90s, but quite good, direction. They also have jazzy bass in their bombastic, angular post-hardcore sound. In all, a good compilation with a bunch of bands that can each show what they're worth. (JD)
(Phratry)

THE AR-KAICS – "Why Should I?/ Slave to Her Lies"
There are two great moderne garage rock songs on this short 7". The guitars have reverby-surfiness, the vocals are fuzzy and the songs are very catchy. Included is a business card that states "Wild New Sound". Oh yeah. This is cool. (CK)
(Windian)

ARNOCORPS – "The Greatest Band of All Time" CD
OK here we go. This band has a military look as they kick out metal punk à la '90s SUICIDAL TENDENCIES or slick PENNYWISE. But it doesn't end there, the songs are based on Arnold Schwarzenegger movies and sung with an Arnold/Austrian accent. Not exactly the band I've been holding my breath for. This is OK despite the goofy concept. I would guess this band is more popular with the dudes as I've caught a couple of songs live here and there. Also, this is a reissue of a 2005 release which got some good reviews in the metal press. (RL)
(Alternative Tentacles)

BAD DADDIES – " You Ain't Right" EP
The Bay Area's snot punk attack force BAD DADDIES in full effect: total savage brat attack. Camylle will make your brains bleed using just her vocal chords and you better submit you weak-willed wimp! Imagine KARP on uppers trying to play TYRADES songs, a total frenzy of guitars falling apart and trying to put themselves back together! Or maybe just a band in the tradition of Rip Off Records, you decide Bay Area historians! I dunno, it's a frantic time and you might wanna check 'em out. BAD DADDIES is Matt and Camylle, then I think the rest of the band is sorta MENUDO style? Meaning membership shifts, not that they are desperate teenage loveboys. (LG)
(Negative Fun)

THE BAD DOCTORS – "Burning City" LP
This is fun, catchy and conventionally accessible gothic new wave. While sonically similar it lacks the depth of a band like DEVO; in which their malcontent and grief in the wake of the goings on at Kent State inform their satiric sound. Not that you need tragedy to cultivate an ocean deep sensitivity to crucial vibes.... It's just that this sounds less intrinsically evocative of any sort of emotional depth. The goth affectations especially seem a little contrived. This press sheet admits that much; "The BAD DOCTORS comes from a concentrated study of the new-wave and goth side of post punk..." And ultimately it's incredibly well played, technically proficient, and catchy but derivative. Do you want new wave or do you want the truth? In this case you can't have both... but if you just want catchy gothic new wave definitely check this out. Plus FDH dropped that killer TELEDROME new wave LP right before this, and whereas that thing smokes, this record just catches the vapors without catching the VAPORS. (P$)
(FDH)

BAD ENERGY – "Dead Magic" EP
The impact here is instant—Philadelphia's BAD ENERGY launch into a discordant blast of smart hardcore followed PENI-esque ramblings filtered through dank basements and dark minds. You might say that the vocal meanderings on tracks like "Another World" are a distraction, and I would counter that they are an indication of BAD ENERGY's insistence on keeping shit weird. The past is all over *Dead Magic* in various forms, but BAD ENERGY comes off more relevant now that anything I've heard this month. The pace is perfect and every element of the band will be the focus if you pay attention (though as killer but random as the vocals are, the guitars still steal the record—a hair short of brilliance in sound and action), and you need to pay attention to receive the BAD ENERGY as it is intended. So good… seriously, *so* good. (WN)
(STLN)

BAD HEX / XTRAMEDIUM – split EP
BAD HEX is a bedroom emo project from the depths of Spokane. These three songs have a nice warm lo-fi recording that gives them a little heft. It's not heavy, just a little chunky. There're some noodly parts that kinda kill the chunkyness, but it all flows pretty well. This is less of a catchy emo-indie thing and more of a nod out indie-emo thing. If you like emo and the TONY MOLINA record you might check this out (the echo-y, somewhat understated and not quite ethereal vocals are what drives that comparison). XTRAMEDIUM is an international (Los Angeles, Montreal, Nice) pop punk band with a vague Bay Area feel (circa nineteen eighty-late to early nineteen

ninety-now). Mostly it's in the rhythm section, which is very scrappy / *Cometbus* / JAWBREAKER. The overall mood is much more glum political pop punk. There's also a good measure of feeling and junk. If you like pop punk and hugging your smelly friends, perhaps this band is for you? Ultimately, both sides work well by playing off of each other stylistically, but this just isn't for me. But I know you dreamers are out there. (LP)
(Crapoulet)

BIG EYES / POST TEENS – split EP

Catchy well put-together pop punk with a big guitar sound and some swagger that should put them ahead of the pack and also have an immediate appeal to fans of the MUFFS and RVIVR. These songs mine pop punk territory while sounding anything but derivative. POST TEENS: I've reviewed one of these guys' records before and I remember remarking on the same thing: The drummer steals the show. Jesus, who is this guy? He's got chops for days. It sounds like the rest of the band likes the MARKED MEN, a lot. Like a MARKED MEN B-Sides record (with guitars that are a little fuzzier), which if you've heard the MARKED MEN, you know isn't a bad thing. (P$)
(No Idea)

BLACK FORK / LOS CANADIANS – split EP

This is one hell of a record! In all honesty, this slab of wax gets my vote for best split 7" to come out in 1996. It's fierce, catchy and infectious (the punk rock triforce). And now, some eighteen years later it is getting re-released by Shut Up Records, which if I'm not mistaken, is run by former members of BLACK FORK. Most folks who care more than a bag of beans about pop punk are probably already familiar with BLACK FORK, as they had a full length LP out on Lookout Records during its gravy train years (1997). But lumping BLACK FORK in with the mid-nineties Lookout roster is a misjudgment. They are a lot faster and more aggressive (especially on this release) than their old labels reputation. This 7" could possibly be their best stuff, but that's debatable. As for LOS CANADIANS, it's funny how every band Ivy is in, sounds eerily familiar to each other, even if all the other band members are different. I don't know if it's by design, or coincidence. But either way it's awesome because all these projects (among them ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT, and currently BLACK RAINBOW) totally rule the universe. The original of this 7" was never super expensive or coveted in collector circles, but it was fairly inaccessible. I think it was a tour 7" and only 200 or 300 copies were printed. Glad to see it's now getting the chance to be heard and owned by all the folks who care about these bands. If you're not one of those people already, you probably will be after listening to this. (FS)
(Shut Up)

BLURRING – "Rat Bait" EP

BLURRING may feature a very impressive "ex-members-of" cast list, but I'm afraid their debut EP doesn't do a ton for me. The late '90s/early '00s are littered with a history of tech-y grind bands like this, few of which remain memorable in the present day. This is best when it is at its fastest, as these vets definitely know how to marry a driving riff to a straightforward blast, and the strangled, wailing vocals are distinctive enough to help the band stand out from the pack, but the more off-kilter technical parts fade into a blur of mid-period Relapse records flashbacks. If you feel a great deal of nostalgia for a band like BURNT BY THE SUN this might be your thing, but to me it lacks the visceral rawness and directness that makes grindcore great. (AU)
(United Snakes)

BRAIN TUMORS / PISSWALKER – split EP

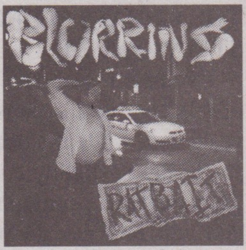
Although BRAIN TUMORS have yet to top their LP of a few years ago, their fury can be felt in just about everything they record, and their live show in particular. I've compared their sound to if CAREER SUICIDE had moved to Cleveland early on and made a point of chucking cinder blocks at each other, and I'd say that still sums up their sound and vibe, with a vocalist who sounds like he's gonna chokeslam you, despite his having a throat full of glass. PISSWALKER partially makes up for lack of hooks with their sheer energy and anthemic gang vocals. Two songs are 1-2-1-2 punk, the third is a mid-pacer, and the vocals are barked and don't entirely fit. (DG)
(Lagerville)

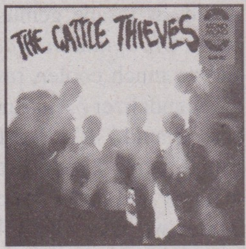
CAGED GRAVE – "Gutless" EP

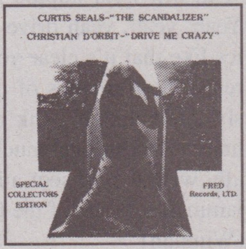
CAGED GRAVE is a new-ish Australian band that does a nice job of walking the line between powerviolence, grindcore and modern hardcore. The songs are short with no fluff. Hell, six of the ten tracks are under 40 seconds in length. The guitar tone reminds me of bands like ROTTEN SOUND or NASUM or honestly later ENTOMBED, but the music is rougher and grittier in a hardcore way. The pace changes a good bit, giving it the powerviolence sound. The members of CAGED GRAVE have been in REINCARNATION, BEAR WITNESS, 4DEAD and IN NAME AND BLOOD. They toss in a cover of "Didn't I?" by LEFT FOR DEAD. (MH)
(Caged Grave)

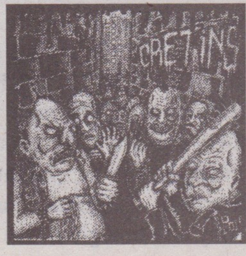
THE CATTLE THIEVES – "Dream" EP

Thick European accented (but singing in English) vocals that are somewhere between LEE HAZLEWOOD and Stuart from the TINDERSTICKS. Music is somewhat playing around with such totems too, with added tints of BAD SEEDS / GALLON DRUNK. B-Side is more frantic, "Monkey Laws" sounds like something from a Roger Corman movie circa 1966, Sunset Strip paisley throw sounds… Nothing that will set your soul on fire, or drive you to drink, but if you are looking for something to accompany you on a drive through the desert or a drunken stumble through a modernist happening you could do worse… But you could do much better. (LG)
(Mono Mono)









THE CHEATS / ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN – split LP

I've heard, seen and owned my fair share of this high-octane punk'n'roll stuff over the years and, while the dedication shown to the *rawk* here is slightly endearing in a cartoonish way, there's simply nothing featured here that will reinvigorate anyone's interest. The CHEATS are totally by-the-numbers tuff-guy bar-punk and ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN hasn't exactly reached new heights (or even fuckin' tried to) with their tunes here. So, ultimately, I'm just left wondering why this record exists…and I don't have a single fucking clue. Hell, I'm fat, old and pathetic and even I'm bored with this. (MC)
(Screaming Crow)

CHRISTIAN D'ORBIT / CURTIS SEALS – split EP

This is *super* sick! CURTIS SEALS on the A-Side is insane genius DIY basement soul punk, *Ultraglide in Black,* but made in 1981 and so much cooler, rawer and wilder. "I'm the scandalizer / Ain't nobody nicer / I'm the best around." It's like DON COVAY was a garage punk. I have listened to it fifty times in a row and that's not enough times! On the B-Side we have what I think is essentially the PENETRATORS with female punker vocals, and it's also raw and wild, and tough as fuck! "I'm still sorta stupid / But I ain't no clown / Yeah, yeah, yeah drive me crazy." With lyrics like that it's clear you would be stupid to resist the pleasures of this 45… Really cool sly street tough punk'n'roll, with snot and humor. Doesn't get much better than this! Really wish they'd sent a reviewer copy of this jammer. Reissue of the month? (LG)
(Windian)

THE CIRCLE JERKS – "Golden Shower of Hits" LP

This is the sound of misguided youth. The sound of violence and mayhem created out of boredom. Engineer boots, cracked skulls and forty ouncers. This is the last record before they started to suck. Some will argue. Fuck 'em. I even love the melody. Nice reissue on thick wax… One word. "Coup D'etaaah!!!" (RO)
(Drastic Plastic)

THE CIRCLE JERKS – "Wild in the Streets" LP

There is something absolutely hysterical about the CIRCLE JERKS second LP getting released as a 200-gram vinyl delicacy. When this record was originally released back in 1982, it was an instant classic for fans of Southern California hardcore. Most everybody else thought it was complete shit. Those of us who could afford it played on our crappy little stereo systems crammed up in our bedrooms. Now we've got this 200-gram version designed for fancy stereo systems. Limited to 1,000 numbered copies (and another 1,000 on the less impressive 150 gram vinyl.) I'll probably drop the $15 or so bucks it'll cost. (KK)
(Drastic Plastic)

TODD CONGELLIERE – "Wrong Side" LP

When the fuck did Todd Congelliere become so prolific that he has enough material to play in four bands (FYP, UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND, TOYS THAT KILL and STONED AT HEART… maybe more) and still have enough songs sitting around to shit out a solo LP? Seriously! If you're a fan of any of those other projects, Mr. Congelliere's new LP will be familiar to you. On this record, Todd tones it down a little bit and fleshes out his sound with added instrumentation, such as pianos, accordion, acoustic guitars, a fucking sax and some minimal percussion. The lyrics convey a little bit of goofiness from his past projects but he tempers it with some melancholy vibes and loose paranoia that doesn't feel contrived. This is a perfect LP to throw on after you've locked your doors tight from the rest of the world and wanna feel weird about everything. It's definitely one of the better things I've heard from him in years. (GH)
(Recess)

CRETINS – "Piss On Your Pieces" EP

Sick, burly hardcore from RVA with barking vocals, a nice rich guitar tone, and varied songs that are all interesting and mosh-ready. This band's sound harkens back to dark, hopeless early '80s East Coast hardcore of a number of stripes, but I hear a lot of the ABUSED, SSD, *My America*, and maybe URBAN WASTE in the songwriting and feeling, the nihilism of YDI in terms of venom and vocal delivery, and it's all put forth with the kind of sonic abrasion, slight reverb, and occasional subtle nods to Oi! that's characteristic of many of today's hardcore bands. If the breakdown in "Tunnel Vision" doesn't make you want to jump off the closest object onto the person next to you, I don't know what to say. The drums are a bit higher than normal in the mix, with the vocals buried slightly, which makes for a cool sound. Lyrics about sober dudes hitting on drunk girls, scumfucks acting entitled to your money because they just hopped a train into town, the vocalist's destructive bad habits that are heavily alluded to but not directly named, and while self-referential lyrics in hardcore are usually embarrassing, CRETINS do it right, and Vinyl Conflict has a solid streak of releases so far. (DG)
(Vinyl Conflict)

CRETIN STOMPERS – "Looking Forward to Being Attacked" LP

Members of BOSTON CHINKS and the BARBARAS return with a new outfit. These two recent Memphis bands implored an everything-but-the-kitchen-sink tactic in delivering their (waaaay) off-kilter pop, and things continue to fire in every conceivable direction with CRETIN STOMPERS. The influences are augmented pretty drastically though. The punky immediacy and '60s sheen I expected is almost entirely absent, replaced with a collision of fuzz'n'buzz indie-pop, electropunk trickery and legit radio-ready rockers. Will most *MRR* listeners even make it past "Project: Object," the quirky annoyance exercise that opens the LP? I have my doubts, sad to say, but those who do will be rewarded with some pretty bold shit at nearly every turn, including a couple no-contest winners (see "Cowboy From Mars"). While I can't sign off on *Looking Forward to Being Attacked* front to back, the moments that work make the whole head-trip worth it. Dig the fuckin" Eggleston sleeve too…how the hell they'd pull that off? A completely schizophrenic album. (MC)
(HoZac)

DADDY LONG LEGS – "Blood From A Stone" CD

The second album from DADDY LONG LEGS is another jam-packed, stompin' affair from the Brooklyn delta. They even sing of the "New York City Blues." This is high-speed, punchy, harmonica driven blues rock. Harmonica? Yeah, there's lots of it. However, when it is played fast and blended with a primitive, pounding drumbeat it sounds real nice. Unfortunately DADDY LONG LEGS has done without the LEE BRILLEAUX vocal style on this record. That's a shame. (CK)
(Norton)

DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS – "Now It Can Be Told" CD

DAN WEBB AND THE SPIDERS (hereafter, hilariously enough, DWATS) play pop punk with indie-rock leanings and are from, of all fucking places, Boston. This CD collects a few past releases and some odds and sods. I can't say what the impact of listening to these songs in their original context was, but in this format, it is only for dedicated fans. Over the course of the disc the songs show a lack of variety. Basically, the template is a softer voiced D4 mixed with a softer voiced REPLACEMENTS, all very pretty pop-ified.

I can see these songs working in a short grouping, where the slight differences can be reflected upon, but this two year period of songwriting doesn't have a wide enough spread for me. Moreover, DWATS (hee hee) brand of mopey guy pop punk usually leaves me cold. This is no exception, but they do seem to be one of the better examples of the style that I have heard in some time. Perhaps grab this if you can't find the original records and you also like the FUTURE VIRGINS. (LP)
(Safe Responsible)

DEAD BARS – EP

If you're a fan of the standard No Idea Records fare, then you won't be disappointed. Catchy, jangly-while-still-dudely guitars, and gruff, PBR-soaked-through-the-beard vocals. What really bummed me out about this four-song EP were the lyrics. One song is about going to McDonalds, Starbucks, and then getting beers later. Another song is four lines long, merely mentioning that he had a party, and one is about a sports team hitting a homerun while the singer went to pee. It's catchy, and I'm sure they'll have no problem finding fans, but it definitely didn't break any new ground… it just sounds like what you'd think a band on No Idea would sound like ten years ago, and apparently still does. Lyrics and download code included. (DZ)
(No Idea)

DEAD BARS / SUNSHINE STATE – split EP

DEAD BARS plays two songs of palm-muted, mid-tempo, gruff voiced pop-punk. The first song sounds like an absent-minded letter to a friend wherein he talks about his bed nailed to a wall and a flat screen TV. It's pretty catchy, in that typical No Idea, Gainesville style, but it's not breakin' down the walls for me. If you're a fan of the usual roster at the Gainesville Fest, you'll definitely eat this up. SUNSHINE STATE sounds a little radio-rock-y to me. If this came out in the mid-'90s, someone would probably call it "emo," but it just came out in 2014. They kinda add some dynamics to that typical No Idea sound, but it just flies by me without making much of an impact. (GH)
(No Idea)

DEATHTRIP – "Distracted" CD

Songs such as "Snatchsquatch" and "Bearded Clam Chowder" made me skeptical of being nice. The liner notes only picture terrible art featuring women covered in cum. Sigh. These dudes can't die soon enough to make me forgive them for the fact they actually made a hardcore album so fucking boring I didn't even want to pay attention to it enough to mock it. These losers, who sound like they drop the n-word several times, (I can't say for sure because they were too lazy / chickenshit to print them in the booklet) seem to think offensive women-hating art can mask their total lack of musical ability or creativity. This is truly more of a waste of plastic than the E.T. Nintendo game (which the company attempted to hide evidence of by burying in the fucking desert!) Fuck off and die bros. (DV)
(Crimecore / Backdoor)

DECOMPOSING VOMIT / ORAL PROTECTION – split CD

Fucking *terrible* wolf-barf grind / noisecore recorded on a dying Fisher-Price tape recorder sound from DECOMPOSING VOMIT. This is supposed to be an actual split which it technically is, but somehow ORAL PROTECTION's part is one track of even more huge incomprehensible heaved up chunks from a grizzly, with extremely bad constipation and gas at the same time. This stuff was already pointless in 1994 and even lamer in 2014 but evidently there're still some people that think highly of the MEAT SHITS. (JD)
(self-released)

DEGENERATE – "Destreation" CD

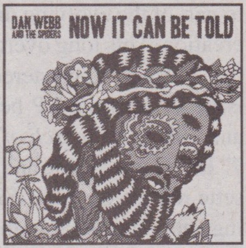
Now this one is a blast. Thirteen years and a few comp tracks into their existence, Osaka's DEGENERATE have dropped this fifteen-song mindbomb, a dazzling collection of Burning Spirits HC with seriously old-school vibrations. Somewhere between a stripped-down PAINTBOX and the rock'n'roll flair of TETSU ARRAY, this is about as close as I'd ever want to get to calling a hardcore record *uplifting*, but there's definitely a infectiously soaring quality to the whole thing. You better believe that there's some sizzlingly wankadelic leads in there, but you know what? They fucking pull it off. Really though, that guitar player is a goddamned ace, and thankfully he chose punk over the ZEPPELIN-esque hard rock band he was probably destined to play in. Don't pose, DEGENERATE is the real deal in 2014!! (WB)
(Bronze Fist)

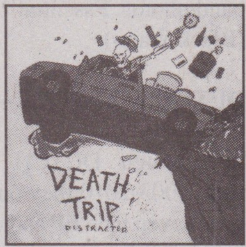
DERELLAS – "Slam Bam" CD

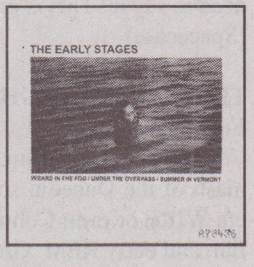
Rock'n'roll hair cuts, leather, heroin, skulls and crossbones. The JOHNNY THUNDERS and HANOI ROCKS school of music. This is the watered down modern version. More fashion than sleaze. At their best they remind me of old local band ROMEOS DEAD. They've got the whole glam punk tight hooks and melodies thing down but the lyrics and song titles are just bad. "Rock 'n' Rollercoaster"? "She's Got Tattz"?! There's a horrible RONETTES cover. This would be easier to take in a low-dose, but a full rig is too much. (RO)
(Crushworld)

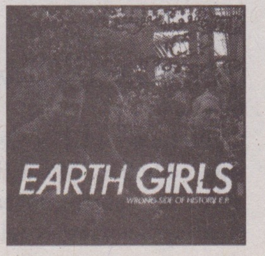
DISARRAY – "1982-1986" LP

Sendai, Japan's DISARRAY existed in the primal dawn of Japanese hardcore, with lead driven high energy shuffling hardcore with barking vocals, its sound instantly recognizable as familiar to the overall sound of say, *Great Punk Hits* or *Hardcore Unlawful Assembly,* but more connected to the elements of the overall emerging Japanese sound. The song driven build ups are as much LAUGHIN' NOSE's "Scene Death" as the rock driven undercurrents and wailing solos reference the sound of G-ZET and the CLAY. Though located a few hours north of Tokyo, DISARRAY were contemporaries of these bands and compilations releasing their first cassette and flexi on the legendary ADK label around the same time in 1984, so it would be a mistake to see them as an imitator of style, as opposed









to part of the evolving dialogue of the sound's creation. This long overdue vinyl treatment of the 24-track re-mastered 2008 Japanese CD issue divides the LP between the 1984 flexi and 1985's *In Search of the Miraculous* vinyl 7" EP on the A-Side and a 1984 and 1985 cassette release on the B-Side. The 1984 recordings are somewhat comparatively blunt, curt blasts of bassy mid-tempo snarl, with piercing guitar wails thrown overtop echoing howling vocals. By 1985, the band had a complete change in guitar and bass, so while the same shuffling hardcore sound exists, the EP's four tracks do bloat slightly in meandering song length and adopt an offbeat sung vocal warble. Though the two cassettes have rough, if not live sound quality, this earns both its weight and then some (especially the 1985 tape) with totally savage versions of the flexi, EP and unreleased songs. Great release with a large full-color poster insert with a bunch of band photos. Essential!!! (KS)
(Black Water)

DUTCH MASTERS – "All in the Wires" LP

Although DUTCH MASTERS existed from 2003-2010 they only released one three song seven inch EP and one track on a compilation. All four songs are featured on this LP, along with eight unreleased songs recorded at the same time plus two live songs. DUTCH MASTERS were a super group featuring members of OBLIVIANS, ROYAL PENDLETONS, BLACK AND WHITES and PERFECT FITS. The music is trashy, manic garage punk. There is a who-gives-a-fuck attitude that always makes that style of band way more fun. The songs are catchy even though they are somewhat laid back. Whenever a band is obviously having a great time, the music is always more enjoyable. Do I really need to say it? This is great. (CK)
(Spacecase)

THE EARLY STAGES – "Wizard in the Fog" EP

Sublime art pop from Austin, Texas. A mish mash of the Dunedin sound, *Chairs Missing* era WIRE or even Colin Newman solo material, and early REM. Great stuff. This is their first vinyl release, I look forward to hearing more. (AM)
(self-released)

EARTH GIRLS – "Wrong Side of History" EP

This record kicks ass! It is sweet and totally addictive. Much like the MUFFS, the songs are mostly upbeat with heavily layered harmonizing vocals. The bass is really crunchy and the lead guitar throws in a lot of those mini-solos, somewhat like what the FASTBACKS commonly did. Although the title track "Wrong Side of History" employs DILLINGER FOUR-style riffs, it fits wells in with this group of songs, and is maybe the strongest track. If you're into what BIG EYES are doing right now, you are gonna love EARTH GIRLS. (FS)
(Grave Mistake)

ELECTRIC FUNERAL – "Electric Funeral/Total Funeral" 2xLP

As the label proclaims, this collection contains "every goddamned filthy fucking track ever recorded" by Sweden's premier DISCLOSE-worshipping one man band, culled from a double fistful of limited demo tapes, a handful of vinyl releases and four previously unreleased tracks. Jocke D-Takt's project has always been DIY as fuck, recorded by the man himself when he somehow found time away from his responsibilities to his other bands and label, and the quality of ELECTRIC FUNERAL has always reflected the passion he puts in. Musically it's straightforward feedback and tape hiss-drenched D-beat à la mid-period DISCLOSE (the *Tragedy* LP is an excellent reference point) with enough interesting leads and syncopated breaks to give it distinction beyond most bands that fit that description. This is one of those discographies where you probably won't be putting on all four sides in a row, but everything here is good-to-great, and it's really a no-brainer that anyone with even a passing interest in the genre should pick this up. (AU)
(Southern Lord)

THE ETTES – "Cry on My Shoulder/Girl I'll Never Be"

I'm not sure how punk this is (and really, part of our job here is to be just a little judgmental). Still, if you're a fan of female fronted, pretty rockin', mid-tempo, catchy pop music, you'll like this one. It's both pretty rockin' and also just plain pretty. The A-Side is very soft and a little jangly. The B-Side gets a little rougher and even a little fuzzy. I don't know exactly why I say this, but the band's name really fits them. This is part of the Windian Subscription Series. (KK)
(Windian)

EU'S ARSE – "Lo Stato Ha Bisogno di Te? Bene, Fottilo" EP

As far as a reissue goes, for those who love the old Italian bands and don't want to pay stupid amounts of money for the originals, grab this instead. Killer EP. They also had some raging tunes on an earlier release with IMPACT. This band held their own; rough and abrasive hardcore with melodic riffage, voice cracks and all. Amazing! (MS)
(Black Water)

EU'S ARSE / IMPACT – split EP

"Two bands share this 7" slab. EU'S ARSE, who have a previous release, combine breakneck DISCHARGE-like repetitive riffs with unlikely-sounding vocals that suggest a poet gone berserk. IMPACT add a bit more variety, including fuzzier guitars and raspy vocals that mesh better. (TY)" Temped to leave the reissue of a 31-year-old record with just a reissue of Timmy Yo's 31-year-old review from *MRR* #8. This is a superb direct repro of the seminal Italian hardcore rarity, originally released in 1983, reproducing the original dual sleeve design with additional insert, with a slightly darker print on better paper. A classic lighting strike of sharp bursts of urgent hardcore that's been re-warmed many times over now. This is the first time this EP has been issued in the US in its original, succinct form and often, like owning the originals, there's more to be gleaned from listening to the music as it was originally intended to be heard—on a tightly jam packed EP—than ten tracks in, halfway through a mind-numbing comprehensive discography collection. Both bands were from smaller cities (Udine and Ferrara) in northern Italy, and IMPACT's six debut tracks blended quick buzzsawing hardcore with staccato rasps of angry vocals spit out over distortion-drenched guitars. EU'S ARSE's five tracks are similar, quick, high energy buzzing hardcore, it has this unhinged quality to it, from the desperate random attack of the vocals and just slightly tilted recording quality that edges everything else into a unique haphazard territory. Their side seemingly plays with a little more forceful and balanced volume than the original release. Mandatory! (KS)
(Black Water)

EU-VOSTOLIITTO – "Yksin Maailmaa Vastaan" EP

Five tracks of forceful thumping Finnish hardcore that serve as a carrier for classically scalding Finnish hardcore vocals; bumping hard consonants in rapid succession and howls, as a thin garage-rock-y guitar occupies a near-VOID-like headspace of freedom to solo and bounce over top. Though their lean is much more '66 garage just shy of a biker soundtrack, than '70s heaviness. The five-song debut from this Helsinki band whose name is a pun combination of the EU and the SOVIET UNION, walks the traditional APPENDIX, RIISTEYT scald but the musicianship loosens the screws enough to keep things inventive.

Lyrics entirely in Finnish, cops' riot shields on the front cover, pile of beer cans on the back. Kicking! (KS)
(Kämäset Levyt)

EVEN HAND – LP

This record sounds a bit disjointed. Some of the songs sound like KARATE or COME or some mellower '90s indie rock. These are the less punk songs, but by far the better ones, driven more often by the rhythm section with the guitars a bit sparse and less heavy on chords. The vocals are sung in a somewhat breathy way or sometimes talked (in a LUNGFISH / MOSS ICON fashion) and fit the music perfectly. The other half is pretty pop-punk, in a sort of '90s indie way for sure (or like a lot of that cleaner East Coast pop-punk that's floating around), but still pretty far off the other stuff. It's not that they are bad in any way; the other stuff just sounds more interesting and may simply be what this band is better at. (PA)
(Mandible)

EXPIRED LOGIC – "Wrath of Mothra" EP

Four tracks of classic Northwest punk'n'roll from Seattle that's not quite DETONATORS, not quite the FUMES, but exploding somewhere in the same firing range. Clear vocalled, bare knuckled punk grounded in rock riffs, edging up to, then receding off hardcore tempo, often back and forth within each track. Still hard driving, expansive and solid musicianship leaves room for a quick prog-ish intro or tasteful use of Theremin, but the songs overall are pretty varied. Moody "Rotting Inside" attacks corporate greed and GMOs with an intense '80s style brooding that leaps to quick blasts of straight ahead punk. "Spun" is a straight up bar room riff laden punker decrying heroin use. "Take Me" is a hardcore charge on self worth and definition, and "Wrath Of Mothra" is basically an instrumental track with the song title periodically shouted, with no instructions about how this can be simply avoided by not kidnapping the Peanuts from Infant Island!! (KS)
(Expired Logic)

EXTENDED SUICIDE – LP

The illustration of a skeleton in an astronaut suit riding a skateboard with a beer in hand (and ollie-ing over an empty one) will tell you that this is boring, generic hardcore. It's mostly a blur of 1-2-1-2 riff salad with melodic leanings, periodic mosh breakdowns or otherwise slow parts, and absolutely unbearable vocals that sound like someone dry heaving. At best, a couple of songs on the B-Side sound like a much shittier SAIRAAT MIELET (without the militantly sober sentiment, of course), but that's being generous. (DG)
(Putojefe)

FIFTEEN DEAD / POPULATION ZERO – split LP

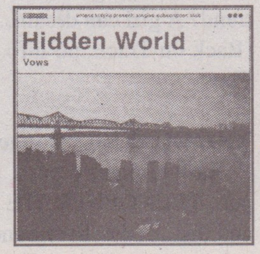
I'm starting with the POPULATION ZERO side since I reviewed the *Become Death* tape by them a year ago. They kick if off with insanely sinister sharp blasts of punk rock shrapnel. This is ripping Philly warehouse crust that is thrashing full speed ahead. The balance of melodic punk and blackened metal on here is music to my ears. The vocals screech like a three-fingered demon with perfect grunt-barfing throughout and the whole side. Their four songs are excellent from start to finish. I made this comparison with regard to the tape, and I'm going to make it again: DEATH MOLD from NYC were a punk band that did their own thing and now POPULATION ZERO do just that as well. No one sounds like this that I'm aware of right now. On the flipside FIFTEEN DEAD, with a crucial logo I might add, continue on a macabre path under a piano intro. Oh fuck. I love this shit too! Unique fits of scattered drumming and a storm of blackened vocals. Atmospheric and contorted, organic beats travel through space and time within cacophonous guitar and bass landscapes. The second song reminds me of DEPRESSOR meets VASTUM with an almost industrial / militant style. There is a dragging time change at this point that is absolutely genius. It makes my eyeballs roll back and a little drool comes out. Push and pulling the listening all over the place, when I think we're about to go faster, FIFTEEN DEAD might be slowly lobotomizing me and I don't even know it. Though they broke up back in Scotland, some of the FIFTEEN DEAD guys have started SCUMPULSE… I'll be on the lookout. Brilliant split LP. (JR)
(Broken / Chaos / Liberty / Necrosound / Rifflifter / Suburban White Trash)

FUR COATS – "The League of Extraordinary Octopuses" LP

Remember when you asked me for a good example of "Goofy Guy Pop Punk"? Well, FUR COATS are great example. Musically and thematically they are like the DEAD MILKMEN, if the DEAD MILKMEN celebrated being alcoholics and were far less clever. That's not meant to be insulting; let me explain. DEAD MILKMEN'S humor came from their bizarre and ridiculous themes for songs, and rarely relied on punch lines. FUR COATS also approach their lyrics with an emphasis on humor, but their themes revolve around living everyday life as a lowbrow punk slob. And sometimes it works out, and the songs are actually a little funny. Which is rather remarkable, because about 99% of humor-ized pop punk is completely unlistenable. Perhaps it's because FUR COATS never try too hard. They aren't trying to make you bust out laughing; they are just being goofy dudes. And their music is a reflection of that. It's not bad. (FS)
(Dirt Cult)

THE GIRLS! – "Let's Not Be Friends" LP

This is an interesting record and it starts before you even take the record out of the sleeve. This one has got two girls, they're on the front cover, and it seems the four fellows are on the back cover. This separation was rather misleading at first. You don't see a ton of punk / pop bands with six members. They're an interesting looking bunch of folks. The record? I'd call it pop music. It's catchy, for sure. And the (female) vocals are very pretty. It's all sort of soft and delicate. (KK)
(self-released)



GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND / THE STEADYS – split EP

The STEADYS play an infectious brand of pop punk that reminds me at times of the MR. T EXPERIENCE, without really sounding like MTX. It's just got that catchy quality that MTX delivers. Mid to faster tempo, it also got that TOY DOLLS squeaky vocal thing going on. GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND are maybe a little less pop punk and a little more power pop, sort of similar to an old Bay Area band called RED PLANET. In fact, they sound enough like RED PLANET that I had to double check and make sure they didn't have any common members. Both bands really deliver it on this record. (KK)
(Dirty Rabbit)

GREEN DREAMS – "Rich Man/Poor Man"

This is reminiscent of SHOPPERS, which makes me wonder if this is the upstate New York sound or something. This leans in a more grunge direction, complete with a NIRVANA riff rip-off. I don't mean this in a bad sense, it's not a boring rip-off but a cool echo. It's so grunge but so sped up, a heavy steamroller, tuff without the embarrassing "total bad-ass" vibe. There's a lack of guitar solos and more of an unrelenting movement. Again, very heavy. Definite stoners here. (MM)
(Cherish)

GUANTANAMO PARTY PROGRAM / SUFFERING MIND – split EP

The ol' slow vs. fast band split trick: does it ever get old? Poland's reigning grind heroes SUFFERING MIND tear their way through three burners, touching on power violence, crust, ripping black metal and good ol' fashioned hardcore crush, preserving the lineage of greats like MASSGRAVE and ASSÜCK. Some of the best material that I've heard from 'em, these guys really hit a groove a few years back and seem to be more or less unstoppable at this point. GUANTANAMO PARTY PROGRAM offer up their take on the whole TRAGEDY meets NEUROSIS thang, and while that's generally one of my least-favorite microniches, they do a better job than most, reminding me of a less indulgent LIGHTBEARER. Could the split seven-inch be the saving grace of the whole post-metal trend? A girl can dream… (WB)
(Back on Track, no info / Caramba / Halo of Flies)

THE GUAYS – "Hougeki" CD

Raw hi-energy punk rock'n'roll from Japan. TEENGENERATE energy, a bombastic and distorted delivery and GUITAR WOLF's swagger, these kids cram all of the best shit into one band. Ten songs clocking in under a half hour, the GUAYS are addictive and awesome, and "Shock to Headbanger" is the killerest song you will hear all day. (WN)
(GRG Records)

HECTOR'S PETS – "Pet-O-Feelia" LP

These ice cream eatin' motherfuckers from Brooklyn play smooth-yet-raw power-pop/garage rock with some BEACH BOYS-style backing vocals. Lotsa "ooooohhh ooooooohs." Lotsa songs about girls, station wagons, burgers, more girls, butts and summertime. The guitars are thick and the singer has a less-soulful Phil Lynott snarl going on. The LP sounds like a fun, booze-filled party overall. This shit is pretty tight. (GH)
(Oops Baby)

HELLSHOCK – "Low Men in Yellow Cloaks" EP

Every bit as epic as I would expect, HELLSHOCK dish out two tracks that show why they sit proudly atop a genre that continues to crush while fly-by-night fans gravitate towards the next cool thing. "Demons On Fire" is more the churning, guttural stench-core variety, ruthless metallic guitars and Joel's vocals are as fierce as ever. "Enemy Within" is dominated by the guitar leads that take over the focus in the last third of the track—shameless melody with a conscious nod to NWOBHM and glam metal while the rest of the band chugs through mid tempo crust. There's no need to reinvent the wheel when yours works just fine… just make sure she rolls true and fukkn ride. (WN)
(Black Water)

HEXIS / PRIMITIVE MAN – split 10"

Two new takes on doom/sludge with a single long track from each of these two bands. PRIMITIVE MAN (Denver, Colorado) do a crushingly slow, almost doom sound, but it's more hardcore than metal. At times they are ridiculously heavy and plodding. I love the pacing; slow yes but not in the same way that say either KHANATE or THOU are. Sludge might be an overused term, but PRIMITIVE MAN do sound like they're slogging through some sludge. The thing I really enjoy about PRIMITIVE MAN is that they don't really sound like most slow sludgy bands. They pummel you and throw in a good dose of discordant guitars and feedback, but they're not too slow and their songs go someplace. HEXIS (Denmark) do a different take on a slow, heavy sound. In their case the guitars buzzsaw with the slow rhythm section, giving them almost a black metal sound. They create a very cool sound with buzzing guitar, slow drums yet faster double-bass drums. This track is a bit different than most of the tracks on their full-length *Abalam,* but it's hard to place exactly why. Good stuff from both bands. (MH)
(Halo of Flies)

HIDDEN WORLD – "Vows" EP

HIDDEN WORLD is from Poland and plays a stiff indie rock that borders on punk. The guitars are melodic and catchy, but the vocal delivery is sorta punk. The pace is slow, which in the end makes these tracks somewhat boring. On "It Hurts But I've Never Felt So Alive" they have vague references to LEATHERFACE but with more of an alternative rock sound. I can't stand "Day Full of Useless Words". While not emo, its emo lyrics, done to boring rock with stiff vocal delivery, make me wince. Yuck. (MH)
(Antena Krzyku)

HORROS – "Maailman Palkka" CD

This eight-track release from Finnish trio HORROS seems a bit mismatched. The intro track has all the trappings of TRAGEDY inspired epic crust; D-beat drums, octave guitar melody, even the slow build up part, but with the vocal delivery of modern pop punk. The rest of the songs have more of a grittier vocal sound. The fourth song "Kuiskaukset" has a kind of death / thrash metally thing going on. And the next song "Ikuinen Sota" has a beat-down metallic hardcore type sound. Most of the songs are good, but overall HORROS is lacking that cohesive sound a band should go for so listeners don't think their releases are comps. (KC)
(Face Your Gods)

HUMAN ADULT BAND – "Garbage & th' Trees/Night Terrors"

Weird, sloppy and loopy late-'80s/early '90s warped but "proper" indie rock à la SEBADOH or the first SEAWEED record. These weirdos are new to me but have actually been around since 2002. Lots of strumming, seeping feedback, "aloof dude in flannel" vocals along with a bunch of heavy psych wah-stomping on side A. The B-Side starts with a huge scream not out of place on many grind/black metal records. It sounds pretty heavy, albeit a more discombobulated blob of noise rock by way of slow to totally freaked out psych. Haven't heard too many bands mix it up like this and hope to hear more of them soon. (JD)
(DIHD)

HUMAN ERROR – "Die" LP

Iowa City's HUMAN ERROR existed for a flash in the mid-'80s, but with this revived

demo tape as a legacy, they should find themselves at the very top of the heap of Midwestern hardcore. "Mig 21" is a jaw-dropping burner that can be mentioned in the same breath as LÄRM, but everything on this record impresses. Vocals are beyond fierce, and even when the band slows to a mid period-FLAG dirge as on "Problems" those vocals propel the song into the stratosphere. Their sometimes erratic approach to songs (I'm talking "T.V. Suntan" here) nods casually to Northern California weirdos, though HUMAN ERROR never once gives the impression that they are not on their own unique trajectory. The recording is all over the place; bass thundering through "Government Flu" (not a cover) seemingly out of nowhere, vocals taking a snotty UK twist on the following track—and that's one of the things that make bands like this so damn good. No fukkn rules, they just went for it… and they were in high school. As an important note: this is how reissues *should* be presented; photos, lyrics, hand drawn flyers, background info, a fukkn perfect release…. Hard Art did Iowa proud. "There's more out there, much more, you just need to take the time and make the effort to look." (WN)
(Hard Art)

HUMAN SLAUGHTER / INJUSTICE SQUAD – split EP

A band called INJUSTICE SQUAD should remind me of *Blood, Sweat…* era SICK OF IT ALL, right? I am pretty sure that's the primary intent, though these kids do it with a touch more melody and they don't seem like they are merely trying to ape a genre. Beefy mid tempo hardcore with vocals that standout for being simply *strong* and also have a thrash metal bent. Good shit. HUMAN SLAUGHTER just launch straight into the crossover / crust, slower breakdowns with ripping thrash and strained, throat searing vocals. Powerful as all hell, and their track "There is No Tomorrow" takes the whole split. Two Greek bands, zero filler. (WN)
(Weirdface Productions)

I GET MYNZE – "Big Whup" EP

Ridiculous bullshit music from some LEGENDARY WINGS affiliate. Every song is a tiny miracle of slap-dash DIY punk, obviously aiming at substantial chuckles, but coming out ahead in the hit department. In fact, it's impossible to not be on board from the get-go. SNEAKY PINKS devotees take note, as should the other geniuses out there. (MC)
(Pelican Pow Wow / Red Lounge)

INPALUMBIA – CD

Odd and jazzy, jagged '90s-ish post-punk with trumpet. The vocals are really annoying—like a mix between Eddie Fucking Vedder chewing on rubber or maybe the doofus from SPIN DOCTORS (remember them? You probably shouldn't). The flipside, while having a heavier riff, comes off like a mix of uh…'20s jazz, A SYSTEM OF A DOWN and a super lame FAITH NO MORE outtake. What in thee fuck!? (JD)
(Antena Kryzku / Gut Feeling)

THE JACKHAMMERS – "Crime Spree" EP

Four tracks of snotty, fast punk rock'n'roll, sung in a broad Glaswegian accent. Reminds me of most opening bands I saw at punk gigs growing up in the west of Scotland. These guys look kind of old so maybe they were in some of those bands. The riffs are catchy and the lyrics sound pissed off and a little nihilistic. It's decent stuff musically but the vocals set it apart for me—I like it when singers sound like themselves and don't try to be something they're not. (AM)
(S'not)

JUANITA Y LOS FEOS – "Nueva Numancia" LP

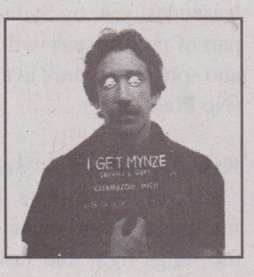
Four songs in and I haven't stopped tapping my foot, bobbing my head, etc. JYLF have apparently been around for like ten years now, and this LP rules! Sweet melodic punk at the perfect dancing pace, with perfect and punchy straight "kick-snare-kick-snare" drumming. Juanita's voice is endlessly alluring, especially when she fills spaces with "oooo-oooo" and what not. Great synth-lines deepen the already perfectly full and balanced sound. You may think that somewhere during twelve songs of melodic punk, things would get predictable or un-interesting. I did not find that to be the case with this LP. Fucking great punk from Madrid. (MA)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

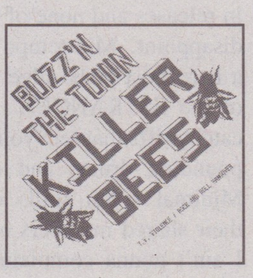
KILLER BEES – "Buzz'n the Town" 45

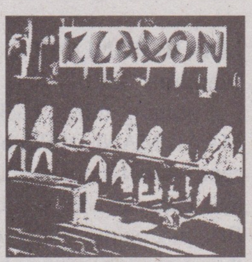
Man what a killer. Ever elusive, I'd always seen the picture sleeve on the Washington DC page of the collectorscum.com US punk discography, but none of the older collectors ever talked about it, so I always figured it was wussed out powerpop. I certainly never guessed it was a thugged out punk'n'roller. Be sure to crank it up! Limp Records who originally issued it (along with the killer BLACK MARKET BABY 7") has been selling original 1979 vinyl with repro sleeves over the last couple years for $25-ish, but an original picture sleeve will take some time and cost you some real money (took me 10+ years!). Thankfully, Windian Records are here to help with your record fix, you can get the reissue complete with heavy card sleeve for a fraction of the price. Check it out! (GB)
(Windian)

KLAXON – "The Kids Today" EP

In commemoration of the 30th anniversary of this Italian classic's initial release, nice guy Adam from No Plan Records has reissued KLAXON's *The Kids Today* EP in its original form. This high-quality reproduction stays faithful to the dated yet austere artwork from 1984 and uses some original materials sourced from band members themselves. While the record is a longtime "grail" record for some, this reissue is a welcomed spotlight on one of Europe's lesser-known and criminally under-exposed punk classics. This Roman three-piece took an infectiously melodic approach that more well known contemporaries (such as the revered NABAT) lacked, but minus the ska influence of so-called Skunks like F.U.N., borrowing more from the school of '77 to develop some of the catchiest and toughest tunes to







come out of Italy. Traditionally accepted in skinhead circles as one of their own, KLAXON transcend that scene and have produced a set of songs that easily appeals to a wide audience of punks. With venerable melodies not unlike those found on early CLASH singles, this EP has resonated for 30 years with the collector elite as a far less accessible and arguably more gratifying collection of songs. Thankfully now, between this and the assemblage released last year by Sydney Town, a impressive part of punk history will be further recognized and somewhat more available. (RM)
(No Plan)

KONTAMINAT – "Team Player" EP

A perfect hardcore 7" from this Chicago five-piece. The vocals are tough and burly, the songs tight and fast with enough swing, bounce and mini-guitar leads to get you raging. Instead of lyrics, there are explanations, several focusing on the writer's job teaching in the Chicago public schools. This would've been a great record anyway, but the sentiment behind the songs kicks my ass that much more. Rules. (JM)
(Lengua Armada)

MAAILMANLOPPU – "Elä/Lasin Takan"

This band has been a powerhouse lately in releases and none of them have seemed to disappoint. Mid-tempo melodic punk with a hard post-punk edge similar to the output of the ESTRANGED. Angular guitars play catchy riffs that reel you in, intertwining with pounding drums and commanding vocals. Minimal synth spills over, probably from their shared members of KUUDES SILMA, I ain't gonna complain though, I just want more! (AP)
(Kämäset Levyt)

MAAILMANLOPPU – "Haista Vittu Maailma" EP

Speeding things back up again, Finland's MAAILMANLOPPU breaks out of their recent mid-tempo material and gives us a taste that they are still a fucking hardcore band. Bringing some gothy elements with them, they manage to capture both melodic punk and raging hardcore at the same time. If there was any doubt of the musical direction of this EP, the cover art is a clear take on UBR's *Corpus Delicti*. This band pumps out endless killer material—this is just one of many. (KR)
(Combat Rock Industry)

MAC BLACKOUT BAND – LP

New wavy punk with a hard science fiction edge?! Hopefully that sparked your interest because this is an interesting record. I use the dreaded new wave word because they have keyboards and some quirky vocals. They also have heavy wailing guitar solos. Hard to pin them down which is a bonus right there. Shades of the ADVERTS, MUTANTS, and maybe BLUE OYSTER CULT? A challenging review, and a damn good record. (RO)
(Pelican Pow Wow)

MAD CADDIES – "Dirty Rice" CD

I'm delighted that this here magazine still considers the MAD CADDIES worthy of review. Largely 'cause the band still delights lil' ol' me. They've always unabashedly mixed up reggae, ska, dancehall, pop, rock and punk—largely in that order, and sound all the better for it, I reckon. There's more keyboards, and more horns than on their last effort, and that's also all for the good, filling out their eclectic set of sounds very nicely. I've been wracking my brains for a good (or even decent) band or two to offer as a comparison, and honestly can't think of any. They're not unique, by any means, but manage to weld the disparate songs, and influences, into a sound of their own. Top notch. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

THE MAN – "Carousel of Sound" EP

Really strong debut from these (presumably Midwestern) mystery men. *Carousel of Sound* features three top-notch boomers that recall the all-out abandon heard from GERIATRIX or BASEBALL FURIES. It's all broken bottles and scratchy grooves and manic spazzing…and it's been too long since I've heard a new band do this shit justice. Shoulda known HoZac would find one. Quite cool… more please. (MC)
(HoZac)

MANATEEES – "Seek Help" 45

Holy Fuck! This innocent-looking record starts off with a straight up roll-of-quarters-in-fist cheap shot to your motherfucking face! This little number is titled "Hate on Parade" and it's filled with the piss bloody venom of GG ALLIN or the FUCK-UPS. Hating the shitty town you're playing in, the loser poser nerds at the show and just…. *Fuck it all… Arrrrgggh*!! "Struggle" is more of a straight up punker but with a rabies-infected-bite heaviness. Don't know jack about this band but they surely need to "seek help"—you need to keep an eye out for them. (RO)
(Total Punk)

MARMARA STREISAND – "Lullabies of Destruction/The Purity of Arms" LP

This LP compiles the first two albums by this Israeli group. They call their music "crust'n'roll," but there's no rock'n'roll here. They're abrasive and multi-tempo, with violin and touch of Middle Eastern style that's the best part of their music. On their first, six-song release, *The Purity of Arms,* the songs mostly don't gel. They turn to double, or triple-time drumming and the results are a muddy mess. The transitions out of these parts also struggle—from a musical perspective there's not too much to recommend here. The second release, *Lullabies of Destruction*, shows big improvements in the songs and production. A number of opportunities for dancing and shouting along appear. It's clear that the point of the band isn't to have the best tunes, but to represent a politically radical ideal. The lyrics for both albums are outstanding, attacking the shittiness of modern rich-world capitalism and the particular issues of being anti-Zionist "occupiers under duress." The lyrics are in English and Hebrew, with English translations provided. This succeeds as agitprop, and *Lullabies* is worth investigation. The LP cover and enclosed woodcut poster are beautiful. This record is a strong example of radical punk Israeli anti-Zionism. (JM)
(Bl@ck Rose / Drink and Be Merry / You're Next)

MARY MONDAY – "I Gave My Punk Jacket To Rickie/Popgun"

Fuck yeah! This rules. Pardon my dated urban speak but MARY MONDAY was the OG San Francisco punk rocker that busted open the doors of the Mabuhay Gardens to good music. As a youngster, in pre-internet times, hours would be spent staring at the *Hardcore California* book lusting at the photos of punkettes (that's what they used to call 'em). MARY MONDAY was right there. But I never got to hear her music. Until now. HoZac does us all a service reissuing this record. Not just a historical novelty. Bands like the BOBBYTEENS and the MIDNITE SNAXX took a thing or too from the title track. "Popgun" erupts with screeching punk guitar and a catchy chorus. I'm floored. Buy it loser. (RO)
(HoZac)

MASKED INTRUDER – CD

Some saccharine soaked power pop punk spews forth from MASKED INTRUDER on this self-titled album on Fat Wreck. First thing that came to mind was a slicker QUEERS, but it gets all *Dookie*-d (pun intended) out, and some straight rips off WEEZER in "Weirdo." Snarky titles like "Crime Spree," "When I Get Out," stalking themes, and baseless, deluded love channel thoughts of a twisted eleven-year-old

boy, but that's pure speculation on my part. Auto-tuned vocals in harmony and super pro production adds another layer of icing atop this sugar turd. It's straight silly, but I guess the dark depths of existential angst would simply drown in such adolescent syrupy sweetness. (CR)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES – "Are We Not Men, We Are Diva!" CD

You know the band you know the concept. This time we get pop punk covers of songs by mainstream divas. Covers of hits by CELINE DION, BARBARA STREISAND, WHITNEY HOUSTON, and my favorite BOY GEORGE to name a few. This release is getting lots of airplay on local college radio, so I knew these versions. These guys are always fun for what they are. A Fat Wreck Chords supergroup of sorts. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY – "Cold Natural Facts" LP

Heavy doom rock/metal from Vancouver, BC featuring Jason Flower on vocals. Flower is from a bazillion other bands but mostly known for the crust band BLACK KRONSTADT. In M.P.A., Flower and Co lay down a bunch of heavy tunes in the vein of PENTAGRAM and the OBSESSED—especially in the vocals. The second half of "Everyone is Guilty," though, straddles a weird but good line between KYUSS and MOVING TARGETS. Yet on the flipside, the wrong drugs kick in and we get an icky "power ballad" à la nowadays METALLICA. If that wasn't bad enough, they just haaad to have a song that reminded me of a "stoner rock" MÖTLEY CRÜE. Whadda bummer ride, maaan. (JD)
(Supreme Echo)

THE MONOLITHS – "Kevin, Pay Your Rent/Big Dog"

Sometimes, when bands write really dumb songs or lyrics, I wonder if they are (or simply believe themselves to be) actually really smart. I wondered just this when I first looked over the lyric sheet for Copenhagen's MONOLITHS, but now that I'm listening to it, all of my doubts are laid to rest. While these songs are goofy, they belie no more intellectual heft than what is readily apparent. Three tracks of fuzz-ola slogging rock with some cray-cee wah-ed out geetar solos. The vocals wail a little, but mostly they're stuck in second gear (maybe third). I feel like I'm missing a sense of ridiculous pomp, although the wah does go a long way to make things seem pretty funny. Granted, I'm not generally one for hypnotic psychedelic guitar rock, and when I am I usually prefer the long form so I can zone out. Maybe a full length or CD-length listening experience would open my third eye, but I will never miss these three acid-rock-lite jammers. (LP)
(Webmaster)

MRS. MAGICIAN – "Friday Night/Crosses"

I don't know if I'd call this punk, but I'm totally loving the shit out of this. Dreamy, surfy guitars, sort of like LA LUZ, lots of kick and floor toms, little bitty doo-wop breakdowns for a quick second or two, and a splash of xylophone (or glockenspiel). No lyrics or download code. Really, it's just in a paper sleeve. Like I said, it's not really punk, but if you know me, you know I don't care. Great, dreamy, rock that I want to hear more of. (DZ)
(Windian)

MUSICBAND – "Smile Motherfucker" EP

One for the barrooms, this MUSICBAND EP. Heavily influenced by shit like SWINGIN' UTTERS and the BELTONES, but with an itchier quality that makes things more distinctive. No turds to be found amongst the four tunes featured, but not something I'd go out of my way to hear again. (MC)
(Dead Celebrity)

NAPALM A.D. – LP

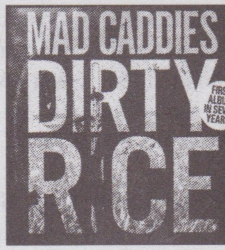
Considering the high and mighty expectations one may have regarding a new release from the primary song writers of D-beat masters TOTALITÄR, we must keep in mind: this is a new band with a new name on a new(ish) label. Lucky for us: same approach. Absolutely wild riffs that effortlessly make difficult, aggressive chords sound smooth and appropriate. NAPALM A.D. introduce some interesting guitar overlays and other subtleties that keep their approach fresh while giving us the meat'n'potatoes hardcore we want. Mastered by Jack Control at Enormous Door for a big sound and limited to 500 copies by the impressive Skrammel Records, all the pieces fit on this white-knuckle rager. Highly recommended. (RM)
(Skrammel)

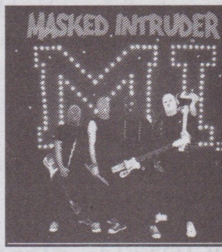
NAPRED U PROŠLOST – "Komunizam" EP

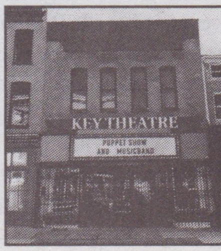
I actually already mail-ordered this 7" like two weeks before it was assigned to me for review. I dug the last reissue of old NUP material, but this shit is just off the hook. Rawness and reverb, melody and energy, with some experimentation tempered in. Not comparable to "genre X" or "style Y" and doesn't fit inside any boundaries, but unmistakably Balkan sounding. Just simply "punk" in the purest sense: exciting, catchy, provocative, and challenging. I've never appreciated slap-bass on a punk record this much. No, I'm not joking! It sounds awesome! '80s Yugoslavia seems to be a never-ending punk goldmine. This record is so fucking cool! (MA)
(No Plan)

NEARLY DEAD – LP

Totally mental noise rock / wreck of a band whose lyrics start off by calling a nurse over complaining about his excess levels of shit. The cover with featuring a photo of a patient's er, drippy garments was certainly a clue. Like that World Cup ad said, this is "Allin" as in G.G. Lots of slow creepy weirdo trudge with near spoken, pervy serial killer voice with a smashed up trumpet not far from the COWS crossed with FOETUS on 'ludes. The semi-biographical, repetitious "Geriatric







Epic" is a real trip. Though, I usually can deal with this stuff for a while, a whole LP is just *too much*. So, if you just can't get enough of this kind of insanity, go for it. (JD)
(Geriatric, no info)

NEEDLES//PINS – "Shamebirds" LP

This is the sort of thing that I am expected to like. It's punk, but it's catchy and easy to listen to. It's mid-tempo. It's got guitar and bass and drums. It's got a certain SLOPPY SECONDS quality. I really should like it. There's just something missing to seal the deal. I'm not sure what that is. Maybe it's missing a sense of urgency. It's good. It's just not great and I want it to be great. (KK)
(Dirt Cult)

NEO-PUNKZ – "Fascist Fuckerz" EP

Goddamn it! The second month in a row I've had to review a record so rare I still haven't tracked down an original. I sure hope I can find a copy before this issue goes to print, because this one's a fuckin' monster!! I've been collecting Euro punk for a couple decades now, I can tell you, if you like *p-u-n-k punk* then Dutch punk is where it's at, and this NEO-PUNKZ is at the absolute top of the heap. Rough spiky punk heaven. Pass the dutchie already. (GB)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS – "When the Oil Runs Out/Oh No"

Here's a reissue of the 1980 single from one of the best lyricists and songwriters to come out of punk, from any era: Steve Drewitt of NEWTOWN NEUROTICS. The early '80s were a dark time for the UK and as a result, or a reaction, the music for the most part got darker and harder. Few people could connect the personal to the political and sum it up in a way the listener could relate to as perfectly as Steve, but he also paired those lyrics with some of the most dynamic, catchy melodic punk rock. Essential listening. If you can't track down this single, there are a few other discography compilations out there. (AM)
(No Plan)

NIGHTFELL – "The Living Ever Mourn" CD

This is certainly not the brightest music I've ever heard. Portland's NIGHTFELL go straight for the epic war death metal jugular. The best way I can describe the beginning of this CD is a ghostly haunted version of BOLT THROWER. The music is certainly slower and more depressing. For example the first song on the CD is an anthemic death ballad repeating "I am the last disease." I'm surprised this is not the last song, but moving on! The ambiance builds and I truly appreciate the direction this is going. What NIGHTFELL doom best [sic] is create a sort of crackling fire for a very dense sounding genre. The instrumental moments between songs are numbing and the songs themselves are grief-stricken. I'm really digging the song "Empty Prayers" that has an evil clergy / Viking folklore feel to it. There are many inspired moments throughout this album, the delicate acoustic to the viciously bombarding, that feel like a homage to the finest of dark, dooming, gothic death metal. I can feel myself getting addicted to this like a sickness. I admit, I went from skeptical to entirely impressed with NIGHTFELL. I will make no further comparisons after the first song. The unassuming NIGHTFELL has familiarly perfected an ancient genre with a fresh perspective and lots of intoxicating layers. I am become immersed. (JR)
(Southern Lord)

NINE BULLETS – "Nine Lives" CD

This is an anarchist band from the UK fronted by two female singers and a third female novelist / rapper, although I didn't hear any traditional rapping on this. The band LOST CHERRIES comes to mind as well as recent VICE SQUAD. Very political and social political lyrically, this is not very raw musically compared to the early '80s anarcho bands though. Musically it's not that far off from they way a lot of old UK bands sound today with that more refined guitar sound. I did like this for its cool dual vocals and bad attitude. A decent release. (RL)
(Tortue Ronce / Death Trap / Global Resistance)

NO MORE FAVORS – "Cash Only" EP

I'm really enjoying this outlaw hardcore. The recording is super clear like NAILBITER *Abused*, but that does not diminish from the degenerated and jaded aggression. The dual vocals are strained, like SKAVEN singing along with DEVOID OF FAITH, but the attitude is much more blatant urban frustration, such as TOXIC NARCOTIC. The lyrics are about drug use, setting shit on fire (even your house!) and dreaming of flying, so you know these guys can hang. Their slower jams are mostly heavy introductions with a southern rock vibe, but this nihilist EP really brings me back to the NYC squat scene in the early '90s, bands like ASSTROLAND. Maybe a little APARTMENT 213. "Just got some new shit / It's better than that old shit." NO MORE FAVORS just say it like they would sitting around the punk haus with all the weirdos. This is a very solid listen touching on many forms of hardcore, metal and wild lifestyle punk rock. The recording is tight but the content is messy at the same time. The last song, "Never Gonna Sleep" is sad, and my favorite. Their picture of Indianapolis is a grim one and I admire NO MORE FAVORS for their honesty about that. (JR)
(self-released)

NONES – "Midwestern Family Values" LP

NONES have a very dramatic style. While that may freak some people out (not me) I find it very interesting on this LP. This isn't an average straightforward punk record. There are punk-ish elements, but there are rock-ish elements, goth-ish sounds and an occasional jazzy feel. A saxophone even pokes its ugly head out on a song or two. The singer sounds like he is frantically trying to tell you all his secrets, while the rhythm section punctuates his thoughts. However, my off-putting and rather lame description doesn't even scratch the surface of what is going on here. You just should listen to this record. You'll like it. (CK)
(HoZac)

NOTS – "Fix/Modern"

NOTS is pretty much my favorite band right now. Total vengeance style vocals that summon KLEENEX / MIKA MIKO in an impossibly cool manner on top of the sickest garage punk take on the URINALS' first two 45s. Listening to this is like hanging out with the RAMONES in Disneyland as capitalism crumbles, i.e. the coolest possible outcome for punk in 2014. As seems to be the case with most scenes where things are happening at an exciting rate, the same eight people play in all 20 bands. That is clearly the situation in Memphis; NOTS features Natalie, formerly of EX-CULT, Charlotte from MANATEEES and Laurel from MOVING FINGER. This 45 is a little more gassed in the garage than the first one, it's still a total frantic attack, a fix or those that dug the wilder side of the FRUMPIES. These are the songs that will soundtrack all my future kicks. Two numbers that will make all girls with a brain like mine wonder why the fuck they aren't making genius destruction like this right now… I already wrote them a fan letter and hopefully have an interview lined up in a forthcoming *MRR* so buy all their records and stay tuned! (LG)
(Goner)

PENETRATORS – "Shopping Bag/Everybody Needs Lovin'"

Swaggering garage rock from these Syracuse New Yorkers. Recorded in the '80s and now seeing the light of day. The A-Side in-

spired an entertaining music video that was rejected by MTV, but is now on YouTube for the world to see. This would most likely appeal to fans of Slovenly Records' garage rock sensibilities and '80s regional garage rock completists. The music is solid and it's a fun listen. (P$)
(Windian)

PERSPEX FLESH – LP

PERSPEX FLESH follow up their awesome EP with this primitive beast of a record. The sound is really complex, but in a good way. Think really deconstructed chaotic sounding hardcore mixed with a RUDIMENTARY PENI twang. The opener of the B-Side "Black Magic" starts with just drums and the production sounds sick. Actually all the tones on this record sound sick. If you play it loud enough, which you should already be doing, it sounds like you're in the fucking room with them. The song "Perspex Flesh" is the catchiest and my favorite on the record, which makes sense because if you're going to name a song after your band, or a band after a song, it better be a good one. Seriously though, there's a lot to this record and it gets better every time I listen to it. (KC)
(Static Shock)

PHENOMENAUTS – "Escape Velocity" CD

If you are in the Bay Area you know this band. They play a lot and also put on shows at their space station/ warehouse. Although I've seen them multiple times I haven't been up on their releases for a while. This is their new full length. It is really varied with New Wave à la ADAM ANT, quirky pop à la THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, and rock and roll à la IGGY POP. There is also of cover of XTC's "Dear God". The whole space theme is still their thing. These guys are decent and this is more tuneful than their wacky live shows would have you think. Fans won't be disappointed here. (RL)
(Silver Sprocket)

PHENOMENAUTS – "Escape Velocity" LP

The paperwork accompanying this LP made me feel pretty dumb for not knowing anything about this band previously. I must admit that I was petrified to put the needle on the record. A band with a spacey name, spacey interplanetary song titles, sorta astronaut-y costumes, and their, um, accompanying paperwork says that if I like DEVO, I will like these guys. Usually, this all means keyboard-heavy, super quirky schtick… and I really hate that shit. I played the record and what I got was a pretty varied mix from song to song of '70s Britpop, doo-wop, and even an Oi!-ish ode to the city of Oakland. There are, of course some keyboards here and there, and they do succumb to a little bit of schtick every now and then, but for the most part this is a great rock record, played by actual nerds… and I hear they're big fans of my new obsession, Neil Degrasse Tyson! Comes with lyrics and a download code. Unfortunately, there are no printed lyrics for the song about not believing in God. Bummer. I'll be listening to this nerdy shit all week. (DZ)
(Silver Sprocket)

PRIESTS – "Bodies and Control and Money and Power" 12"

Wake up motherfucker, the clergy is in your skull with reverb grenades and hypnotic post-punk ammo. After seeing this band live for the last couple years, it's a treat to get such a reward! Consider this my official confession: Daddy I have sinned, I've been consorting with four of the lord's shepherds for a while now and it feels good! The vocals are summoned up from the gut, gurgled out like the sound of rosary beads pulled across teeth but sung like a soul singer from Detroit with a graveyard of bones to pick. The dreamy guitar tones have hints of surf but stay firmly in the punk canon; add really punchy catchy drums to round out a well-planned sermon. The bush is on fire and this is the fucking sound of the ashes we dance in. (DV)
(Don Giovanni / Sister Polygon)

RAMPAGE KIDS – "Adipositas" EP

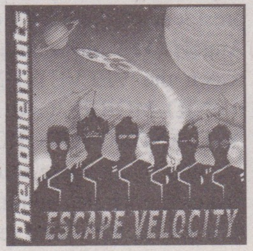
Anthemic, catchy "alles im Deutsch" hardcore with a mix of influences from early, non-barfy BAD RELIGION, NAKED RAYGUN and maybe an Oi! version of SUBHUMANS UK (if they were from Germany). I really like that they're not afraid to throw in a guitar solo and actually make it *not* sound completely out of place like on the opener "Adipositas." "Kleine Notiz" has a great mix of hard riffing mixed with ska (!?), traditional punk and HC. Somehow this all works together. Elsewhere, they blend Oi!-type choruses with a very neat cross of modern hardcore and a wee bit of metal. My minimal understanding of German says that these guys sing about the fucked up state of politics and media. Hugely recommended for those of you looking for some original HC / punk with a load of catchy songs. (JD)
(Hochdruck Musick / Kotzbrocken/ Miltanz / S.N., no info / Subwix / Suicide Projects, no info)

RAYGUN – "Maanalainen Tulevaisuus" EP

Gruff, driving Finnish hardcore. These cats aren't really into subtleties or nuance (though the tasty bass lick in "Elämä Häkissä" is a nice touch), but they rip through six total burners in about eight minutes, and even I can sing along to the chorus of "Jakakaa!" before it's over (I assure you that my Finnish is terrible). Marbles in the throat, flailing mad circles around UK82 meets Finland '82, the whole thing kills, but the lone solo followed by the seemingly inadvertent (but utterly brilliant) drum change in "Kasakkalaulu" takes the cake. This is where some would say "solid" since RAYGUN crank out a great record without really bringing anything new to the table, but *Maanalainen Tulevaisuus* is way better than just "solid." (WN)
(Kämäset Levyt)

REPLICA – "Beast" EP

I listened to this record three times before I typed a word because it's so fucking good. REPLICA plays straight-ahead hardcore that sounds more pissed, tighter and more focused with each new release. There's no extraneous bullshit. When I listen to hardcore, this is ex-



actly what I want: tough fucking guitars that sound bigger than bulldozers… drums that are always on the brink of being out of control… a bass that holds it all down but isn't afraid to add its own flourishes... a singer who sounds like she might actually kill you if you get in her way. Add that in with smart lyrics (refreshing in this era of "dumb" punk) about codependency(??), the futility of nightlife and infighting, and you've got a fucking flawless record. If you like hardcore and you pass this by, I don't even know what you're doing here. (GH)
(Prank)

RIISTETYT – "Valaistuneet/Silminnäkijä"

Surely no introduction is needed for RISTETYT, right? More than 30 years after their inception, these Finnish hardcore legends present us a fairly novelty single. The A-Side is not what I'd expected from them, though I admit I haven't really heard any of their material since their comeback EP on Havoc many years ago. It's slow and metallic with bits of electronics surging in for texture—sorta like some newer KILLING JOKE stuff that I've heard. The B-Side is a cover of may favorite NOLLA NOLLA NOLLA song. That's about all you need to know. Limited to 100 copies, so really just for completists. (MA)
(Kämäset Levyt)

ROBERT – "Openightmare" CD

The fifth release from France's ROBERT, *Openightmare* (excellent word play, by the way) takes a stab at commercial heavy, edgy *(punk?)* rock that lands somewhere in between QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE and SYSTEM OF A DOWN on an '80s sleaze metal bender. It's very good, so if that description appeals to you (or your inner adolescent self) then wind this bad boy up and rock'n'roll. (WN)
(Les Disques de Geraldine / Never Trust An Asshole / Too Loose Punkers / Vegas)

ROY AND THE DEVIL'S MOTORCYCLE – "Tino – Frozen Angel Soundtrack" CD

This is the soundtrack for a documentary about Martin "Tino" Schippert, the first president of the Swiss chapter of the Hell's Angels. The music sounds like a cross between the VELVET UNDERGROUND, an ENNIO MORRICONE composition and an ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY score. There are bits of dialogue interspersed, but it just makes the whole soundtrack stranger. This in turn makes the sound really cool to my ears. I look forward to seeing the film. Although *MRR* only received the CD, if you purchase the vinyl you also get the CD version and a DVD of the documentary. (CK)
(Voodoo Rhythm)

ROZPOR / ZLÁ KREV – split LP

This split features two self-described "Oi!-core" bands from the Carpathian region, ZLÁ KREV from the Czech Republic and ROZPOR from Slovakia. Both bands sing mostly in their native language but thankfully the lyric sheet is translated into English. Both bands have their share of typically punk lyrical matter, but there's a theme of railing against narrow mindedness and bigotry. ZLÁ KREV lean more on the punk/hardcore side of things, while ROZPOR are a little slower, with more metallic influences and growling vocals. If you're a fan of either band you'll want to pick this up. I confess to not knowing a lot about the situation in the former Czechoslovakia but if this appears to be an example of cooperation between the punks of the neighboring countries then that can only be a good thing, right? (AM)
(Ziadna Znacka)

RUINS / USNEA – split EP

Beautiful eerie, morose and echoing doom. Reminiscent of ASUNDER, though USNEA from Portland show us here that there can be sonic doom-dom without being slow as molasses. I always wondered when it was that doom metal became a slowest contest, and this recording layers that on thick, but the snare manages to keep me engaged. RUINS from Germany create a smooth roll of low-end floor tom beat reminding me of a rhythmic MORSER, yet with SCATHA vocals, which are minimal but bring the song together nicely. Moving into a contemporary hardcore melodic D-beat style. Really nice triplet fills and quick changes of rhythm keep this song very interesting. Love the art for both bands, a sinewy inking over Zdzisław Beksiński-eque compositions. Each side greatly compliments the other with complex yet engaging doom and hardcore, while remaining independent of each other to keep you flipping this all day. (JR)
(Halo of Flies / Twisted Chords)

SHARKS FROM MARS – CD

People still put out CD-only releases? Dang! This PDX trio belt out seven four-chord, whiskey- and weed-soaked garage rock. It's pretty tight and fast, and it seems like, even with some overly dudely elements here and there, a pretty good drunken rock'n'roll party. I bet they'd be comfortable at the shitty rock club as well as the house show. I'm not really a rock'n'roll guy, but I'd go see these bros. (DZ)
(self-released)

S.H.I.T. – "Generation S.H.I.T." EP

Originally intended to be together on a LP, this is the second of two EPs S.H.I.T. have released in 2014, and boy, is it a scorcher. Furiously driven as much as it is restrained, this manic hardcore outfit sucks you into their realm of downstrums, metronomic drums and shrill squeals as they spew their branded way of making punk in your face. Two guitars, with the fastest picking imaginable, making sure you hear the full extent of each riff, filling out the sound perfectly. The drums pierce through the high frequencies of the guitars and vocals, keeping hard time better than you ever thought possible. As with the first EP, the sleeve is a full-size poster with artwork by the very underrated Jaybo. Get this, own this. (KR)
(Lengua Armada)

THE SHIVVERS – LP

This is a pretty sick package; it's essentially what would have been the SHIVVERS LP had they gotten to do one back in the early '80s, and comes with a cool poster for your bedroom wall and extensive liner notes that contextualize the band in terms of the time / local scene etc… Reading about Jill Kossoris and how she was the main song writing force of the group, how young she was and how underestimated she was by the musical industry types—it's so unreal as listening to this it's clear her songwriting chops are as good as it gets for this genre. You probably already know that "Teen Line" is a perfect slice of powerpop, as well as being one of the more sought after genre 45s. Being able to listen to it on vinyl without having a bonzer budget is quite delightful… I am not a *Powerpearls* fiend, my powerpop tastes are pretty much limited to the NERVES discography; most of the sounds sorta blend into an endless parade of creepy stalker-esque guys whining over the wimpiest simpering sounds. Which is why this band is so refreshing! It's a nuanced skill, writing perfect Teenage Treats about love and crushes without sounding like a terrifying yet cloying ex. The fact is they just wrote great songs, and transcended the limits of genre. I will admit to preferring the "hits" over some of the more syrupy pop numbers—just listen to "Please Stand By." That shit should be played on FM radio all day long! I think *nearly* all these songs were on the Hyped2Death CD that came out about five or so years ago, but there's something in

hearing them in the format they were intended… If you haven't heard this band and are into shit on BOMP! or Burger you should stop reading and send off for this LP immediately! It blows everything else like that away…
(LG)
(Sing Sing)

SICK THOUGHTS – "Hate You So" EP

The insert states "Baltimore angry, teenage punk band." I guess that's about right. Though it is hard to tell if they are actually teenagers by this Xeroxed cover photo. The vocals are nasty in the best way possible. They are way up in the mix and as such are the focus of the songs. The guitar is distorted and frantic and occasionally gets a moment in the spotlight. The drums sound distant. Like the best records this is a mess, but a really fun mess. (CK)
(Zaxxon)

SLOW CHILDREN – "Prevalent Emotional Distress" CD

Pissed hardcore. With more than enough melodic bits, and some suitably angry politics, to keep it all interesting. At their best, these chaps remind me of COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH, or even early JAWBREAKER. And the best bits far outweigh the not so best. Nine tracks clocking in at 23 minutes, so it's suitably short, sharp, and sweet in that deliciously tart way. (RK)
(California Street Music)

SNØB – "Demo" EP

A bit of a backtrack from their EP reviewed in the last issue. This is a vinyl pressing of their demo tape. I think these songs benefit a great deal from their transfer to vinyl, as the sound is much fuller. SNØB plays fast '80s-influenced hardcore, but with a darker, more down-tuned sound. Seriously I thought the record was on the wrong speed for the intro. There's a BEASTIE BOYS cover ("Heart Attack Man") which fucking rules, so tight, and a DICKS cover ("Dicks Hate Police") fittingly retitled "Snøb Hates Police" which is good too, just not as much umphh. If you liked their EP from last issue then check this out, you won't be disappointed. (KC)
(Mata la Musica)

SNIPERDOGS – "Wank Tales" CD

Mostly bland punk / punk'n'roll from Italy. At its best it's a better version of later-era SOCIAL DISTORTION and the SUPERSUCKERS (the non-country stuff). Closer to home, it reminds me of the type of "punk generica"/ "bar punk" that seems to get booked at San Jose's Blank Club practically every week to satisfy a bunch of raggare motherfuckers with their stupid dice tats. Nothing too special but some credit for the guitar wails especially on "Supercharged 69 Camaro Blues" but the song is otherwise a total dud. It feels like most of the effort was put into the comic book cover and fold-out art. (JD)
(Sailors Overdrive)

SON OF MAN – "Burn the Witch" EP

Alright people, you asked for more chugging "Holy Terror"-style hardcore, and here's another dose, with a pretty neat black metal edge to sweeten the deal. The latter definitely helps to avoid the monotony that plagues so many bands in this niche, and lot of the more punk-y riffs almost sound like '80s UK crust, but I still didn't find a ton to get excited about here. The prettier and/or catchier guitar parts definitely had me excited a couple of times, but they always seem to resolve into the same bo-o-ring cheaty drum part. And I'm sorry, but I can't get behind any hardcore band that's never played a live show. Seriously, why? (WB)
(King of the Monsters)

SOUTHERN COMFORT – "Suzanne/Me and My Baby"

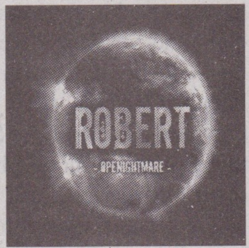
Second 45 from the SOUTHERN COMFORT ladies; this one is less of a slow dirge through desperation and more of an open top drive down the coast. I *loved* the first record, and this one demonstrates a really different side of this duo. It's free / wild sounding, evoking an almost *Girls in the Garage* take on like… Laurel Canyon circa Beatle boots and *Turn Turn Turn*. An open hearted yet sorta cynical punk vision of the eternal coastal California sound, from LOVE to the Paisley Underground, but made in Australia. The women in this band (Angie and Harriet) are each in about fifty bands, (STRAIGHT ARROWS, CIRCLE PIT, MISS DESTINY, RUINED FORTUNE, SCHOOL OF RADIANT LIVING, probably many more!), this is a long distance friendship project, as they live in different cities, which I think is the coolest band concept… You know, doing a musical group to hang out and collaborate with your nearest and dearest, SOUTHERN COMFORT ended up creating multi-faceted bedroom classix for basement dwellin' burnout girls in the process. (LG)
(HoZac)

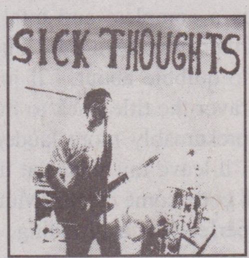
SPITE HOUSE – LP

For fucking reals imagine if ARCTIC FLOWERS wrote *Three Imaginary Boys* in the late eighties and early-era BJORK sang on it, but really not cheerful. Very much part of the new wave of goth punk. Sometimes it sounds like the CRANBERRIES, or like it's a little too hippie-dippie, like in some way I keep expecting some aggressive bongos or something. It's dark but safe, there's no wildness to it. It's dynamic but clean and well thought out. (MM)
(Black Wire)

S.S. WEB – "North" CD

This is some sincere, heartfelt rock music. Not exactly what I was expecting from the cover art (two pirate skulls appearing as they were doodled on a high schooler's notebook). There are acoustic guitars and a man singing about his broken heart. He drinks and he regrets, but a chorus of "Smoke 'em if you got 'em" ain't exactly getting me to commiserate. (CK)
(self-released)





STRANGE WILDS – "Wet" EP

Killer mid-paced Olympian hardcore that defies convention. Interesting guitar work that pummels underneath genuinely memorable hooks. It's more appropriately filed under "bludgeoning" than under "idiosyncratic contemporary pacific Northwest grunge revivalist hardcore." Contains members of CULT RITUAL. This is the answer to the *Jeopardy* question: "Why did TIM ARMSTRONG want to go back to Olympia when he was hangin' on the corner of 52nd and Broadway?" Well worth checking out. (P$)

(Inimical)

SUFFERING LUNA WITH THE ASTRONAUT KING / SUFFER THE STORM – split LP

SUFFERING LUNA play psychedelic metal with powerviolence-inspired vocals; known for their split with DYSTOPIA, they have seemed to progress into a more psychedelic and ambient tinged sludge angle with this collaboration with the ASTRONAUT KING. Crushing riffs journey into realms previously explored by SLEEP and EARTH, though I prefer more subdued vocals, as they seem to make or break bands of this genre. You get one song on this side so make that bong rip last. SUFFER THE STORM present one of the best funeral doom songs I have heard in a while. If you like your shit slow, chant-y and with some unexpected Bukowski samples, and you wanna escape into a void, put this on and just roll with it. (AP)

(King of the Monsters)

SUSPENSE – "Murder With the Axe" EP

Although the cover image isn't spotted as frequently on the butt-flaps of punks worldwide, SUSPENSE's 1981 debut, essentially the would-be second EP by NEO-PUNKZ, is a complete and total classic Dutch punk ruler in its own right. Just to have something to quibble about, I'll just say that I heavily favor the title track to the three (much faster, presumably more lauded) tunes on the flip. I'll leave my spikes at the door if need-be… I gotta come clean. "Murder With the Axe" is perfection: a brooding, disgusting five-minute dirge of neg-vibe punk that'll have you pissed and terrified and fuckin' punked into shit for the entire ride. The explosion on the flip is of near-equal greatness though, so this reissue scores across all camps of punkdom. You probably already bought this. (MC)

(La Vida Es Un Mus)

TAULARD – "Les Abords du Lycée"LP

After my recent fascination with '80s French Oi! and coldwave, here comes something equally interesting, one to add to my list of *grande musique de France*: Keyboard-, drum- and bass-driven synthpunk right out of current day Grenoble! I love everything about this release: the mixed bag of influences (punk, post-punk, electro, hip hop, Renaissance music!) the subtle cinematic orchestration, the layout of the inner sleeve and silk-screened Miró-esque cover. The almost church organ-like keyboard tunes steal the show, sounding like they're coming from some busted up old '60s synth, wafting and weaving through the tight, minimal yet animated drumming (kick, floor tom, snare and hi-hat), the soulful rhythms of the bass (that fullness of jazz, that spike of punk, that slight funk edge) and the attitude-filled vocals (with that poeticism that the French language inherently possesses). The backing vocal harmonies leave a '60s psych garage aftertaste, but the keyboard and vocals really manage to set a multitude of tones and moods to real-life settings (suffocation, depression, drunken mirth, traveling, crushes, loss, sexual mistakes). There is a sense of humour (even mockery) to the performance, and the A-Side almost sounds as if a bunch of punks got together in a brick basement (upon Roman ruins for all I know) to write a soundtrack to the urban comedy/drama they call life. Don't let that playful attitude fool you though; the darker B-Side ends the show on a morose tone, where disappointment and disillusion abound; a bad trip confession set to music. Bitter yet sweet, magical yet haunted, vintage yet moderne. Fucking brilliant! Get it! (LA)

(self-released)

TETOLA93 – LP

Being known as the screamo reviewer on staff is mostly a rough trade. Even when I like something, and want to share its awesomeness, all the other reviewers are basically abstinent. Also, this knowledge has certainly designated me for some trying listens. This LP has been a tough review, but because it has been one of the best screamo records I've heard in a while. Before this listen I was unaware of TETOLA93 but I promise you, by the time you are finished reading this, I will know as much of their music as I can get my tatted knuckles on! Classic dual vocals approach, but the melodic vocals are more like a Scandinavian psych-punk band than a whiny Midwesterner (not that there's anything wrong with that!), while the main vox are standard-issue brutal despair-dripping howls. The riffs are part ORCHID, and part CAP'N JAZZ but brutal like PAGENINETYNINE and recorded superbly to capture the whole noisey package in a polished but lo-fi assault—like if Robert Pollard got in the melodic hardcore scene. In addition, the record comes with a small envelope, with a very nice screened insert that includes both the original Japanese and English-translated lyrics. All in all, this is excellent. (DV)

(Meatcube / Zegema Beach)

THETAN – "Laughed At by the Gods" LP

THETAN bring a grumbling bass subterranean grindcore punk rock to the plate with masterful speed and precision. I mention the one string instrument because the only other instrumentation is our drummer. There is a lot going on here for a two-piece. Substantial parts blast and fluid connections between those parts and bridges make for an exciting hardcore/grind album. Where most grindcore, after the pioneers, set out to "impress" with insane structure, the dark stylish delivery of THETAN is like that of a martial art form. Tight and patient the songs destroy you, evangelically set you back, pick you back up to destroy you again. Side two begins with a maelstrom old school grind intro into pummeling hardcore. I love how down-tuned this entire album moves throughout the heavy riffage. This LP is for connoisseurs of obscure crust, grind, powerviolence, with added blackened elements to chill your bones. This is printed right on the label and therefore important—dedicated to Ryan "Red" Winter. (JR)

(Anti-Corp / Burnt Bridges)

THISCLOSE – "One Foot in the Grave" LP

The world's greatest late-period DISCHARGE piss-take/worship band return with their debut full-length, and what a record it is! The riffs have always been THISCLOSE's greatest strength, and they're at the top of their game here, blasting material that if anything surpasses the records that inspire them. Sadly, the solos aren't quite up to par with the butt-rock glory of *Shootin' Up the World*, but then nothing is perfect (except perhaps the bass tone on this record, which is just superb). The falsetto vocals are of course here in force, "ooohs" and all, and as usual will be the primary sticking point for those who are on the on the fence about the new wave of grave new beat. Personally, I love 'em, and there's no reason you shouldn't as well. THISCLOSE will always be pushing back against the perception (which is as much a creation of their own as of the public) that they're a novelty band, and I hope the strength of this LP goes a long way towards convincing the dubious that all gimmicks aside, they're a fucking proper D-beat band and have more than mastered the style. (AU)

(Antisociety)

THISCLOSE – "The Price We Pay" EP

Is it tribute? Is it parody? Looks like DISCHARGE, smells like DISCHARGE… This three-song EP features two tracks attacking the callousness of rich countries to the plight of the homeless; "The Price We Pay" is a mid-tempo simplistic riff monster with either a tribute to the *Grave New World* low point of Stoke-On-Trent's heroes hair metal era or to the odd CROW-style falsetto high vocal Japanese style. Either way, you could be spending your money on either original records that were a legit response to their times, or new bands with new ideas. I flipped it hoping the vocals would get better, and "No Compromise" and "Do It Again" (which lifts its template from "Never Again") again features some pretty dialed in musical riffing on a well worn formula but the vocals are total garbage. Maybe if you get the joke… but then it's just a joke, right? I dunno maybe just another Dis-band that sounded like Discharge would be too remedial for the oldies crowd at this point. Only 300 copies on white vinyl make your dilemma of whether to purchase a little easier or harder, depending on your perspective. (KS)
(Noise Punk)

TORCH RUNNER - "Committed to the Ground" LP

A repress of the 2012 full-length from these North Carolina crushers, *Committed to the Ground* stands near the apex of a certain type of blasty dark hardcore. In all honesty, it makes perfect sense that they've made the move to Southern Lord alongside DEAD IN THE DIRT et al, and the kids who go nuts for FULL OF HELL will eat this right up. While TORCH RUNNER still finds its center in ugly, ripping grind, they expand that core to include some crusty chugs and more than a couple forays into SABBATH-worthy sludge, making up for what they sometimes lack in dynamics with a well-honed sense of rage. Relentless touring has given this band a degree of precision and focus that really carries over here, and fans of modern heavy hardcore are definitely starting to take note. (WB)
(Southern Lord)

TWITCH – "Things" EP

Haha wow, these Canucks apparently invented the black metal aesthetic way back in 1971—you have to see the facepaint in these photos. TWITCH was a cult secrete psychedelic rock band from Vancouver in the early '70s, and this here 7" EP compiles their four recorded songs from 1973. To be honest, I was expecting something a little doomier from the facepaint, but this is pretty cool, early '70s garage/rock'n'roll. There are likely some more obscuro references someone could peg this with, but the A-Side tracks make me think of a heavy BOB SEGER SYSTEM, and the B-Side tracks have a country rock / CREEDENCE / BYRDS bent. DJs currently obsessing over anything '70s hard rock will def want to check this out. (GB)
(Supreme Echo)

VIVID SEKT – "From Ruin" EP

This is a great EP! I remember thinking, "Wow, this band has gotten waaay better," last time I saw this PDX trio. This is not to imply that they were ever bad, and I never disliked them. They just seemed to have grown as a cohesive songwriting unit. In a time where so many bands come and go so fast—forming, releasing a demo, touring once or twice, doing a record or two, then disbanding—few bands have time to evolve. VIVID SEKT has been going for maybe six years now, and the proof is in the pudding. "The Void" is a bona fide epic—from the obvious hooks and strong vocals, to the more subtle touches (triplet drum hits in the intro, sliding-up bass lick, sick bridge part, etc.) "Crescent + Cross" is just as strong. Songs written by folks who are truly part musician, part music enthusiast, and know how to add that little bit of magic that makes a song both memorable and honest. Stylistically, DIRT and LOST CHERREES are great reference points. (MA)
(Black Water)

VIVISEKTIO – "Mausoleumi/Noitavaino"

Definitely a cool story here: after lingering in relative obscurity since their '80s heyday, Finnish vets VIVISEKTIO reunited and went right back at it, releasing the *1984* LP a few years ago and now this new single. The sound here is mid-tempo, latter-day anarcho with rolling drums, but it's a bass-heavy, meatier-than-average interpretation with just a hint of Italian hardcore in the vocal department. While "Mausoleumi" takes a plodding pace and could stand to benefit from a bona fide hook, the B-Side here is the real gem, following a similar formula but adding cool guitar harmonics and powerful, shouted dual vocals on the chorus. It's worth noting the excellent cover art, which puts a new twist on the classic psychedelic watercolor / *Wicker Man* / nuclear reactor formula. At the end of the day, this is a damn fine record, and it's always rad to see a band pick up after twenty-plus years without losing any of their energy or creativity. (WB)
(Kämäset Levyt)

WHITE PAGES – "Bam Bam" EP

Boston has such a reputation for spiky punk that it's refreshing to hear something completely different coming from the same town. On this one-sided, four song EP, WHITE PAGES plays super jangly, super fast punk with delightfully off-key vocals. It's somewhere between hardcore and melodic punk but completely eschewing any traces of pretense or shitty attitudes. With song titles like "Pill Popper" and "Peace or a Nice Apartment," I wish I knew what they were singing about, but there's not lyric sheet. Either way, this shit is good and raw and I think you should pick it up. (GH)
(Can't Stand Ya)

XEROX – 12"

From the musical hotbed of Iowa City comes XEROX. Disaffected vocals mix with clean guitars into a sound that sounds like two parts post punk (think the FALL) one part garage (i.e. maybe the TRADITIONAL

FOOLS). The dynamic guitar playing is really the highlight of this record. It keeps the record interesting without pulling focus away from the other parts of the band. The guitar lays low during the verses allowing the vocals to come to the forefront, and then during the instrumental parts, and during some of the chorus the guitar playing shines with some atypically angular but catchy and original tuneage. (P$)
(Hard Art)

ZERO GAIN – "Slow Thinking" 12"

This is a quick one. Seven songs of pop punk that's pretty heavy on the pop but with no lack of aggression. It immediately brings to mind LETHERFACE and PINHEAD GUNPOWDER (more specifically, the *Goodbye Ellston Avenue* LP). The recording is great. It sounds very clean which works well as the bass guitar sits just right in the mix and plays a big roll in the catchy aspects of the songs. The vocals are sung with just a hint of gruffness that fits the music well. There is nothing crazy or difficult about the whole thing but they obviously know how to play and write songs. (PA)
(Gestalt / No Glory / Best Stuff / Echo Canyon / Rest, no info)

ZIG ZAGS – "Brainded Warrior/So Stoned"

Riffy as hell like their last LP. On the A-side there's high pitched, kinda yelp-y vocals that take a little while to sink in (as I first thought "What is this JANES ADDICTION bullshit?") but the riffs pretty much undo the damage. The flip is easier to get into, as it's raw garage rock loaded with heavy flanger and a trippy drunk chorus. I also dig the cover mutant who looks like a triple cross of Eddie from IRON MAIDEN, Randy "Macho Man" Savage and fellow wrestler Road Warrior Animal. (JD)
(In the Red)

YI – "Crying" 12"

Local quartet YI fire off their first twelve inch volley after a couple of well-received 7"s. Relying more on discord and rhythm than the angularity more associated with post-punk, the YI sound is propelled by basslines that sound like Mike Watt when he was still using a pick (first couple of MINUTEMEN records probably) with marble-mouthed vocals that remind me of David Yow of SCRATCH ACID / JESUS LIZARD. Pair that with noisy guitar that can go from sounding like early the EX to speed metal and you're on to a winner. (AM)
(self-released)

V/A – "Bloodstains Across Buffalo" LP

Ha ha, wow, I heard about this. Someone finally brought back the *Bloodstains* series, in my humble opinion the best compilation construct thus far… Regionalism! The only challenge then is filling an entire LP with worthy cuts from the region in question, in this case pretty limited: Buffalo, NY. Anyone familiar with the *KBD* / *Bloodstains* etc. series may recognize a few of the artists, and maybe even a couple of the songs, but who's counting?! Bottom line, Buffalo, well, yes, Buffalo delivers. Just don't expect all punk killers, no filler… the best part of those old *Bloodstains* comps is they worked in the weirdo shit with the killer shit, and there was def some weirdo shit in the waters of Buffalo. (GB)
(Extra-Evidence Productions, no info)

V/A – "It Came From Alabama" LP

Alabama's always had a decent track record when it comes to underground bands. So it is no surprise that there are some cool songs on this compilation. There are some surfy tunes, some poppy garage ones, some trashy garage ones, some garage moderne types, a bluesy foot stomper and even a song about pizza sung by a band with the name REALLY LOUD HAMBURGERS. Ha! It's pretty much a garage compilation. The other bands include NIGHTMARE BOYZZZ, DAIKAIJU, MOUSE TEETH and the ORIGINAL SHAKE CHARMERS. I like it. (CK)
(Eyesore)

V/A – "Repulsive Deeds Sodomy" CD

Four Greek death metal and gore-grind bands of varying quality. INCINCERATION starts with a bunch of horror samples and blurg out a bunch of mediocre at best drum machine death metal that comes off as a slightly better version of MORTICIAN. Though the sprinkler/typewriter drumbeats gotta go. The second band ΚΡΕΑΣ (or in English, "Meat") also are fixated on horror samples and make sludgy, insane multi-vocal, mid-paced death metal—while it's not anything too remarkable it's good to hear this style sung in Greek. Their second song "Butcher's Art" is pretty fun, barebones death metal with zero flash and a more hardcore influence. They lay down a good grind/death tune on their last track "Lover's Lie." NECRORGASM play tech-spaz death metal with shitty pinch harmonics that sounds akin to *way too many* bands that littered the scene in early-mid '00s. Though they're decent when they cut out all the showy bullshit on their second song, but otherwise does the world need another band with a song called "Brutally Disfigured"? ATXXX (or Anal Treatment XXXperience) overdrive everything in their brand of muddled death/grind with tortured hog vocals. Though I do dig that crazy guitar tone they have and sometimes their blasting works. Still, their dumbass sexist lyrics and idiocy of saying "thanks dudes everywhere who have entered our world of brutal assrape and enjoyed it" can fuck right off! (JD)
(self-released)

V/A – "Skinhead! It's An Asian League Vol. 2" CD

Long running Japanese Oi! label Bronze Fist Records have prepared this fantastic coaster for you, bringing together a boatload of skinhead bands from all over South and Southeast Asia. There's refreshingly little nationalist bullshit to be found (though Japan's notoriously sketchy CROPPED MEN kick the disc off with a just such unpleasantness), as most of these songs cover the safe and relatable ground of working class / skinhead pride and the joy of drinking (can't argue with that!). Highlights include Thailand's the ISLAND OF SKINS with an especially enjoyable SPECIALS-by-way-of-RANCID ska-punk number, the BOIS from Singapore providing a massive metallic skinhead anthem, and classic hard man on the terraces Oi! from Indonesia's RENTENIR. I gotta admit, I don't fuck with a lot of straight up Oi!, but I will absolutely be listening to this record again with pleasure, and that's all you can ask for. (AU)
(Bronze Fist)

V/A – "Sydney's Wasted Youth" CD

This CD compiles new, old and unreleased hardcore and street punk bands from Sydney, Australia. I'm not sure which bands are old and which are new because there's barely any info inside the comp. After hearing so many bands from this region that have put out piles of flawless music, it's actually refreshing to hear an entire compilation of bands that I don't care about. Thirteen bands offer up two songs each on this comp. If you told me that all of these bands were from the 1998 New Jersey hardcore scene, I'd believe you. If you're a fan of thick necked, knuckle-dragging, breakdown-heavy, bro-dawg, metal-laced hardcore and street punk, you will eat this shit up, because, for that style, all of these bands are top notch. I can recognize that. If the bands DEADLY VISIONS, DISINTEGRATOR, THROWDOWN, PLAYGROUND OF HATE or TOE TO TOE mean anything to you, or if you need a lot of songs about kicking people's asses, go ahead and track this down. (GH)
(Inner City Uprising / Old School Cartel)

CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

1859: 1859records.bandcamp.com
Active Rebellion: c/o McCarthy's Business Centre, Enterprise House, Education Road, Leeds LS7 2AH, UK, irena@activerebellion.com,
Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141, alternativetentacles.com
Antena Krzyku: www.antenakrzyku.pl
Anti-Corp: www.anticorporatemusic.com
Antisociety: antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk
ATXXX: theanaltreatmentxxxperience.blogspot.com, analtreatmentxxxperience@gmail.com
Backdoor: 737 W Walnut St, Johnson City, TN 37604
Best Stuff: maximebestbagels@hotmail.com
Bl@ck Rose: blackrose.mtmedia.org
Black Water: PO Box 5223 Portland, OR 97208, www.blackwaterpdx.com
Black Wire: blackwirerecords.com
Bonfire Club: bfcr.wordpress.com
Broken Liberty: combatcrisis.bigcartel.com
Bronze Fist: bronzefist.jp, bronzefist@hotmail.com
Burnt Bridges: www.burntbridgesrecords.com
Caged Grave: www.facebook.com/cagedgrave
California Street Music: www.californiastreetmusic.com
Can't Stand Ya: Cantstandyarecords.com
Caramba: carambarecords.com, carambahcpunk@gmail.com
Chaos: chaosrecordsdistro.bandcamp.com
Cherish: 2608 St Paul Blvd, Rochester, NY 14610
Combat Rock Industry: www.fireinsidemusic.com
Crapoulet: www.crapoulet.fr
Crimecore: www.crimecorerecords.blogspot.com
Crushworld: www.thederellas.com
Death Trap Records: deathtraprecords.com
D.I.H.D: dihd.net, tpenn000@hotmail.com
Different Kitchen: www.differentkitchen.bigcartel.com
Dirt Cult: 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011, www.dirtcultrecords.com
Dirty Rabbit: 1839 47th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122, www.dirtyrabbitrecords.com
Don Giovanni: www.dongiovannirecords.com
Doomed Society: doomedsocietyradio.wordpress.com
Drastic Plastic: 2451 St. Mary's Ave., Omaha, NE 68105-1631, drasticplasticrecords.com
Drink and Be Merry: drinkandbemerry.nethouse.me
Drunken Sailor: drunkensailorrecords.co.uk
Echo Canyon: 8 Rue Jaboulay 69007, Lyon, FRANCE, echocanyonrecords.com
Expried Logic: Expiredlogic@gmail.com, facebook.com/expiredlogic
Eyesore: eyesore.storenvy.com
Face Your Gods: faceyourgods.blogspot.com
Fat Wreck Chords: www.fatwreck.com
FDH: www.fdhmusic.com
Gestalt: 58 Av. Berlioz 93100, Montreuil, FRANCE, pagesperso-orange.fr/gestalt
Get Better: getbetterrecords.tumblr.com
Global Resistance: Global_Resistance_Records@yahoo.com
Grave Mistake: PO Box 12482 Richmond VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com
GRG Records: www.theguays.com
Gut Feeling: Schäftlarnstr. 168, 81371 München GERMANY, ernie@gutfeeling.de
Antena Kryzku: Opolska 11-19, 52-010 Wroclaw, POLAND, antenakrzyku.pl, sklep@rockers.pl
Ha Ha Ha Cool: hahahacool.limitedrun.com
Halo of Flies: c/o Cory von Bohlen, 3444 N. Bremen St., Milwaukee, WI 53212, halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com
Hard Art: hardart.storenvy.com
Hochdruck Musick: hochdruck-musick.de
HoZac : 2125 W. Pierce Ave. Apt.C, Chicago, IL 80822, hozacrecords.com
In the Red: PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, intheredrecords.com
Incineration: www.myspace.com/incinerationbrutality
Inimical Records: inimical.com
Inner City Uprising: innercityuprising.bandcamp.com
Into the Abyss: intotheabyssrecords.wordpress.com, Janicombatrock@gmail.com
Kämaset Levyt: c/o Jukka NakarIiiisakintie 18 , 37560 Lempaala, FINLAND, sotatila@gmx.net, punkinfinland.net/kamanen/
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Kreas: gkabourogiou@singularlogic.eu, www.myspace.com/nekrokreas
La Vida Es Un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com
Lagerville: lagervillerecords.bigcartel.com
Le Disques de Geraldine: les-disques-de-géraldine.com
Lengua Armada: martincrudo@yahoo.com
Lost Cat: lostcatrecords.org
Mandible: 102 Ryerson St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11205, mandiblerecords.com
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Miltanz: www.militanz-records.de
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Naptown Motherfuckers: NoMorefavors1@yahoo.com
Necrorgasm: www.necrorgasm.com
Necrosound: fifteendead.bandcamp.com
Negative Fun: www.negativefun.com
Never Trust An Asshole: nevertrustanasshole.tumblr.com
No Glory: noglory@hotmail.fr
No Idea: Noidearecords.com
No Plan: www.noplanrecords.blogspot.com, commonguy@libero.it
Norton: www.nortonrecords.com
Old School Cartel: oldschoolcartel.bigcartel.com
Oops Baby: oopsbabyrecords.com
Pelican Pow Wow: macblackout.bandcamp.com
Phratry: PO Box 14267, Cincinatti, OH 45250 USA, phratryrecords.com
Prank: prankrecords.com
Putojefe: dasdrama.com/putojeferecords
Reality Is A Cult: realityisacult.blogspot.com
Recess: recessrecords.com
Rifflifter: www.rifflifter.com
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Safe Responsible: danwebbandthespiders.bandcamp.com
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Sharks From Mars: sharksfrommars.bandcamp.com
Shut Up: PO Box 4208, Chico, CA 95927 www.shutuprecords.com
Silver Sprocket: 1057 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94110, www.silversprocket.net
Sister Polygon: www.sisterpolygon.com
Skrammel: www.skrammelrecords.se
Southern Lord: www.southernlord.com
Spacecase: spacecaserecords.com
Norton: Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, nortonrecords.com
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Subzine: www.sub-zine.net
Supreme Echo: www.supremeecho.com, kwiateczku@hotmail.com
The Early Stages: theearlystagesmusic.com
The Girls!: www.thegirlsbang.com
Too Loose Punkers: no contact info
Tortue Ronce: www.roncerecords.net,
Total Punk: www.totalpunkrecords.com
Twisted Chords: www.twisted-chords.de
United Snakes: unitedsnakesrecordings.com
Vinyl Conflict: 324 S. Pine St., Richmond, VA 23220, vinylconflict.com/site/label
Voodoo Rhythm: wankdorffeldstrasse 92, 3014 Bern, SWITZERLAND, voodoorhythm.com
Water Under the Bridge: PO Box 1794, San Pedro, CA 90733, waterunderthebridgerecords.com
Waterslide: watersliderecords.com
Webmaster: soundcloud.com/the-monoliths-copenhagen/
Weirdface Productions: weirdfaceproductions.bandcamp.com
Windian: 6210 Manchester Way, Elkridge, MD 21075, windianrecords.com
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You're Next: facebook.com/yourenextrecords
Zaxxon: zaxxon.ca
Zegema Beach: www.zegemabeachrecords.com
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DEMOS

Send cassettes and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Please note, anything other than vinyl or CD will be reviewed in this section. CD-Rs with no artwork will not be considered. Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Greg Harvester, Jason Ryan, Shit Zoo and Vanessa X.

ANDREW BUSHARD – *Cool and Unique Romantic Songs* – If this person was twelve-years-old I would let this slide, but it turns out he's a 30-year-old man, so these songs are terrible. A drum machine, keyboard, and xylophone are the only instruments used and the same drumbeat is repeated throughout the album. Andrew sings off-key and off-beat in a robotic voice on all of the songs. Sounds funny but it's not. The lyrics are silly and mostly about how he can't get a date with a woman. This is a joke that's gone way too far and it needs to stop, plus he's a religious nut. (Vanessa) (10-song CD-R, lyrics not included, freepressmedia@gmail.com, Free Press Media, 10707 Lake Creek Parkway #277, Austin, TX 78750)

ANGUISTA – Political metallic crust/HC from southern California, bringing back '90s acts like ANTI-PRODUCT and CONTRAVENE. Dual female/male vocals, like both of those bands, and a harsher, high-end attack that's not afraid to blast. Lyrics in Spanish and English and the disc builds up steam as it moves along (the first track is arguably the weakest). "Ya No!" is the standout for me, but there are some killers in here. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, Cindee B., 1119 Exposition Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90007, anguista08.bandcamp.com)

ASHKENAZI – *Nature of the Beast* – Hardcore the way that people who love CRO MAGS mean hardcore when they say something is "hardcore." The vocals are reminiscent of late '80s NYHC that's not afraid of cheesy metal, and if the music is to the point (it is), the lyrics are even more so, assailing dumb white people with a breakdown for the ages in "Mentality." This one will grow on you fast, ASHKENAZI go straight for the heart, touching on all the shit lovers of the 'core already love, but doing it in a way that makes the shit sound new again. Sold. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd, Braddock Hit Factory, 620 Charles Way, Braddock, PA 15104, braddockhitfactory.bigcartel.com)

BABYSITTER / JLK – *split* – I'm sorry you are getting played Friday morning, the last day of my five day flu, but here's your review. DEAD MOON having an infant tantrum. Vocals like a cat sliding down a blackboard. When the song cut off at the end of side A I was actually offended. But at least my stereo took the pot and spoon away from your drummer. I appreciate your love for PATTI SMITH but can you kick a little life into these songs and pay attention to what each of you are doing? I feel like I'm on a bus without headphones. I love HAWKWIND as much and the next ceiling astronaut, but this does not sound like exploration as much as it does getting lost as a group. I mean, it's hardly ever together, at all. There was a moment of folk doom mid-side B that should be built upon but it fell over almost immediately. The guitar got too high. Again, that was harsher than usual, sorry. I'm calling "flu". (Jason) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included. getresurrected.com. pleasencerecords.com)

BASEBALL CAMP NURSE – This name sounds like it was made up on one of those "band name generator" sites on the internet. The band is just a guy playing an overly affected bass guitar (like maybe distortion, a phaser, flanger and some other stuff) along with minimal drums. There are some "satanic" samples. It's mid-tempo to fast and doomy. Next. (Greg) (8-song CD-R, lyrics not included, tzglitter@gmail.com, 20 Oak Ridge Rd., Bristol, CT, 06010)

BEASTMAN – I feel like in a different world this would be some kind of DWARVES-in-the-new-millennium shit. But it's really just some freaks from upstate New York playing smart assed garage hardcore punk with arguably the most don't give a fuck vocals in this entire issue. (Robert) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, $7.50 ppd, Reel Time Records, PO Box 10512, Rochester, NY 14620, reeltimerecords.bandcamp.com)

BLACK PLANET – *Female Hysteria* – Sort of a fuzzed-out noise pop sounding quartet of women from Bloomington. Sometimes it straddles indie rock territory, sometimes grunge, but there's enough of a punk edge to keep me on board. Good guitar melodies and spot on raw production. Sometimes it reminds me of something Alicja Trout might do, but of course lacking her unique pop sensibility. A little too meandering for me, but good nonetheless. (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402)

BLOCKHEAD – *Guts* – When BLOCKHEAD go fast, they do so with such controlled manic energy that I'm reminded immediately of ACID REFLUX as a recent reference. There's snot here (SoCal and Clevo in equal measure), and it works. That said, there're also plenty of slower stomper parts, particularly the entire title track. I'm not exactly sure how I feel about that song, but I think that's okay. On the whole this is ripping '80s hardcore played by people who apparently used to be in 86 MENTALITY and CRISPUS ATTUCKS in addition to, I'm sure, a slew of other DC hardcore bands. This is good stuff. (Shit) (4-song cassette, some lyrics included, Smash, 2314 18th St. NW, Washington DC 20009)

BOG BODIES – *What Have They Committed In the Folds of the Flesh?* – Weirdo punk from Calgary comprised of a drum machine, guitar, bass, and far away sounding nasally vocals. Song structures are punk in nature, but the production and execution is quirky and bizarre. I do find it interesting and some of the riffs and rhythms are cool, but I lose interest halfway through. A few select song titles include "The Body Beneath… The Body Beneath…" "Studded Codpiece," "Who Wove the Scarlet Tapestries Upon the Throats of Ducklings?" and "Bloodsuds and Boneshavings." (Matt) (14-song cassette, lyrics not included, bogofbodies.bandcamp.com)

BRAINFREEZE – *Chewed Up* – North American hardcore with classic crossover undertones and a breathless vocalist on a Lemmy-by-way-of-Muir bent. My initial impression was that this didn't really grab me, but "Blind Faith" kicked in and I started to come around. Ripping stuff. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, commonthreadrecords.blogspot.com)

CHARM BAGS – Ever since I pushed play, I just find myself not paying attention to this. It doesn't command my attention. This band from Finland plays mid-tempo garage pop with female vocals. There's no bite, no hooks and nothing exciting about this. I guess it's kind of interesting that the women in this band sound like the women from the SHAGGS when they all sing together, but that's not enough to keep my interest piqued. Next. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, monomonorecords.tumblr.com)

CHEMICAL THREAT – *Vicious* – People need to find a new formula already. I didn't like RANCID in middle school, what makes you think I'm gonna like them now? I'm so sick of all these dudes over the age of 35 playing non-original punk rock for teenagers and other beer-bellied men. I've heard this shit a million times before and it's never gonna end. (Vanessa) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, pintsizex@gmail.com, chemicalthreat.bandcamp.com)

CRIME ZONE – *Demo 1* – Militia noise punk from Portland featuring the rhythm and noise sections of LIFEFORM (RIP). Listening to this tape feels like a bunch of archival recordings from WWII played through a GLOOM filter. Noisy guitar and bass accompany raging D-beat while reverbed vocals shout desperately somewhere in the middle, not ever really taking control over the music. Amidst it all there is a constant stream of creepy, distorted samples that compete with the rest of the band, which makes for an unsettling balance between instruments, vocals, and the emanations of some noise-

fuckery tape machine. The drums are absolutely pummeling though, even on this four-track demo recording, and along with the bass create a series of memorable songs that cut through the layers of noise. Yet those layers of noise are essential to the relentless sonic aesthetic of CRIME ZONE, with the guitar distorted to futility and the manipulated sounds of some future/ancient war echoing bombastically over the course of the entire tape. When the crasher tempo gives way to a cacophonous pogo, as on the closer "Overpower," thoughts of EEL swim in my brain alongside the dream of a fighting Fifth International. Long live CRIME ZONE: "Important dispatch for all Crime Zone operatives! Duty to the Zone requires this knowledge: Kill or be killed." Hail Dolly. (Shit) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, fatxcity@gmail.com, www.punkrockers.com/crime_zone)

DEFIANT – Relentless hardcore prom Japan. They have that hypnotic repetitive riff thing going on that sucks you into an infinite head-bob without even noticing. Iced with some classic-sounding dramatic Japanese hardcore shouting and some guitar leads spattered about, and we've got a winner here. Basic, but cool. (Matt) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia)

DEMANDS – *Self Inductance* – Heavy and tough hardcore from DC. Some of the better moments bring TALK IS POISON to mind, but neither the vocals nor the arrangements keep that comparison alive too much. DEMANDS stays keeps things mostly full throttle but drops a few breakdown or moody transitions in to break up the predictability. Vocals are hollered fiercely, but in a style a little to "tough" for my taste, if that makes any sense. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, paulsondan@gmail.com)

DEMONIOS SALVAJES – Hardcore from Spain, angry as fuck. DS uses simple riffs and hoarse howls to express their discontent, recalling MG-15. The tape starts off kind of slow, but picks up for the better on side B. Simple, gruff, and to the point. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, demoniossalvajes.bandcamp.com)

DICK VENOM AND THE TERRORTONES – First, I want to mention that this tape came with a condom, a tampon and a tiny tube of lipstick (called a "Dick Stick") all imprinted with DICK VENOM packaging. The singer of this band (Dick Venom, I presume) has got Lux Interior's singing style down to a science. I mean, Lux was ripping off old country singers with his hiccupping style and sultry croon anyway, but it's a style that he made his own. The rest of the band belts out tight, mid-tempo garage punk / rockabilly. I usually want to vomit when I hear this kind of shit, but the TERRORTONES know how to play this style with passion and feeling. This is excellent music for a late night of throwing bottles against a wall and fucking. (Greg) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, terrortones.bandcamp.com)

DISABILITY – *Rockandrolltigers* – Rough and heavy sludge interspersed with angular mellow emo. The combination of that crunchy grunge guitar and the clean jangly one is a tough sell, but DISABILITY make it work (same observation on the two distinct vocal styles). For now, this is interesting, but once they fine-tune their vision it could be great. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, commonthreadrecords.blogspot.com)

EARTH WITCH – *Earthbound* – These guys probably have the best time in the garage drinking beers and jamming out. Their Bandcamp says "SABBATH worship" and that description is 1000% accurate. Not bad for sludgy stoner metal, but I did turn the tape off when one of my housemates came home. The word "epic" comes to mind when listening to these songs and the lyrics are like reading a medieval fiction novel. Song titles on this tape: "Wizards Cloak," "Sky Knight," and "Lunar." E P I C. (Vanessa) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, earthwitch.bandcamp.com, earthwitch420@gmail.com)

ENDLESS ROPE – *Negi Surf* – So many things going on here…dreamy, laid back punk led by a casual reverbed guitar that's more goth than surf and fronted by harsh, strained, razor blade to the throat vocals that would be more at home on a BONE AWL record. But every element is good, so I guess I like it? (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, commonthreadrecords.blogspot.com)

EXPOSEUR – This Brooklyn three-piece is heavy on the '90s grunge vibes, but not in a totally annoying retro-shit kind of way. It seems like it's coming from a pure place, like they were probably beaten up in high school for listening to SWANS and JESUS LIZARD. Buried under layers of distortion is some deep, stoner grunge worship that sounds like it was culled directly from outtakes from *Sub Pop 100* or something like that and filtered through a little bit of HICKEY worship. (Greg) (12-song cassette, lyrics not included, exposeur.bandcamp.com)

FLESHY MOUNDS – *You're Welcome* – Ugly and damaged, tuneless and upside-down punk from Buffalo. The recording doesn't really do them justice, as I imagine they have more power live. This sounds small and a bit sterile. Sometimes the vocalist reminds me of Sam McPheeters at his more nonsensical moments, but the music here is way more disjointed than BORN AGAINST. Pretty weird, not the type of jams I get down to, but I appreciate it for what it is. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, morepowertpaes@gmail.com)

GO DIE – This band makes a big deal out of not subscribing to any sub-genres of punk, but mostly, they're playing a kind of melodic hardcore with sung vocals instead of shouted. It's good…a little too clean sounding for my tastes, but it's a thinking man's (or woman's) hardcore. There's something about the vocals that remind me of Rodney Anonymous' (DEAD MILKMEN) voice on "Everybody's Got Nice Stuff But Me", but with none of the subversive humor. Smart lyrics. Good packaging. It lacks a lot of punch though. (Greg) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, godieband@gmail.com)

GUILTY PARENTS – This band from the UK plays noisy, urgent and driving post-punk. At times, the vocals are almost buried under the guitars. While their sounds are dark and primal, they set themselves apart from the usual post-punk pack with some (possible?) THROBBING GRISTLE and SWANS influences, even though no one can possibly sound like those bands. Inventive and insightful. (Greg) (9-song CD-R, lyrics included, guiltyparents@hotmail.com, guiltyparents.bandcamp.com)

HARPO – HARPO is completely, 100%, unapologetically a pop-punk band, which will usually get you laughed out the door in this day and age of *MRR*. Check it out: I like pop-punk. I don't give a fuck. I like music with hooks and HARPO has hooks, but they also have the trappings of pop-punk: very earnest lyrics, single string guitar solos and chunky breakdowns. They sound almost like a perfect blend of SICKO and J CHURCH. Unfortunately, they also wrote a ska-punk song. Who put me back in 1997? This isn't funny. (Greg) (10-song cassette, lyrics included-typed on a typewriter, mitchthechampion@gmail.com)

THE IMPERFECTIONS – Mellow shoegaze-y indie rock from San Francisco. This demo starts off extremely bland but then picks up. I was still bored though. Chuck this tape in your '90s-inspired alt-rock section. (Vanessa) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, Dirty Rabbit Records, 1839 47th Ave., SF, CA 94122, dirtyrabbitrecords@gmail.com, theimperfections.bandcamp.com)

THE KONBINIS – *Plastic Punks* – This CD came with an eight page resumé that included member bios, what's next for the band and when they'll be available to go on tour in 2014 and 2015. It was pretty impressive, but that's where I stopped being impressed. They list BLINK 182, NOFX, and PENNYWISE as their influences and you can tell. Mall punk for mall punks! (Vanessa) (14-song CD-R, lyrics not included, thekonbinis@gmail.com)

KP AND ME – This is a three piece, bluesy garage group. Think Goner Records on a Sunday afternoon after a long night of drinking. Lazy-handed guitar playing and more swagger than stomp. It makes me want to sleep. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, lyrics not included, kpandme.bandcamp.com)

LIMBS BIN/SETE STAR SEPT – This pairing will peak the interest of you fukks that know what is up…and the rest of you need to learn. LIMBS BIN transport the punk paradigm to new heights with BLOODY MINDED styled electronic thrashcore assaults…the digital manipulations in the background give them an extra, if unnecessary, edge that pushes the operation to the brink of mental collapse. Undivided attention is an intentional struggle, which arguable makes this instrument-less band the punkest thing in these pages. Japan's SETE STAR SEPT are no stranger to fans of noise/grind…but this release takes them to new depths. Raw to the point of being unlistenable, I think this might be a live recording (?) mostly because any studio engineer should have their ears imploded if they are responsible for this nonsense. Pure nonsense, noise not music nerds need to shove your face in this pile of stink and then talk to me about your crossed out music note tattoo. Yeah, it's good. (Robert) (18-song cassette, lyrics included,

J. Landes, 577 Onderdonk Ave., Ridgewood, NY 11385, followmeintothelasereye@gmail.com)

THE LOWERCASES – *Minimum Wage* – Generic bar rock at its worst. Sounds like a middle school talent show band with mature male vocals. I hate when people wank off on the guitar and there's a lot of wanking going on here. It's a shame, since the cover of this CD and the pics of the band members look way cooler than these songs sound. (Vanessa) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, lowercases@sonic.net, The Lowercases, 154 Lee Ave., SF, CA 94112)

MANGLE – Horrifyingly heavy and devastating, MANGLE stretch three tracks into a prolonged nightmare. Their version of "slow" is really just a serious of ominous preludes to their bursts of precision powerviolence. The drums solo over feedback coming out of the first track is a gutsy move—and one that is appreciated. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, commonthreadrecords.blogspot.com)

MARDOU – Too many people are scared of melodic punk. I mean, sure, there are pop-punk minions treading these fine newsprint pages, but what about the hardcore fans who shy away from countless brilliant bands just because the vocals aren't gravelly enough or the guitars are too clean. Your loss, punks, this MARDOU tape is fukkn great. Moody, lazy melodies drive their machine, with vocals that border on gorgeous and an approach that isn't garage or goth punk but could be mistaken for either. Really, really good songs…remember those? (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, Let's Pretend Records, PO Box 1663 Bloomington, IL 47402, letspretendrecords.com)

METHRA – *IV: Ronkonkoma* – The presentation misrepresents the power on this one. The comical name, their own press release describing the members as goofballs, the photoshopped bible/penis border for the lyrics…my expectations were justifiably low when I hit play. Turns out these Arizona mutants crank out excellent doom/sludge with riffs for fukkn days. A deliberate NOOTHGRUSH style approach with a few forays into mid-era SLEEP meanderings. Thunderous doom vocals backed witchy singing that falls closer to UPSIDE DOWN CROSS than SABBATH. Total shocker, and totally killer. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, acidrefluxrecords@gmail.com, methra.bandcamp.com)

MONGOLOID – *Birth of The Slam Pig* – Tight and solid hardcore from PDX with equal parts swagger and thrash. Slow parts and breakdowns dominate a lot of the content here, but not necessarily in a "beat down" sort of way, but more in an early COC or LIFE'S BLOOD sense. I bet they're a riot live. (Matt) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, bestbefore84.storenvy.com)

MORON – *Tamper Evidence* – Here's an excellent and experienced hardcore demo tape with sludgy and blues elements. The chorus "Day In and Day Out" on *Confusion Foundation* is the full-octane climatic moment when I realized that this MORON from Massachusetts was special. Here's a demo that starts off pretty straight forward mid-tempo hardcore and quickly you realize how accomplished these songs are. This goes everywhere from heavy distorted metal to flippant attitude classic rock and roll, such as on *A Passage to Pittsfield*. Clear influences from POISON IDEA, AC/DC, GERMS, and others. Kick ass party tunes, basically. The kind of tape that makes you drive passed your ol' goddamn (your job) because, hey, you just quit and they don't know it yet! MORON as musicians start out on the same campaign and then divert like chess pieces to clobber the enemy systematically. That's real teamwork; so fuck that job! This is great! (Jason) (5-song cassette, lyrics included (in their mini *Book of Moron*), www.facebook.com/moronma

OHMU – *Kult Negativ* – OHMU is a very strange thing. Scratchy abrasive synthesizer traffic jam along with the most basic of grunge drum beats. This reminds me of a drum solo album going to battle against space invaders. The first song "Birth Life Death," I believe breaks down into three parts, three different basic drum rhythms and similar synth effect at different speeds, so I get that and liked it. The second track starts off like an air siren and not in a good way. On track three the synth style begins to loop and the drums fall apart even further. By the final track I am totally lost, anxious and uncomfortable. Achievement unlocked? Technically OHMU have their hands on very cool gear but could differentiate the pitches more. It is so experimental and cerebral I would care for more emotional connection and flow. The black and white artwork and black data-side CD are sick. (Jason) (4-song CD, vocals not included, www.facebook.com/ohmunoise)

ORIGEN – Hardcore punk from Spain with a very rudimentary approach. The vocals convey lots of passion, and you know ORIGEN play with purpose because this tape is a benefit for a free education collective in Barcelona called La Pinya (leaflet included). I sense that there are some beginners in the band, but they have some interesting and ideas. The songs are short and succinct, and several of them sound like they're built out of transitions, which sometimes works, sometimes doesn't. Not the most exciting music, but a cool band with a refreshing sound. All lyrics in Spanish. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, somosorigen@gmail.com)

PASSION SLAVES – A new wave/gothy tape from Vancouver with strong lady vocals. The guitar leads recall SISTERS OF MERCY and CHAMELEONS, and the mood rises and crashes. Effectively dramatic. I can't help but also think of the cult pop/goth supergroup GHOST DANCE considering the overall sound and soaring vocal style. They're not bringing much new to the table in this offering, but both the production and songwriting is excellent. Likers of CRIMSON SCARLET and ARCTIC FLOWERS take note. (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, passionslavespassionslaves@gmail.com)

PEROXIDE – Malaysian release compiling this Portland band's demo and EP. They incorporate a range of styles within the realm of crust and noise punk, but fail to really leave an impression on me. Despite the digitized sounds, I think I prefer the demo recording to the EP. The vocals don't have any range, and just stay at a flat hoarse scream throughout the whole tape that really starts to wear me down after a while. Some good bass lines are hiding under all that noise and some of the rhythm stuff is cool, but nah. (Matt) (14-song cassette, lyrics not included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia)

PIBLOKTO – *Boston Garden Mass. 2/20/91 Set II* – The lowest-fi neanderthal slobbering into a microphone, making angular wavelengths on his guitar in twisted postures. Grunting oscillations. The bizarre waltz of the star rats. Dissident chords along avenues of wild bright gallows swing dancing. The muse of Ancient dark arts. What a beautiful mess this tape is. And as you can see I'm going to make this review just as esoteric as it is, and sprinkle a little advice in while I'm at it. I was in high school in 1991 and just getting into *MRR*. I'm just not sure they'd review this tape back then. I think this might be taped over a live GRATEFUL DEAD show on said day? They cut in a few times. Was this just a room mic? What I mean to say is, polish these ideas up, bring the rhythm together, and re-record. Because these tracks conjure up some really cool cosmic, macabre moments. I just don't think this is baked yet, unless you are totally proud of this as is. (Jason) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, no contact info)

POSTMODERN PENGUINS – POSTMODERN PENGUINS are a teenage, surfy garage rock band from South Carolina who owe a lot to JONATHAN RICHMAN and RICHARD HELL. The singer kinda sounds like them, but who can *really* sound like them? The musicianship is top notch and better than you would expect when someone says "teenage punk band". Four songs. All great. (Greg) (4 song CD-R, lyrics not included, 2201 Clearwater Pt Dr. Seneca, SC 29672, facebook.com/thepostmodernpenguins)

ROMAN CANDLES – *Riley Versus Jason in the Battle of Gracious Living* – Angsty, entirely acoustic folk pop. Like if MODEST MOUSE were beat up in an alley and still will not stop playing. Getting political satire is best when sung earnestly. Check out TOM PAXTON's album *One Million Lawyers and Other Disasters*. I preferred the softer ELLIOT SMITH style guitars and the softer voice that still carries a sense of humor. That thing that contemporary acoustic folk guys do with their voice to sound, oddly quirky and charming? Yeah, don't do that. Be yourself. First song second side about cuddling and crying on the couch alone and smelling a memory at the mall or something? That had a sensitive touch. Can someone hand me a DISCLOSE record please? Hand me something *maximum*. The hippies lost, ROMAN CANDLES. Get a band, sir! (Jason) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, www.plan-it-x.com)

SCRAPIES – *Breathe Dirt* – FTW! This is music to listen to when you're in a bad mood and wanna stay in a bad mood. The songs are bleak and depressing, noisy and moody, with repetitive bass lines that make sure these songs get stuck in your head. The vocals switch between male and female, both pissed off and bratty. This is

the best release by this FLIPPER-obsessed duo from Oakland. Their cover of "Our Secret" by BEAT HAPPENING is way better than the original. Buy this tape and wallow in your own sorry state of depression. (Vanessa) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, Albacore Records, 972 Stanford Ave, Oakland, CA 94608, yacobdafisk@hotmail.com)

SCUZZ – *E.P.* – Fast hardcore from Albany with a fitting name, as the vocals are drenched in heaps of something that could be described as "scuzz." All of their stock is put into a full throttle urgency that even a non-hardcore-liker couldn't deny is compelling. Take the pulse of a band like DOUBLE NEGATIVE and at the snot of AMERICAN CHEESEBURGER, and you're somewhere in the realm of SCUZZ. Perv-y artwork side note: one Christmas elf stands on another elf's shoulders in order to insert his bigger-than-elf-sized penis into a naked woman. (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, scuzzny@gmail.com)

SEB RHAA DICKS – *The Deutsch Tape* – First off, this music was recorded over an old ZZ TOP tape or something and the thing wouldn't even play, so I had to listen to this release on Bandcamp. This is, like, crooner style, pop rock. It's goofy and kind of annoying. Fucked up pop with casual synth…perfect for people who think they're "really wild" when they're just wearing a funny top hat. (Greg) (13-song broken cassette, lyrics not included, radixandthesebs.bandcamp.com)

SEWAGE – This is like a movie or cartoon punk band. It's definitely pop-punk, but in a '90s mall-punk sort of way. Token ska part, token MISFITS part, Fat Wreck parts, token "hardcore" song, and lots of mentions of "punk rock" in the songs. Thing is, this band has apparently existed since 1993 in the lower east side on NY, but it sounds like polished teenage punk from the suburbs… I'm not trying to be mean—these guys are really good musicians, and I can tell that they have a lot of fun while also take their music seriously, but it just comes off parody-like. For example, in "What Happened to the Punk Rock," he's like "what happened to my punk rock / why'd they take it away / they closed down CGBG's…" Dude, punk didn't go away with a club, nobody "took" it anywhere. These guys seem sincere, but this just seems completely irrelevant. (Matt) (9-song CD-R, $10 ppd, www.sewagenycpunkrock.com)

S.H.O.T. – *Crazy System* – Whiny, manufactured pop-punk that could pass as boy band material if they got rid of the guitars. I watched one of their YouTube videos and they look like male models. I bet their manager sent this in and their eyes won't even read this. (Vanessa) (3-song CD-R, lyrics not included, store@shotofficial.com)

SPEWING CUM – As you might expect with a band name like SPEWING CUM, this band plays simple, dumb, fast, short punk songs about school (fuck it), pizza, glue, being a waste of space and fucking people up. Maybe it's just me, but it seems like a chore to play music that's this dumb. Still, it's probably fun if you just huffed the bag. Sounds like it was recorded on a boom box. Eat my fuck. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included. facebook.com/spewingcum)

SPIT VITRIOL – The first thing you notice is that this thing sounds massive, and then the vocals leap out at you with a fierce and confident yowl and you're really paying attention. Portland's SPIT VITRIOL don't appear to be new at this game, dishing out Motörpunk by way of POISON IDEA and screaming about furious, violent desperation and smoking meth (not in the awesome way). Guitars are next level—nothing flashy, but everything exactly as it should be. Killer stuff, something tells me there will be more soon. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, spitvitriolpdx@gmail.com)

SUDDEN INFANT – *Wolfli's Nightmare* – I can't even describe what this is. It's primitive in a steampunk way. Remember that band SLEEPYTIME GORILLA MUSEUM? Yeah, who cares. The lead singer, Joke Lenz, writes creepy lyrics that are like bedtime stories and then recites them over weird and dark special effects. Some sample lyrics: Once upon a time there was a little boy/He was living on the fifth floor/He was living in a big house/He was looking out the window all day long/He was watching the cranes/Watching the cranes/Watching the cranes. This is definitely someone's nightmare, but I won't say whose. (Vanessa) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, joke@suddeninfant.com, soundcloud.com/suddeninfant)

THEE NODES – *F.R.E.A.X. Revisited* – A party on a tape and I wanna be at that party! These F.R.E.A.X from Montreal play fun, noisy, and fast garage punk. Try and lump 'em into one category, I bet you can't. The reverb on the vocals add to the chaos and I like how a lot of their songs go nowhere, fast. This is a collection of songs from previous releases and it's all you need. Favorite tracks: "We are (Thee Nodes)," "Screen Addiction," and "Stage Dive." This band is cool without trying too hard. This band is cool, period. Thee end. (Vanessa) (17-song cassette, lyrics not included, runstate-tapes.com, runstate.tapes@gmail.com, theenodes.bandcamp.com)

THE TOXICS – These fuckers from Finland play reverb-up-to-10 style garage rock. Two guitars and drums. No bass. It's loose, raw, primitive and dumb…the way garage rock should be. The singer has a little bit of that REIGNING SOUND feel, but covered in a layer of shit. I mean that in a positive way. (Greg) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, monomonorecords.tumblr.com)

ULTRA LITE – *Slang Term For Hip Murder* – Seemingly directionless no wave missives offered with maximum awkward swagger. "Me and My Rich Inner Life" is a challenging opener, and it's one of the more accessible tracks on the tape. Either brilliant art or an inept jumble… kinda like watching a bike crash with your ears. (Robert) (8-song cassette, just a few lyrics, 1223 N. Dorgenois, New Orleans, LA 70119)

VERSKLAVEN – Galloping thrash with a light dusting of their punk roots, VERSKLAVEN crank out sinister and epic bangers effortlessly. Snarled vocals, tasty (but tasteful) leads and a relentless double bass driven pace. Total ripper. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics not included, no contact info)

WEBCAM TEENS – *Seperation Anxiety* – First, I want to point out that the band spelled "separation" wrong on their cover. Moving on, WEBCAM TEENS are from Tallahassee, FL and play blown out, distorted, pissed fucking US hardcore. Every song on here sounds like it's on the verge of jumping out of your speakers and strangling you. It's also refreshing to hear some smart(er) lyrics coming from a hardcore band when there's such an unstoppable wave of "dumb" punk washing over the US right now. Not bad at all, my friends. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, webcamteensfl@gmail.com)

WEBCAM TEENS – Dumb name. Good band. It's a story that happens all the time. They play pissed, blown out hardcore with twists and turns that doesn't feel clichéd or tired. The vocals are a little too buried under the music for my tastes, but the band plays like a fucking out of control freight train so I don't care that much. They play a DISCHARGE cover that feels out of place, but whatevs. They make it their own. Track this down. (Greg) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, webcamteensfl@gmail.com)

ZERO – *2014 Demo* – '90s US crust meets Burning Spirits in Minneapolis, of all unsurprising places. That's no disrespect though (and how could it be?), as this is really well done with a professional recording/mastering that would seem a bit much if not for the equally professional packaging. The songs have all the solos and group vocals of epic, anthemic crust with a distinctly Japanese HC pacing. Members of SCORNED, DETONATE, etc. This isn't exactly my favorite style, but I love SLANG, and I think ZERO and SLANG could share a bill and it would work well. That's a compliment. Also this tape just looks great. (Shit) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, 2525 Grand Ave S. #106, Minneapolis, MN 55405)

V/A – SAN FRANCISCO IS DOOMED – We live in a weird world when a tape compilation is premiered on the *Wired* magazine website, but here we are in 2014. On this comp, Hannah Lew (formerly of GRASS WIDOW and now in COLD BEAT) asked Bay Area bands to write songs specifically about the ways that the city has changed in regards to the recent tech boom. The bands she picked lean more in the indie-punk and psyche-noise direction than just straight ahead punk. Many of the songs sound more like a somber lament than a middle finger attack, with the exception of SCRAPER ("You're just a rodent! That's what you are") and THEE OH SEES ("Just walking down the street makes me wanna puke!"). Living in this city day to day (like I do) really does feel somber at times because it's becoming too expensive to nurture any kind of vibrant, underground arts community and this comp really brings that feeling to life. This comp is a good snapshot of life in 2014 SF and exhibits some of the heavy hitters of the indie-punk scene with standout tracks by SILVER SHADOWS, COLD CIRCUITS, ERASE ERRATA (that was totally surprising), VIOLENT CHANGE and more. Well worth your time. (Greg) (13-song cassette, lyrics not included, crimeonthemoon.tumblr.com)

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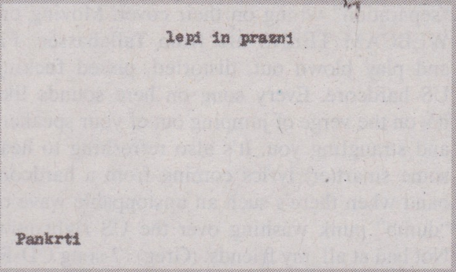

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ZINES

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(EC) E. Conner
(JD) Justin Davisson
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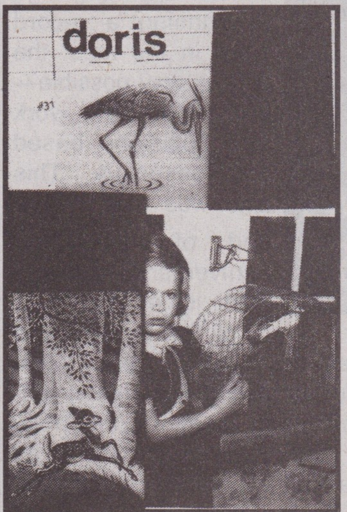
(AP) Ari Perezdiez
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(MP) Max Power
(DV) Diana Vashti

AGGRO / $3.00 / 32 pgs
"Nobody can deny punk rock's nostalgic element," the editor writes in the intro of this one-off collection of (mostly) late '80s "war stories." Thankfully, the point of these tales *isn't* that shows back then were better than now, but to highlight the thrill of getting through a dangerous situation. Cops, gangs, hessians, skins, and shitbag tweakers cause serious damage to attendees, while our informants who escape do so through a peripheral position, fortuitous ride or (in the case of the aborted Filth/Dogma Mundista show in Tijuana) American privilege. I've always liked the slogan, "tradition is no excuse," and so, despite my love of history and quality anecdotes, and possessing a somewhat similar background to the contributors, I found some attitudes here that illustrate why nostalgia sucks. A contributor writes, "the first real gig I attended (beside third-rate... backyard parties) was... at [some giant club.]" I don't see what's "realer" about fucking Fender's Ballroom. This same contributor provides good insight into the gang situation as it related to punks in Southern California at that time, and applauds the away from big promoters. Another guy writes that a poor neighborhood had a "level of shitty that doesn't exist today," which is obviously myopic. With this said, I did enjoy this collection of (mostly) naïve teenage tales. A vision of a lost paradise is the guy who lives with his mom to support his vinyl addiction, and is perfectly placed to fill multiple vanloads when the distributor Jem has their liquidation sale. (Frequently, a commodity's cheap because its cost has been borne by others—eg the labels that sent Jem their records.) In a number of these essays, tensions builds and is released through a huge brawl or riot. The story of Jello's broken leg is told by a Gilman security worker that evening, ex-*MRR* shitworker Hawk. The only graphics are flyers reprinted from back when. The best shows are happening now, and the best reports of them are in zines now (and blogs, too, I guess.) But nobody picks when they were born and *Aggro* is a decent look into a bygone era. (JM)
savagedamagedigest@gmail.com

AMIZADE #1 / $3 / 28 pgs
Very mysterious zine covering hardcore punk from the perspective of what I assume is someone from the Bay Area. Heavy cut-and-paste style that reminds me of people's first zines, filled with enough scrapped together magazine clippings to make your eyes bleed, it's a little hard to read but what's in here is really good! Random reviews of movies and record shows, such as Green Beret, Pig DNA, Lumpy and the Dumpers and more. Creepazoid fiction about scabs, an interview with Destruye y Huye, Criminal Code and Sun Children Sun and even weirder art. This is definitely the Bay's number one goon rag. (AP)
no contact info found



BASEMENTS AND LIVING ROOMS #4 / $2 / 38 pgs
Midwest zine about DIY music and house shows with this issue centered on DIY fests; you get things from fest reviews to comics, advice on starting your own fest, a cute infographic on dealing with fests for the anxious punx, another comic about house show etiquette and lots of pictures and flyers of Midwest fests. A little too pop/folk punk centered for me but the information in here is really important to all aspects of DIY punk! (AP)
Shannon Connor / 705 E Center St #1 / Milwaukee, WI 53212 / shannon@qzap.org

CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR / $2 ppd, trades OK / 20 pgs
A simple A4-sized zine subtitled "The Source for Detroit Punk / Hardcore Shows, Bands, and Opinions." The scene up there, at least the one described and mentioned in *Criminal Behavior,* sounds hardcore-centric, with some grind, metal, powerviolence, metalcore and good ol' punk popping up as well. This issue consists of an intro/obit to local punkette Sara Polgar, lots of record/tape/CD reviews, plus an interview with Dylan Walker of Baltimore's Full of Hate (who reads like a rather articulate chap, a rare thing amongst punks of today, and/or this zine has a tight editor). The reviews too, which mainly span the "core" spectrum (hardcore, metalcore, grindcore, etc), are well written, with an informative, excited tone, and they're also well edited. I understand not all punks care for punctuation and other such preposterous details, but I do, and since the majority of zines today are written in txt msg lingo, where people fail to conclude a sentence and instead meander off into a thicket of "likes," I enjoyed reading something actually legible. There are also lots of pictures from local shows with bold headlines (they enjoyed experimenting with computer fonts) and also two full pages of upcoming show listings! Seriously, two-three shows a night, it's crazy! The large page size means the fonts are large(r), as are the pictures, but as far as layout goes, this zine does have room to improve (it looks like it was laid out in

Word) and I think a cut-n-paste look would work wonders. That said, I do appreciate the need for speed, given this reads more like a monthly local rag for punks by punks (a recourse I wish every city had). Basically, mission accomplished: I've wondered what's been happening up north and this zine was insightful enough to leave me knowing more than when I started. Except for 50 Cent on the cover, that baffled me, ha ha! (LA)
c/o David / PO Box 1946 / Royal Oak, MI 48068 / david@detroitpunk.org / detroipunk.org

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN #3 / $3 / 20 pgs
Crucial info here! Losing sleep wondering is Genesis P-Orridge the singer of Genesis? Deeply disappointed in yourself for ordering ham when you actually meant Canadian bacon, again?! Well, lucky for you Billy McCall and Liz Mason have once again answered your hymns, or did I mean prayers? This zine is splendidly simple and pure fun. Covering such commonly confused counterparts as Krumping vs. Krunk, girdles vs. corsets, and the Pantheon vs. the Parthenon, plus many more mysteries of science and knowledge uncovered and exposed. Git of the edge-o-yer seat and order this today! (DV)
Iknowbilly@gmail.com

DORIS #31 / $3 ppd / 18 pgs
For those of you who have never picked up an issue of *Doris*, you should probably put this zine down and go find a copy somewhere right now, because it's one of my favorite zines and popular for good reason. Cindy Crabb writes about all the important stuff that us punks should care about, like community, accountability, self-care, mental health, being a survivor, smashing capitalism, substance abuse, the list goes on. Cindy's approach to all of these hard-to-talk-about topics is always relatable, learning as she goes, sharing it with the reader and challenging them to find their own way to deal, which I appreciate. In this new issue, there are three essays about her friendship with a person named Elliot, white privilege and racism, and raising lambs to slaughter even though Cindy is a vegetarian. I wished this issue was longer, but the last story was especially worth the price and very eye-opening. Every time I read *Doris*, I feel like I'm entering another world. One that's better, safer, and more socially conscious than the one that's presented in front of me. (VX)
Doris Press / PO Box 29 / Athens, OH 45701 / dorisdorisdoris.com

EXTREME NOISE: 20 YEARS / $5 / 52 pgs
First things first—*fuck yeah Extreme Noise!* Congrats to everyone involved with the record store for keeping it going for 20 years! For those of you who aren't familiar beyond their regular ad in this zine, Extreme Noise is an all-volunteer run punk record store in Minneapolis, MN. For 20 years, they've been keeping the punk as culture flag flying high by running a record store in the most the difficult way possible—with volunteer work and decisions based on consensus. This zine was made as a part of their 20th anniversary celebrations. It's an oral history of the record store with quotes from the stores initial founders, current and ex-volunteers, customers and even some wonderfully unflattering Yelp reviews thrown in as well. As a punk growing up in the Midwest, Extreme Noise was a record store of legend. To this day it's still *the only* record store whose address I can recall from memory—and I'm from Illinois. Hell, there's even a quote in here from a store volunteer talking about how he had heard all about the store while growing up in South Dakota. The zine does a great job of recalling the difficulties and benefits of all the hard work that has gone into starting and maintaining this store for so long. I had no idea that the store was on its third location (the longest running one by far) and that it used to host shows to help keep it afloat during more meager times. Scattered through the zine are flyers for those various shows (along with other shows thrown by Extreme Noise or benefit shows for the store) and just looking at the sheer diversity in them makes me long for the Midwest and its relative isolation that *forces* punks to have to embrace the totality or our culture. This store is the legendary, long-running staple that it is because the punks there knew/know that Braid/Get Up Kids/Ethel Reserve shows are just as important as Devoid of Faith/9 Shocks Terror/Code 13 ones—which is probably why at their 20th anniversary Los Crudos played with Cleveland Bound Death Sentence and Radioactivity played with Lebenden Toten. The zine does a great job of celebrating the fact that the store is still going. It's glowingly positive about punk, and that's something I can totally get behind. If you're at all interested in reading an admittedly incomplete (but completely entertaining) history about one of the most important, and long lasting, punk record stores in the US, pick this up. The people in these pages are hilarious, inspiring, and honest. Extreme Noise shows how punk as a community can actually make things, things that can last with a bit of hard work and whole lot of love. Also, I'd like to point out that I'm doing this review after picking up the zine from *MRR* following my shift at San Francisco's all-volunteer run Thrillhouse Records—co-founded by a punk who grew up in Minneapolis. Coincidence? Hardly. *Get this zine, and support punks who support punks, punk!* (FU)
407 W Lake St, Minneapolis, MN 55408 / extremenoise.com

FIFTH ESTATE #391 / $4 / 48 pgs
Yet another longstanding anarchist magazine (since 1965!), and one I've not heard of it before, to boot. At first glance, (the cover looks like an ad for a Spring clothing sale at Target from 1988; a silhouette of barefoot youths all caught mid jump on a grassy knoll) and even a quick skim leads me to believe that this magazine is written for, and by, upper class, middle age, intellectual anarchists (and believe me, this is not a diss), with articles on how there are hypocrisies on the left, and a full page and a half article (not in their book review section) on a $120 book you can buy. Initially, I thought this was not going to be for me, or even interesting. Fortunately, there are a lot of good articles, written by younger, punk, and even a few angry authors, which ruled. An article about supporting sex workers, despite your feelings on the industry, (even going as far as requesting reader feedback with suggested guidelines and

ideas. Good thinking, they're probably going to have a lot of feedback, anyway) a 50-years-late review of Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters tour of America and their LSD experiments, book, zine, and film reviews. I hate to sound like a ding-dong, but the cover is a total turn off. I've been dreading this read for over a week just because of it and the few stuffy articles I happened to come across. Fortunately, there's enough youthful energy to make this a pretty essential read, despite looking like it came from the reception desk of your dentists office. Four issues yearly (since 1965!!), accepts no ads, and is pretty rad. (DZ)
PO Box 201016 / Ferndale, MI 48220 / fifthestate.org

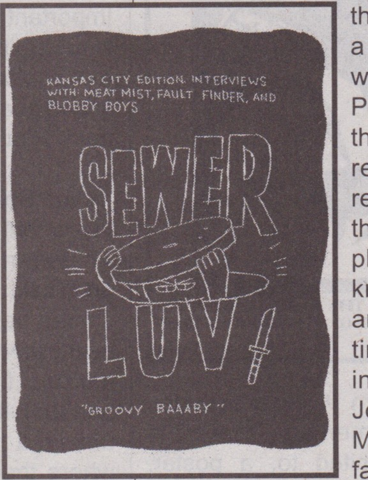
GENERAL SPEECH #8 / 2 stamps or IRC INTL / 18 pgs
Fanzine put out by the label of the same name. As you probably know by their discography, Thomas offers up some true international punk gems and we are lucky enough to be graced with this knowledge, which I assume is gained through years of diligent scouring. Interviews with raw Korean hardcore band the Stewducts, a write-up on Tortura Sistematika, a Spanish hardcore band, a pretty lengthy interview with Carlos from Psycho Sin from '80s New Jersey and, last but not least, some choice record reviews. You don't really see a lot of punk zines like this anymore, perfect for folks who want to cut out the hype and dig deep. (AP)
PO Box 24842 / Lexington, KY 40524

INTRUSION #2 / free with your order from Give Praise Records / 5 pgs
This zine's sole content (aside from ads) are interviews with Capitalist Casualties and Hellnation, done through the mail back in 1994. Both interviews are basically questions about touring, what the band members do with their lives, histories, and upcoming projects, and will likely appeal to existing fans of these bands interested in nerdy information about them. Not that this is a bad thing, just the nature of what was asked and said, and I enjoyed both, despite the factual inaccuracy about Nirvana in the Hellnation interview. Good cut-and-paste layout. (DG)
PO Box 494 / Barnstable, MA 02630 / givepraiserecords.com

MOUNTZA #6 / 5 euros / 160 pgs
A mountza is a Greek hand gesture equivalent to giving someone the middle finger, but in print it's probably the holy grail of zines. It comes out once a year so the attention to detail and quality is insane. With such a large page count the content is extremely broad, interviews with bands like: Violent Reaction, Hoax, Violent Future/S.H.I.T., World Burns to Death, Raspberry Bulbs, and Church Whip among others. There's also an interview with *NUTS*! zine and an art spread and interview with New York's Sam Ryser. Reviews of records from the Greek South, and an Australian scene report. The interviews go much more in depth than your average interviews. There's almost a philosophical tone to the questions, which isn't a surprise because I'm pretty sure Greeks invented philosophy. Some of the content in this zine is in Greek, but if you, like me, are lucky enough to have a Greek friend to translate it for you, you won't be disappointed. There's a special on French Oi! from the '80s, a "style" article and a look at *rebétika,* which is Greek folk music with strong ties to hashish (nice). Almost everything about this zine is perfect, it looks great, reads great, it even feels great in your hands. Get your hands on this and give it the praise it deserves. (KC)
mountzastore@gmail.com

MUNSTER #9 / free / 22 pgs
Supporting the local scene in Victoria Australia! Homie is interviewing every freak from "soul emo" singer songwriters to "hardcore ratbags". He doesn't stop at music either. There is a cool interview with someone compiling an Australian punk archive and a review of memories of a now closed amusement park. Lot's of Aussie slang and spelling mistakes. A fat stack of 8.5 x 11 stapled in one corner like a book report in middle school. Yeah. (EC)
Matt Ryan / 17 Heathland Way / Dingley Village / VIC 3172 / Australia / munster_mag@hotmail.com

PILTDOWNLAD #9: Pamphleteria Pt.1: Shut Up and Publish / $5 / 64 pgs
The "misadventures" of DIY publishing (professionally…like having a company) are chronicled here in part I of III. Taking place in the '90s (my clue was the desktop computer model, early internet references, and the use of a pager) makes it less laughable that anyone would dream big dreams about making a single dollar off publishing. Really it's the story of truly not giving up on a project despite being penniless and kicked out of your house and your car. In the long run, also a story about abuse and wanting to make the most out of whatever you have. Quite a few moments made me say, "why are you fucking doing that", as the protagonist makes desperate fucked up decisions over and over again. It's beautifully quaint in a sick way because it actually makes me feel really old. Followers of first person conversational narration will get a kick. (JB)
Kelly Dessaint / PO Box 22974 / Oakland, CA 94609



RIOT 77 #17 / 3 euros / 46 pgs
This Irish zine covers a ton of current and old school punk and hardcore along with garage rock and ska. The layout is really "pro" with lots of creativity with images and text spacing. Though it all fits nicely and it's quite easy on the eyes. It starts with a very good interview with Simon of Ugly Pop Records. Then there're book and DVD reviews. The former reviews Pauline from the Selectors' biography, which I didn't know had come out and looks worth the time. Also, there're interviews with John Joseph of the Cro-Mags (who're not a fave of mine when it comes to NYHC but Joseph can always tell good stories), Iron Cross (DC) which goes into their controversial politics—turns out Sab says "I've always been left wing." Which is interesting considering they had a right-wing/"patriotic" reputation. Another good interview is with the man on the cover, Kid Congo Powers. I had no idea he was from LA. This gives you lots of background on his time with the Gun Club, the Cramps as well as his current solo outings. Finally, the Spits interview also covers a lot of ground like their troubles with the law, stage costumes, and Sean Wood's early life growing up in foster homes. The live reviews take up several pages and feature some great photos. These show reviews cover everyone from Lee Ranaldo to the Skatalities to Negative Approach to the Flamin' Groovies. The North by Northeast Fest

also gets covered but that fest looks like a bummer as it had Social D. and other dullards like Calexico. In all, a solid effort that covers a load of things, both underground and overground. (JD)
c/o Cian Hynes / PO Box 11342 / Dublin 2 / Ireland

SEWER LUV / $3 / 22 pgs
This is the Kansas City edition of this really cool photocopied zine. It's got interviews with Meat Mist, Fault Finder, and Blobby Boys. There's a really joking, almost insider, tone to most of the interviews with lots of inside jokes. Even though you may not understand the jokes you still want to; I felt like I was drinking on the front porch while these interviews were being done. There's a guide to Kansas City BBQ that could come in handy if you every find yourself in that part of the world. They layout is really cut-n-paste, but in the best/most punk way possible. There's a page with some really cool past flyers as well as some flyers for upcoming shows. All in all it's a cool zine, and I definitely found out about some cool new bands from it. Also includes some cool supplementary materials including but not limited to, a poster, *Terminator 2* trading cards and candy. (KC)
Johm Birkner / 3529 Giles Ave. / St. Louis, MO 63116

THE SODA KILLERS #7 / free / 38 pgs
I previously reviewed a copy of *The Soda Killers* and I can say this zine has definitely grown since a couple of months ago. *The Soda Killers* is a zine out of Minneapolis, MN. This issue almost never seemed to skip a beat for me and it made me really proud to see the growth that has developed. Inside you will find an interview with Daniel Lupton from Sorry State Records and Varix. I fucking love Varix. Amongst interviews there are reviews, some of which are punk and some that fall into the hip hop category, just in case you're trying to drop out of punk and need a smooth transition. There are a couple of photos of graffiti, but because I love graffiti, I never think there is enough. This issue is solid, no doubt about it. (OG)
3453 35th Ave. / South Minneapolis, MN 55406 / bnb@hotdogdayz.com

$PARE ¢HANGE #27 / $3 ppd, trades OK / 32 pgs
Tom's been doing *$pare ¢hange* for a while now. All stories herein take place in the blurry humidity of Chattanooga, TN. A place perhaps better well known for its summer punk music festival and legacy of pants-down drunken butt-rock punk style. Tom's stories create the day-to-day story of living in a small scene. Working day in and out and growing older on the outside of society. Sweet stories of the glory of sweaty shows and a tender tale about his sweet dog (RIP). (EC)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

THE SPITBOY RULE: TALES OF A FEMALE PUNK BAND / $4 / 20 pgs
Important punk herstory is dropped in this zine! Spitboy spoke to many punks of marginalized genders in the crust punk scene at a time when white pillars of safe-punk Riot Grrrl were guarded with a velvet rope. Confrontational poetic and pissed Spitboy were only around for a few years but forever changed the role of women in hardcore punk. The drummer and sole POC in the band, Michelle, shares her experience in the band while acknowledging the ever-important fact of multiple truths, their perfect beginnings and tumultuous first tours, which are documented in this zine along with a show where their future in punk feminism was changed forever. Michelle plans to write more in the upcoming future, encouraged by her young son, and I will be diligently waiting. (AP)
etsy.com/shop/prettybolddesigns

THEN THE COPS SHOWED UP #1 / $? / 16 pgs
This first issue is subtitled *Live Reviews from the City*, the city in question being Vancouver. First off, way to go Legs! You did it! Punk *is* what you make it, and this zine is great. Filled with entertaining and exciting live show reviews, *TTCSU* makes me wish I was swaddled in the stinky punk arms of our neighbors to the north. Legs does a wonderful job of not just naming and describing the bands that played any given show, but captures the atmosphere of the show experience. So many punks get so caught up on who's playing a show, and where the show is, that they often forget that the show itself—the event—is one of the most powerful and amazing parts of punk. This zine manages to put that on paper. Filled with scattered photos and fliers from the shows, it has it all. There's even a little news/update/gossip section in the back, and an upcoming show list! Fuck online-only event notices! Gimme something to put on my fridge! If you're a Vancouver punk, I can only imagine you'll love this zine. If you're not a Vancouver punk, like myself, then like myself you'll probably think about how it might be cool to become one. (FU)
legs5016@hotmail.com

TRUST #165 / 2.50 euros / 68 pgs
The April/May issue of the always awesome German zine *Trust* gets right to the point on the cover: Oise, X -Mist Records, Hammerhead, and Unwucht Records. This zine looks so cool and I hate getting it in my box because it's torturous to not be able to read it; like this bass-playing robot they got in the news section I guess I'll never know about. The back cover has a cool English language Situationist comic and even for non-German speakers the photos are always cool as hell. (AG)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 / Bremen / Germany / www.trust-zine.de

TRUST / #166 / 2.50 euros / 68 pgs
This is a pretty standard fanzine à la *Maximum* and/or *Razorcake*. Columns, interviews, photospreads, reviews. It's mostly in German save a few scattered reviews in English, which I find more perplexing than anything else. The interviews look long and thorough with a wide breadth of bands from Thee Silver Mt. Zion Memorial Orchestra (long jam weirdos) to Austin Lucas (folk punk) to Ruins of Krüger (German post punk). The formatting is sparse and clean. I wish I knew more German because this looks pretty good. (MM)
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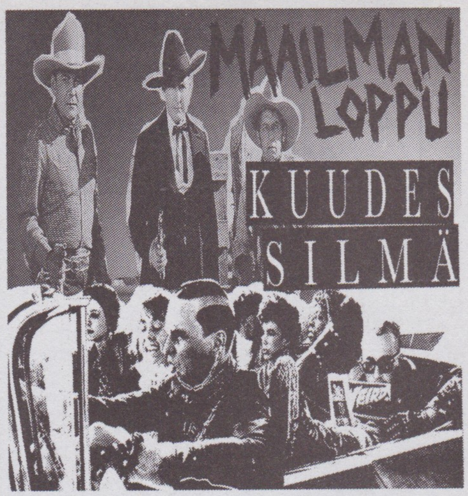

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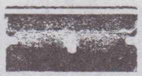
"If you want  fame and glory move to NY and start a doomed to fail band..."

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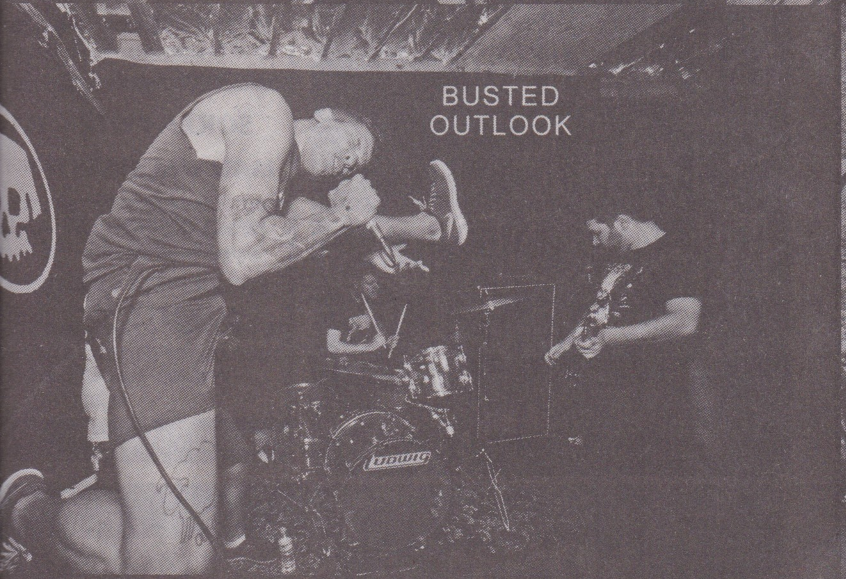
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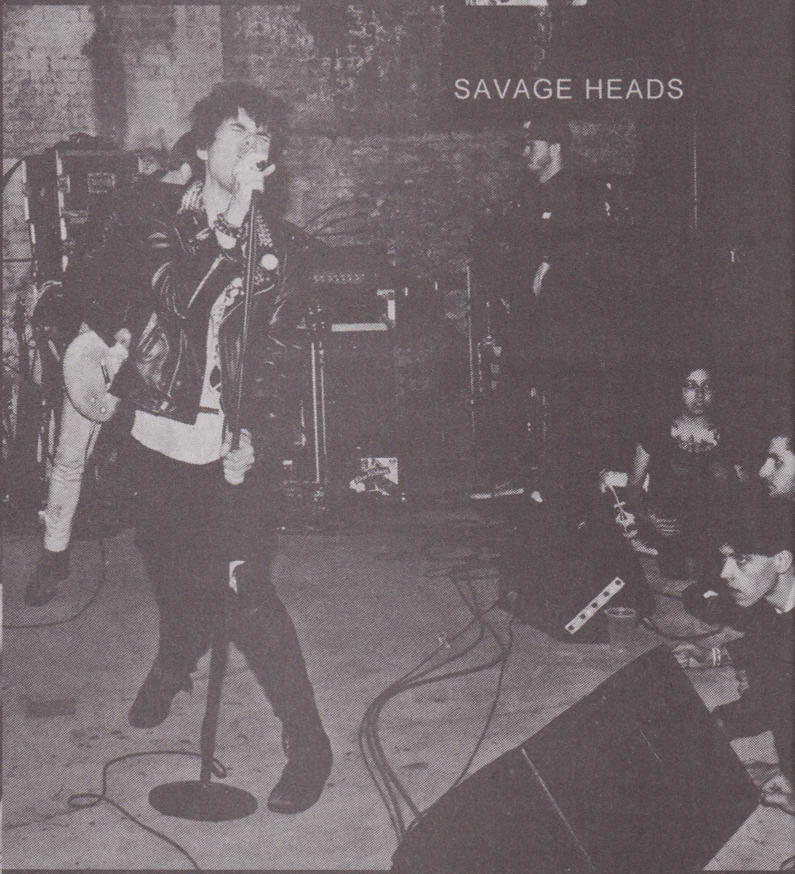
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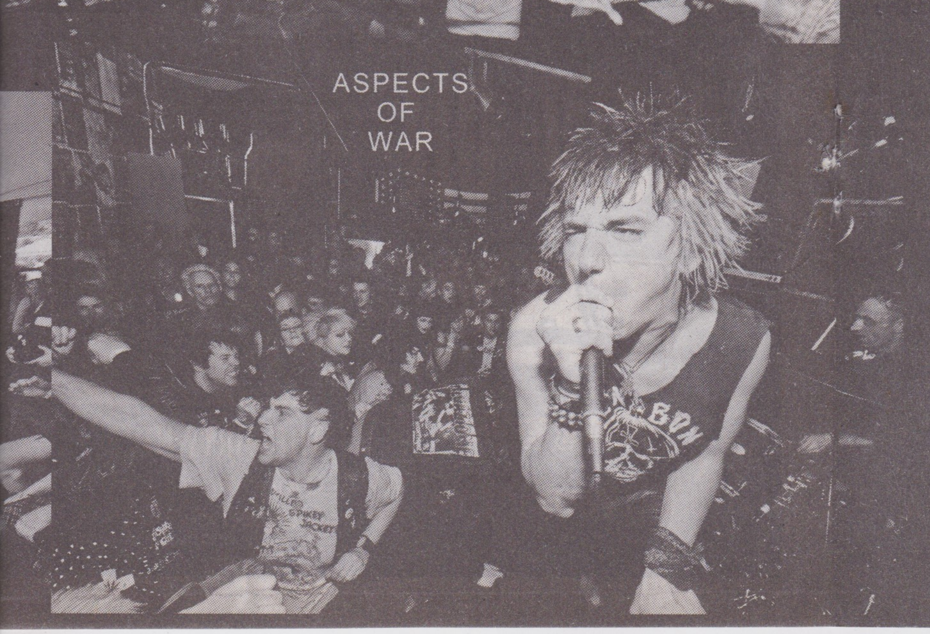
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